

No. 57



The BATMAN

# Detective

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

NOV.

# COMICS

10¢





# ANOTHER MESSAGE TO OUR READERS

## EDITORIAL ADVISORY BOARD

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Following is a complete list of the  
magazines which comprise the  
**SUPERMAN DC Comic Group:**

ACTION COMICS

DETECTIVE COMICS

ADVENTURE COMICS

MORE FUN COMICS

STAR SPANGLED COMICS

ALL-AMERICAN COMICS

FLASH COMICS

SUPERMAN

BATMAN

ALL-STAR COMICS

ALL FLASH QUARTERLY

WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

GREEN LANTERN

**W**HEN we announced the formation of our Editorial Advisory Board in all our publications last month, we really did not expect such a wonderful reaction. We are receiving letters every day from every state in the union, from people in every walk of life, complimenting us on our selection and thanking us for our efforts in providing the boys and girls of America with clean, wholesome, comic entertainment.

It makes us very happy, indeed, to see that the majority of these letters are written and sent to us by the parents of our readers and our Editorial Advisory Board joins us in expressing our appreciation.

We welcome, at all times, letters from our readers as well as their parents and we hope that many more of you will write us.

This month we take great pleasure in introducing two more members of our Editorial Advisory Board.

**Dr. William Moulton Marston**, the well-known consulting psychologist, received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Harvard University. He has been a lecturer in psychology at the Universities of Columbia, New York and Southern California, and director of the Psychological Clinic at Tufts College. He is a frequent contributor to such outstanding magazines as *Cosmopolitan*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Readers' Digest*.

Our other new member of the Editorial Advisory Board is **Dr. W. W. Sones**, Professor of Education and Director of Curriculum Study at the University of Pittsburgh. Dr. Sones is also a consultant of the Pennsylvania State Department of Education and the Carnegie Foundation for Teachers.

Sincerely,

The Publishers



THIS TRADEMARK IS  
YOUR GUARANTEE  
OF THE BEST IN  
COMIC READING

P.S. Miss Josette Frank, of the Child Study Association recently made a radio address over station WABC and the Columbia Network on the subject of "CHILDREN'S COMICS." A copy of this address will be sent without charge to those readers or parents requesting it.



# BATMAN

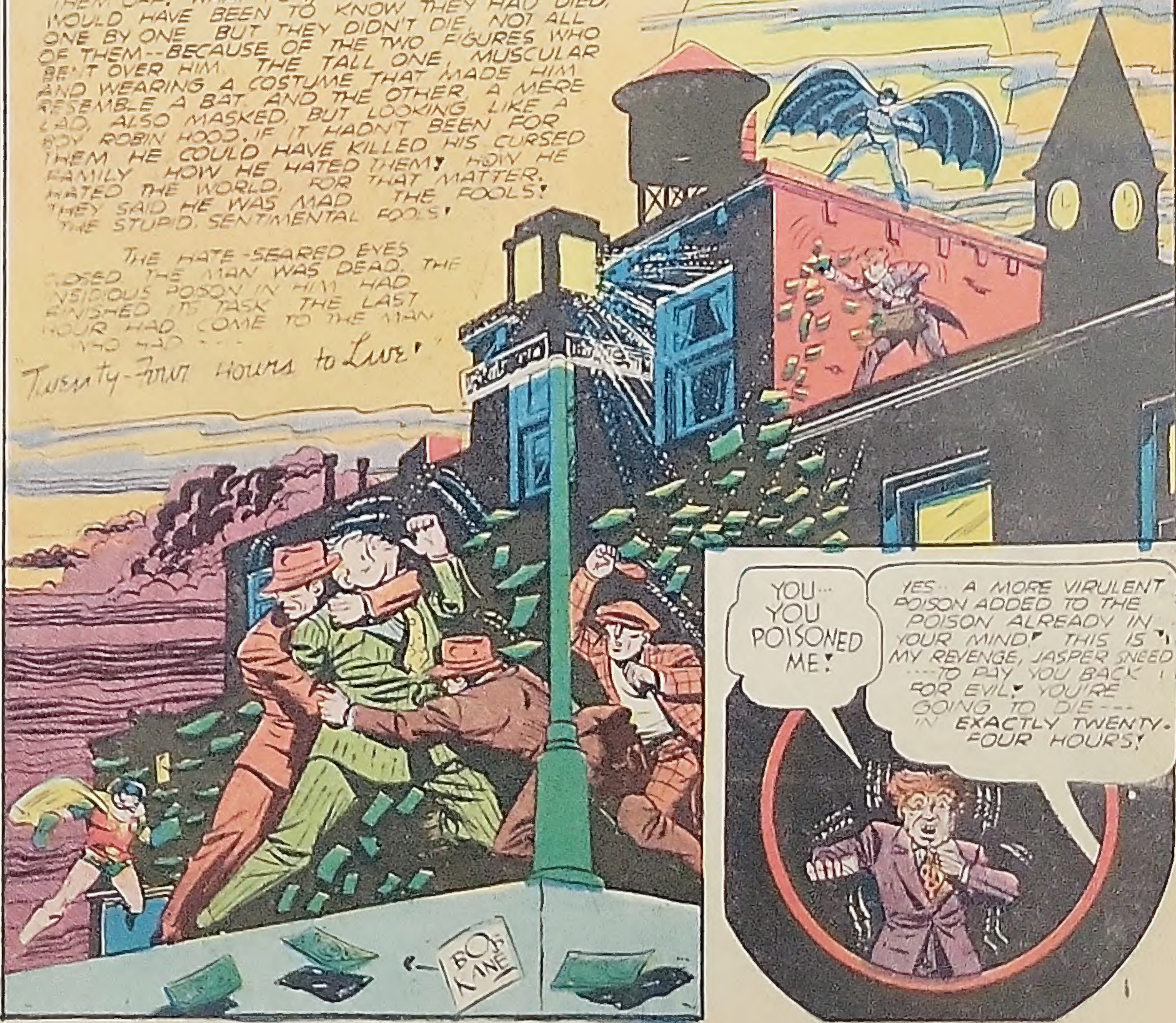
WITH  
**ROBIN**  
-THE BOY WONDER-

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

TIME!... JUST A LITTLE MORE TIME AND HIS MILLION DOLLARS WOULD HAVE FINISHED THEM OFF! WHAT FUN, WHAT A TRIUMPH IT WOULD HAVE BEEN TO KNOW THEY HAD DIED ONE BY ONE BUT THEY DIDN'T DIE, NOT ALL OF THEM--BECAUSE OF THE TWO FIGURES WHO BENT OVER HIM. THE TALL ONE, MUSCULAR AND WEARING A COSTUME THAT MADE HIM RESEMBLE A BAT, AND THE OTHER, A MEER LAD, ALSO MASKED, BUT LOOKING LIKE A BOY, ROBIN HOOD. IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THEM HE COULD HAVE KILLED HIS CURSED FAMILY. HOW HE HATED THEM! HOW HE HATED THE WORLD, FOR THAT MATTER. THEY SAID HE WAS MAD. THE FOOLS! THE STUPID, SENTIMENTAL FOOLS!

THE HATE-SEARED EYES CLOSED. THE MAN WAS DEAD. THE INSIDIOUS POISON IN HIM HAD FINISHED ITS TASK. THE LAST HOUR HAD COME TO THE MAN WHO HAD...

*Twenty-Four Hours to Live!*





# BATMAN

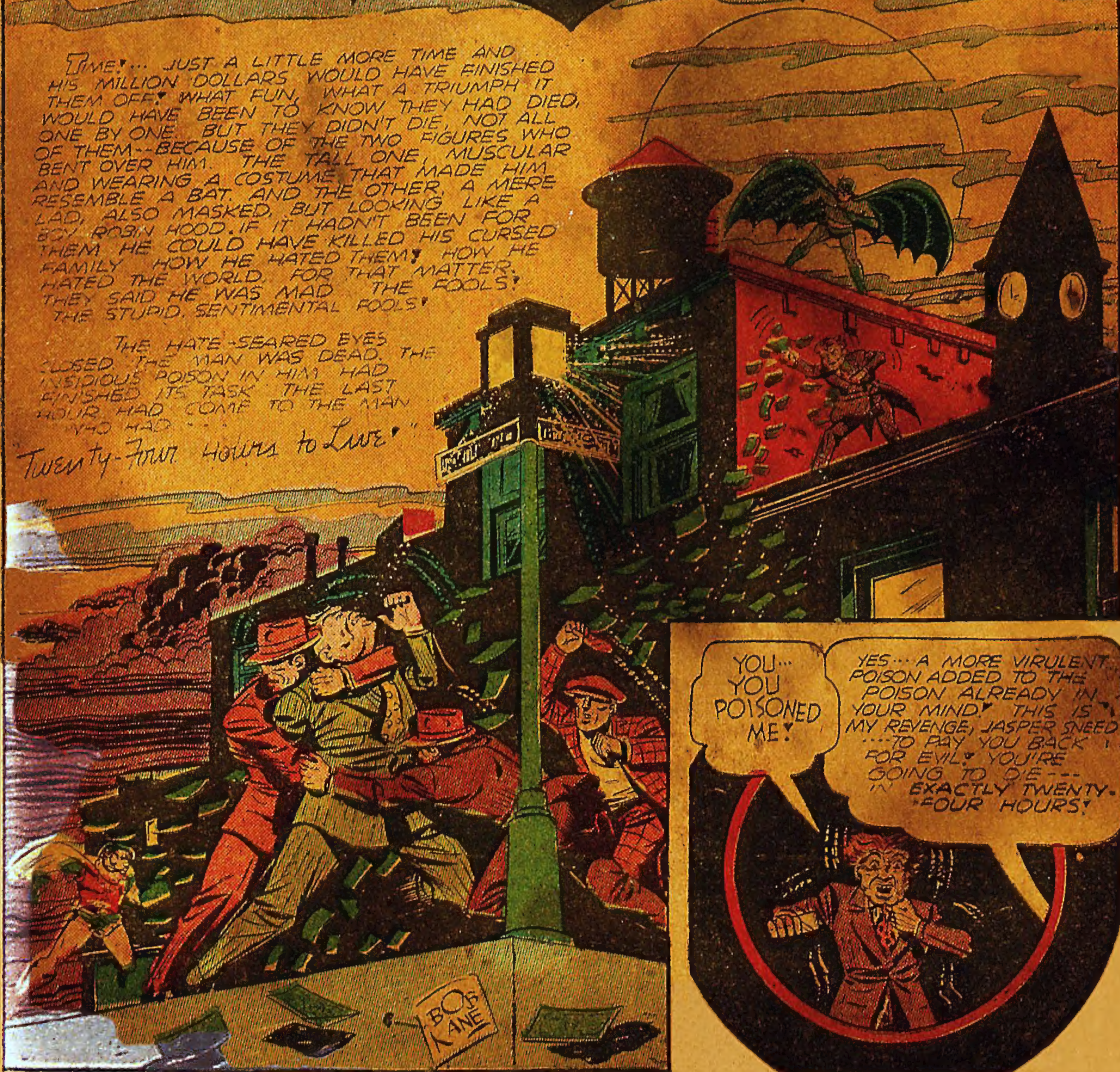
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*"Twenty-Four Hours to Live!"*



YOU...  
YOU  
POISONED  
ME!

YES... A MORE VIRULENT POISON ADDED TO THE POISON ALREADY IN YOUR MIND! THIS IS MY REVENGE, JASPER SNEED... TO PAY YOU BACK FOR EVIL! YOU'RE GOING TO DIE--- IN EXACTLY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS!





WHY DON'T YOU CALL YOUR DOCTOR AND LET HIM TELL YOU?

I--I DON'T BELIEVE YOU!

ICY FINGERS OF FEAR CLUTCH JASPER SNEED'S HEART AS HE LISTENS TO HIS DOCTOR--

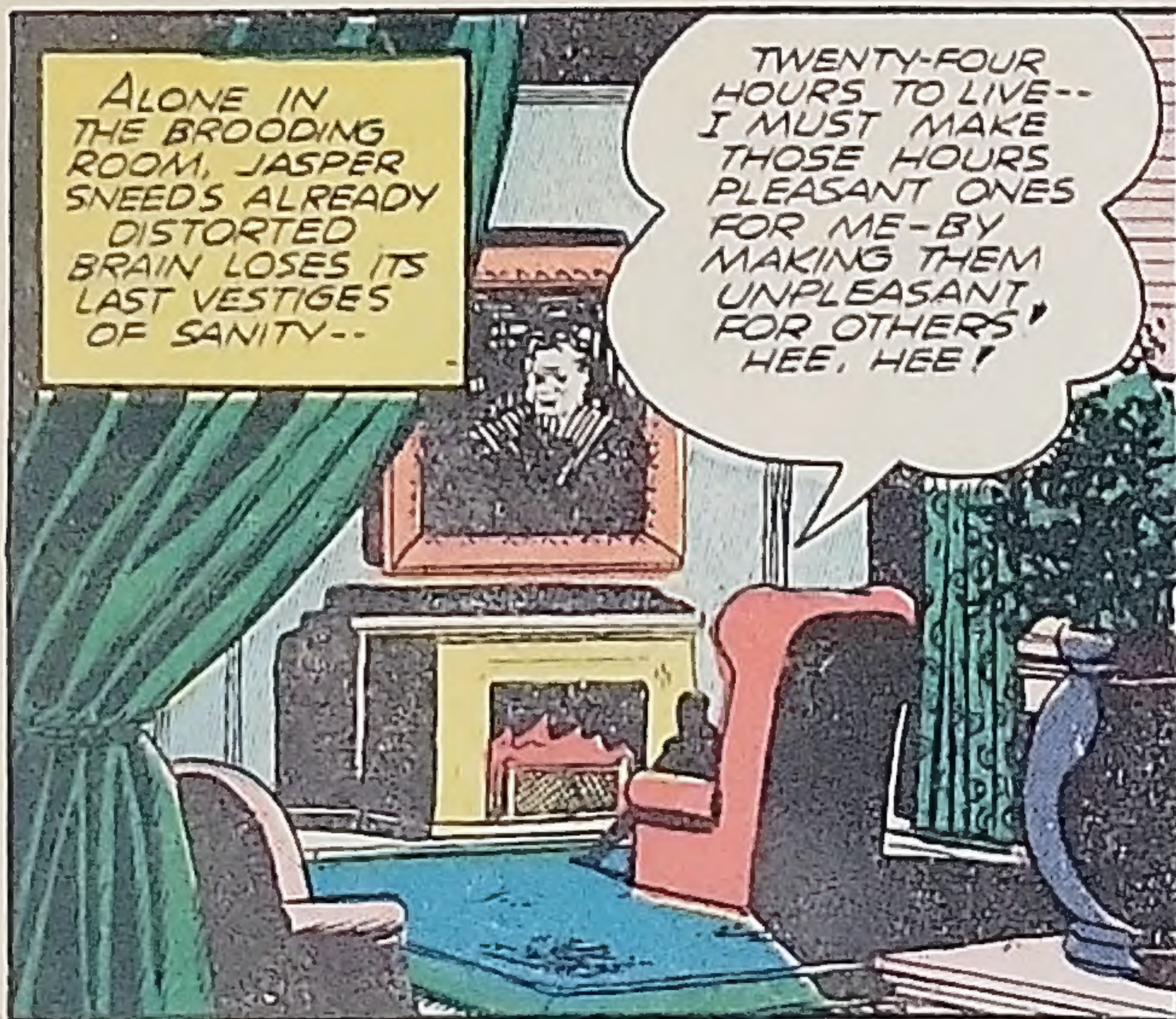
SNEED, YOUR BODY CONTAINS A LARGE DOSE OF AN ORIENTAL POISON--A POISON FOR WHICH THERE IS NO CURE!

IS IT---IS IT TRUE I HAVE ONLY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO LIVE?



YES....YOU WON'T FEEL ANY PAIN-- BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT--HOW DID THIS HAPPEN TO YOU?

I--I DON'T KNOW-- THAT IS-- IT'S MY BUSINESS AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT--IN MY OWN WAY!

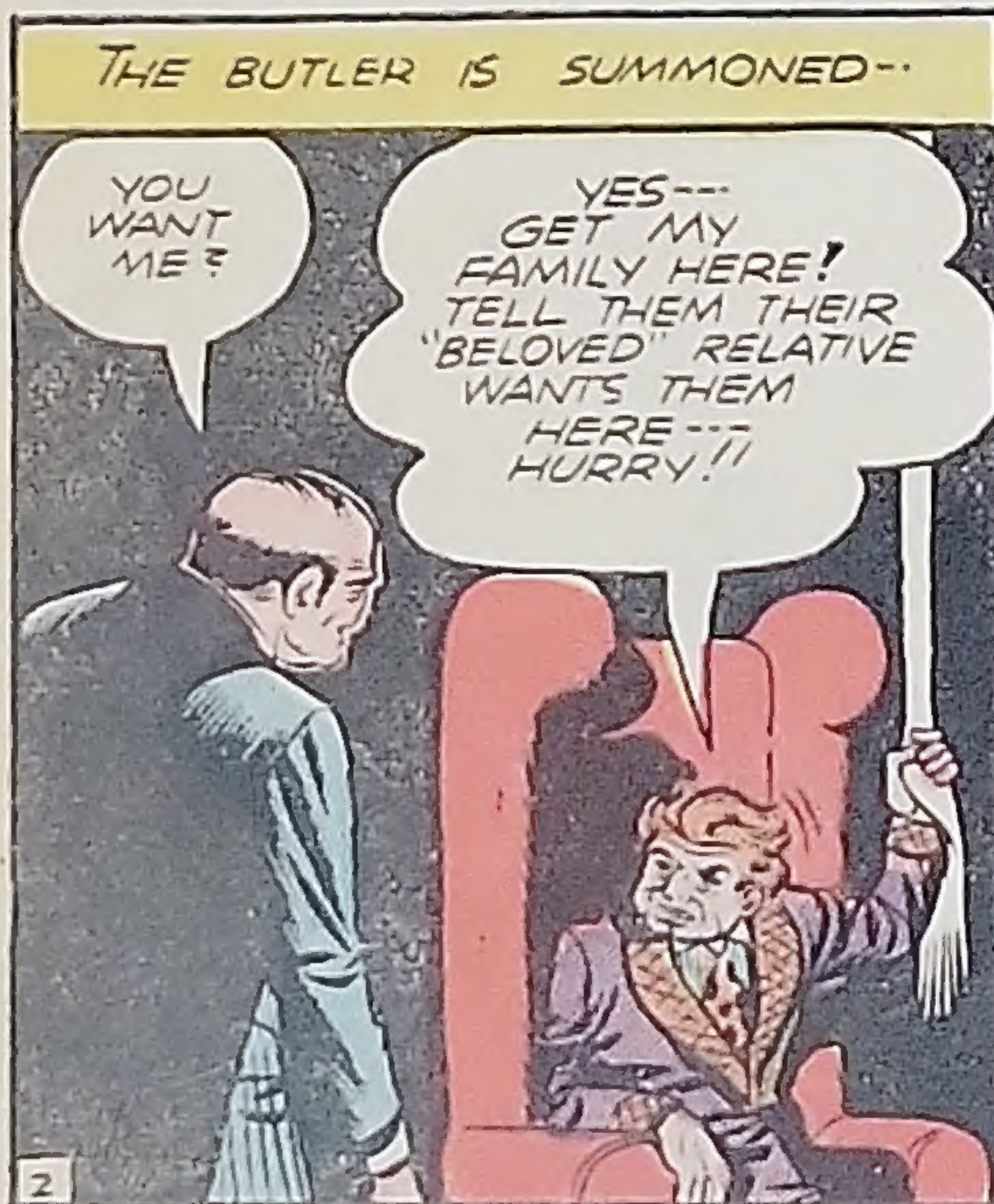


ALONE IN THE BROODING ROOM, JASPER SNEEDS ALREADY DISTORTED BRAIN LOSES ITS LAST VESTIGES OF SANITY--

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO LIVE-- I MUST MAKE THOSE HOURS PLEASANT ONES FOR ME--BY MAKING THEM UNPLEASANT FOR OTHERS! HEE, HEE!



MY FAMILY! EVERYBODY HATES ME! BUT THEY'RE NICE TO ME, BECAUSE THEY THINK I'M GOING TO LEAVE THEM MY MONEY! WELL--I'LL GIVE THEM MONEY--BUT NOT IN THE WAY THEY EXPECT!



THE BUTLER IS SUMMONED--

YOU WANT ME?

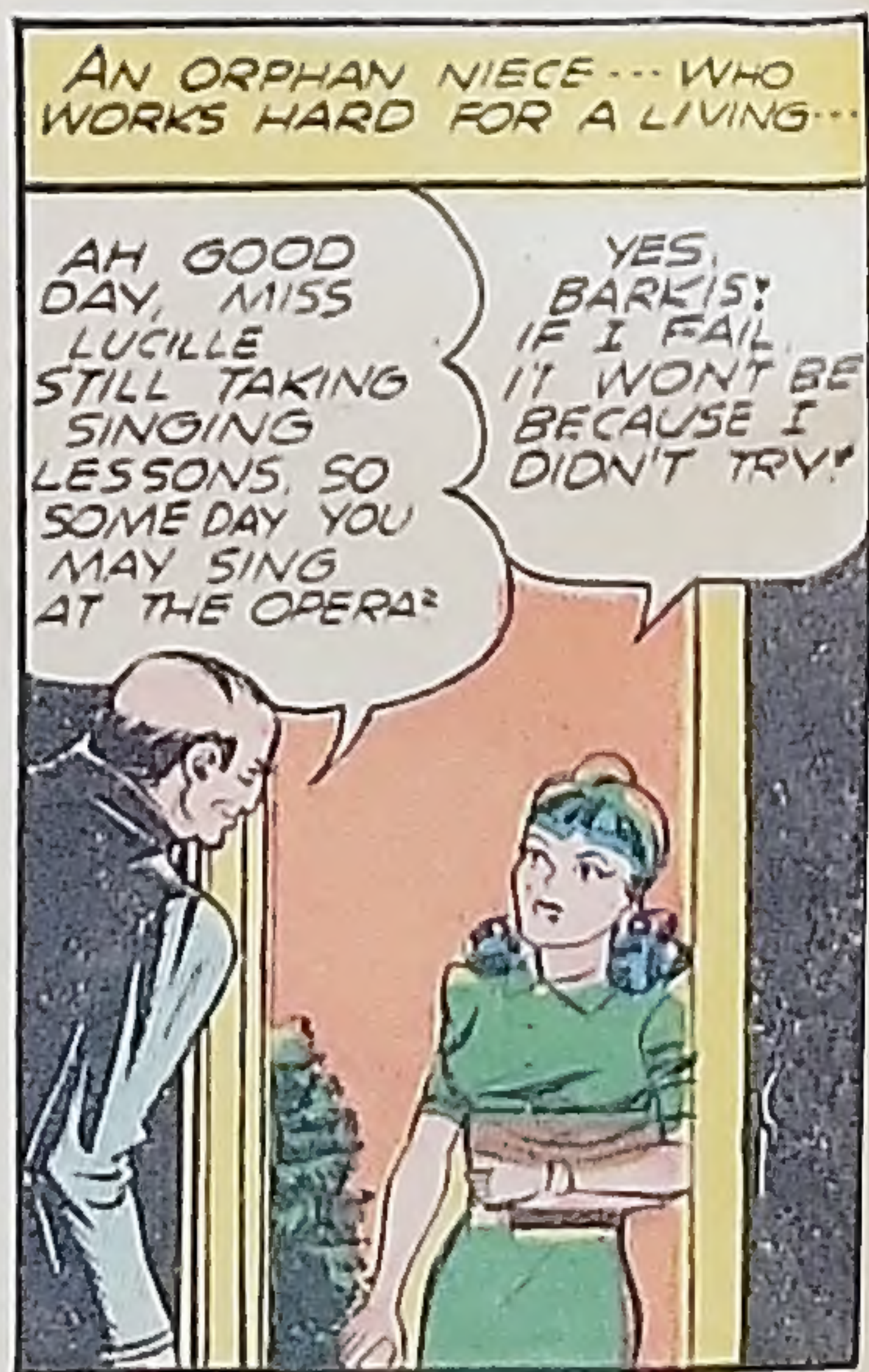
YES--- GET MY FAMILY HERE! TELL THEM THEIR "BELOVED" RELATIVE WANTS THEM HERE--- HURRY!!



THE FAMILY SOON ARRIVES-- A WIDOWED SISTER AND HER LOOSE-LIVING SON--

WONDER WHAT THE OLD GUY WANTS? MAYBE HE'S GOIN' TO BREAK DOWN AND DISTRIBUTE SOME OF THAT MONEY HE'S GOT LAYED IN THE BANK-- EH, MOM?

STANLEY, THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK! BUT, OF COURSE, IT WOULD BE NICE IF HE DECIDED TO BE BOUNTIFUL! AH--



AN ORPHAN NIECE--- WHO WORKS HARD FOR A LIVING---

AH GOOD DAY, MISS LUCILLE STILL TAKING SINGING LESSONS, SO SOME DAY YOU MAY SING AT THE OPERA?

YES, BARKIS! IF I FAIL, IT WON'T BE BECAUSE I DIDN'T TRY!





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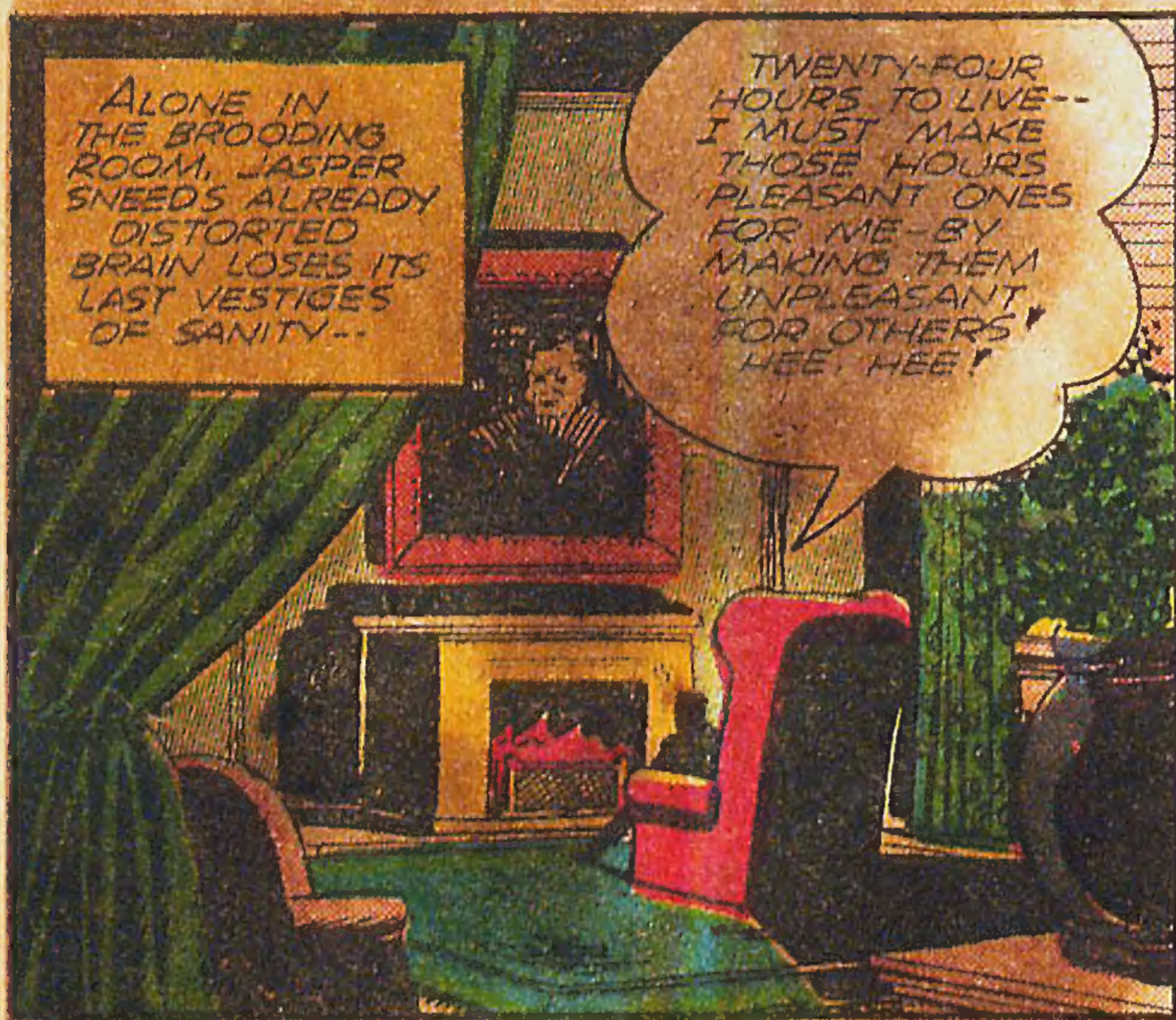
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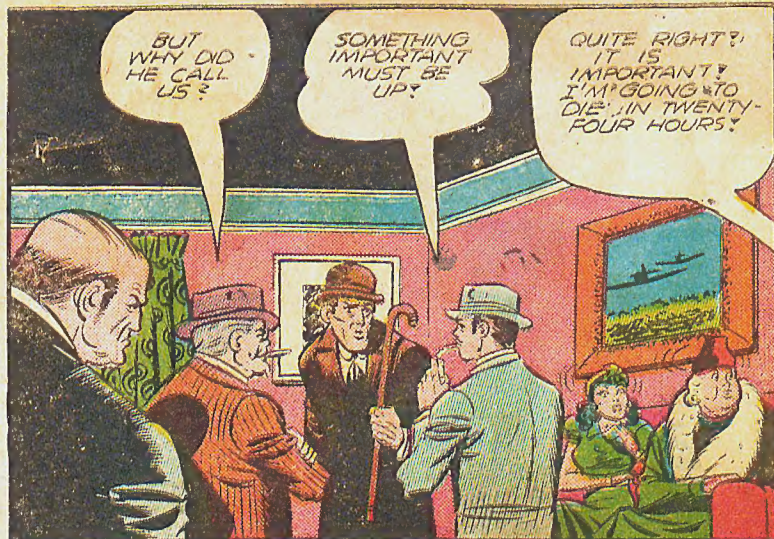
YES, BARKIS! IF I FAIL IT WON'T BE BECAUSE I DIDN'T TRY!



MORE GUESTS--JASPER SNEED'S BUSINESS PARTNER JOHN HARVEY-- AND A COUSIN, AN UNDERTAKER, HOMER CLAY---

WISH I KNEW WHY SNEED HAD TO DRAG ME AWAY FROM BUSINESS TO COME HERE?

MAYBE HE WANTS TO CROW OVER US AGAIN? WOULD BE JUST LIKE THE OLD COOT?



BUT WHY DID HE CALL US?

SOMETHING IMPORTANT MUST BE UP?

QUITE RIGHT? IT IS IMPORTANT! I'M GOING TO DIE IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS!



YES--I'M GOING TO DIE! SOMEONE IN THIS VERY ROOM POISONED ME! AND I KNOW WHO THAT PERSON IS! I'M NOT CALLING THE POLICE BECAUSE I WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT PERSON IN MY OWN WAY!



I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU ALL GIFTS IN THE FORM OF MONEY--GO BACK TO YOUR HOMES. YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME--SOONER THAN YOU EXPECT!



SOMETIME LATER, SNEED WALKS INTO HIS BANK--

AH, MR SNEED-- WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

YOU CAN BRING ME THE MONEY I'VE DEPOSITED IN THIS BANK! I'M WITHDRAWING IT ALL!



WITHDRAW ALL YOUR MONEY? B-BUT, SIR--IT AMOUNTS TO ABOUT ONE MILLION DOLLARS?

I KNOW THAT-- IT'S MY MONEY, AND I WANT IT! YOU CAN PLACE IT IN HERE! I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME!

AND SO BEGINS A BIZARRE TALE OF A MADMAN OWNING A MILLION DOLLARS--YET WITH ONLY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO LIVE!



I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME-- I'VE GOT A LOT TO DO! LIVES DEPEND ON IT--LIVES THAT SOON WILL BE DEATHS!



JASPER SNEED MAKES HIS FIRST PURCHASE--



HERE YOU ARE, SIR-- A FINE CAR. SHALL I DELIVER IT TO YOUR HOME?

NO...I'LL TAKE IT WITH ME AND PAY CASH NOW!

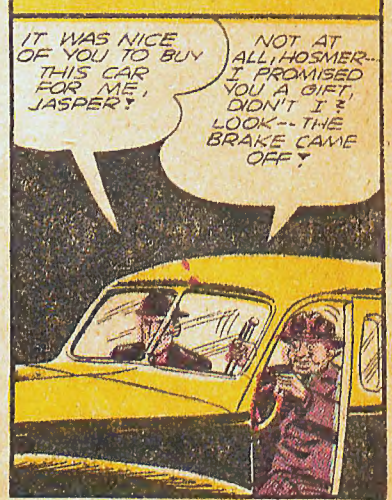
JASPER SNEED MAKES HIS SECOND PURCHASE---



I'D LIKE A STEEL SAW AND A SCREW DRIVER--

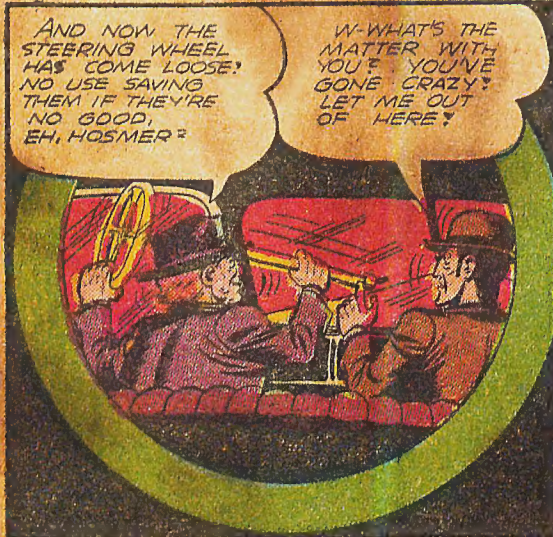
YES, SIR--

A SHORT TIME LATER--



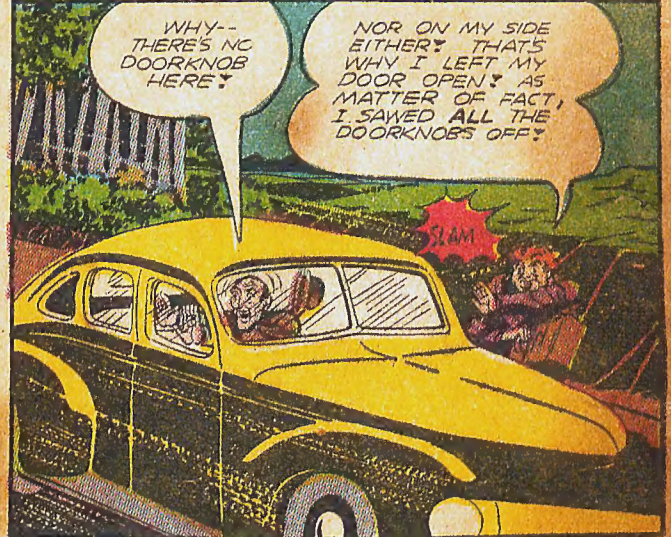
IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO BUY THIS CAR FOR ME, JASPER!

NOT AT ALL, HOSMER-- I PROMISED YOU A GIFT, DIDN'T I? LOOK--THE BRAKE CAME OFF!



AND NOW THE STEERING WHEEL HAS COME LOOSE! NO USE SAVING THEM IF THEY'RE NO GOOD, EH, HOSMER?

W-WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? YOU'VE GONE CRAZY! LET ME OUT OF HERE!



WHY-- THERE'S NO DOORKNOB HERE!

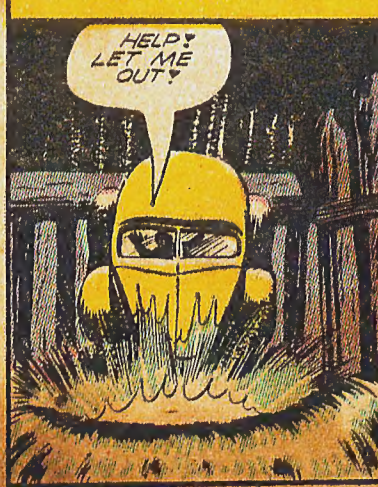
NOR ON MY SIDE EITHER! THAT'S WHY I LEFT MY DOOR OPEN! AS MATTER OF FACT, I SAWED ALL THE DOORKNOBS OFF!



I CAN'T GET OUT! AND I CAN'T STOP OR STEER THE CAR! I'M TRAPPED! THE WINDOWS--??

NO USE TRYING TO SMASH THE WINDOWS EITHER. THEY'RE TOO MUCH FOR YOUR FISTS! THEY'RE SHATTERPROOF!

HOSMER CLAY, THE UNDER-TAKER IS SEALED FAST IN HIS TOMB!



HELP! LET ME OUT!

BUBBLES MARK HIS WATERY GRAVE---AS A MAOMAN GLOATS!



YOU WERE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT THE DAY YOU WOULD BURY ME! THE TABLES ARE TURNED! I BURIED YOU! BUT TIME IS FLEETING---AND THERE IS SO MUCH I MUST DO.

SIX HOURS HAVE PASSED--AND JASPER SNEED STILL HAS EIGHTEEN HOURS TO LIVE...AND PLAN DEATH!



SNEED NEXT VISITS THE HANGOUT OF A NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL--

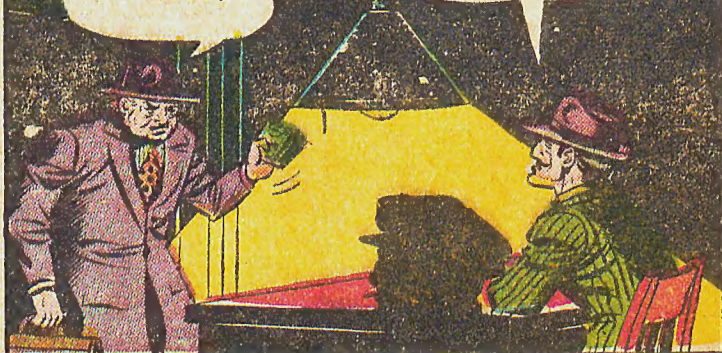
I WANT TO BUY THE SERVICES OF SOME MEN WHO CAN DO A JOB RIGHT! AND KEEP THEIR MOUTH SHUT!

A THOUSAND DOLLAR BILL? TANKS-- FOLLOW ME.



I HOLD \$100,000 IN MY HAND -- BUT THE BILLS ARE CUT IN HALF? DO WHAT I ASK AND YOU'LL GET THE OTHER HALVES!

A HUNDRED GRAND? OKAY, MISTER...WHO DO YOU WANT RUBBED OUT?



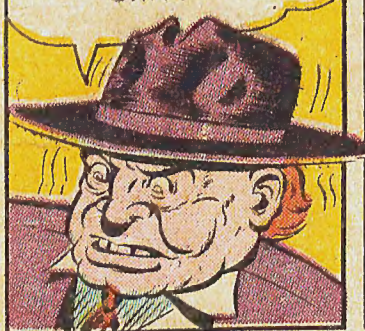
I WANT MY BUSINESS PARTNER, JOHN HARVEY, KILLED! HE TRIED TO STEAL MONEY FROM MY CONCERN. HE HATES ME AND I HATE HIM! HE MUST DIE IN AN OLD ABANDONED STEEL MILL I OWN!

SNEED OUTLINES A DESIGN FOR MURDER--

...HE'S ALWAYS TAUNTING ME-- HE LIKES TO SEE ME BURN UP! THIS TIME I WANT TO SEE HIM BURN UP FOR GOOD!

OKAY, BUD-- WE'LL MAKE IT HOT FOR HIM!

AND HOW?



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, LUCILLE SNEED IS TELLING A GOOD FRIEND, LINDA PAGE, ABOUT HER UNCLE'S ODD TALK. ALSO LISTENING IS BRUCE WAYNE--

YOU MEAN, HE SAID HE WAS POISONED-- AND HAD ONLY TWENTY FOURS TO LIVE?

YES--AND THEN HE LAUGHED AND SAID HE WAS GOING TO GIVE US ALL GIFTS! I TELL YOU HE'S GONE MAD!

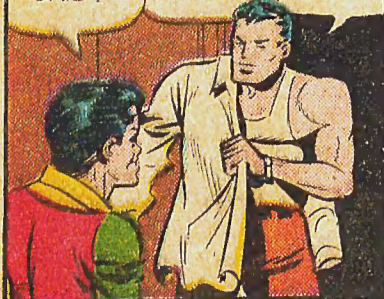
THE POOR FELLOW IS SUFFERING FROM DELUSIONS?



BUT LATER AT HIS HOME, BRUCE'S THOUGHTS SEEM VERY DIFFERENT AS HE SPEAKS TO HIS WARD, DICK GRAYSON--

YOU REALLY THINK THERE'S SOMETHING TO WHAT THE GIRL SAID?

YES--AND ONE MAN PROBABLY KNOWS MORE ABOUT SNEED THAN ANYONE ELSE--JOHN HARVEY, HIS BUSINESS PARTNER--



C'MON, THERE ARE A FEW QUESTIONS I MUST ASK JOHN HARVEY!



AND SOME MOMENTS LATER--

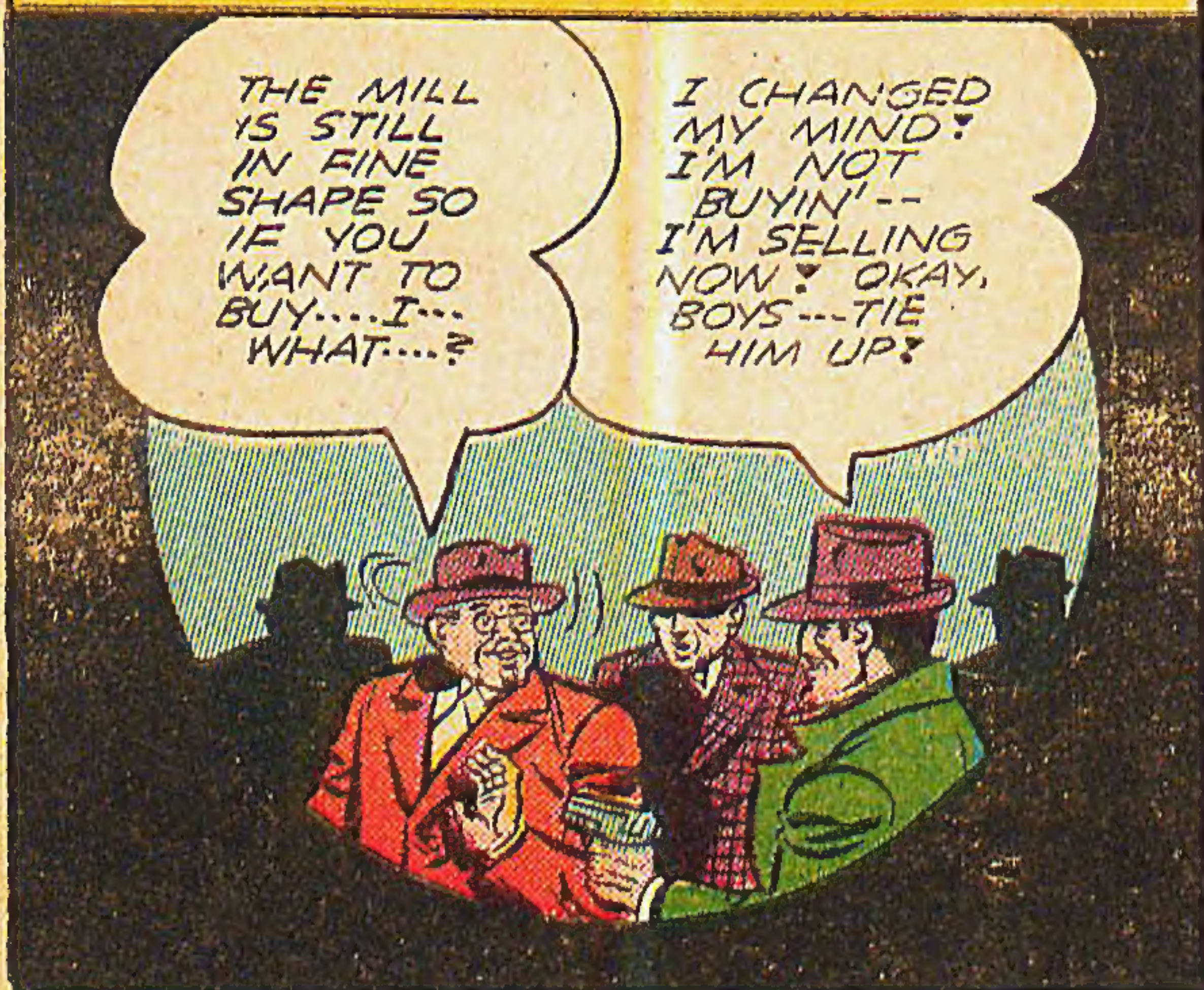
UH--WHY--N-NO--M-MR. HARVEY WENT OUT WITH S-SOME MEN--I T-THINK THEY WERE INTERESTED IN BUYING THE OLD STEEL MILL? AH-- GULP--W-WHO SHALL I SAY C-CALLED?

SANTA CLAUS! LET'S GO, ROBIN-- I'VE GOT A HUNCH WE'RE GOING TO SEE SOME ACTION!

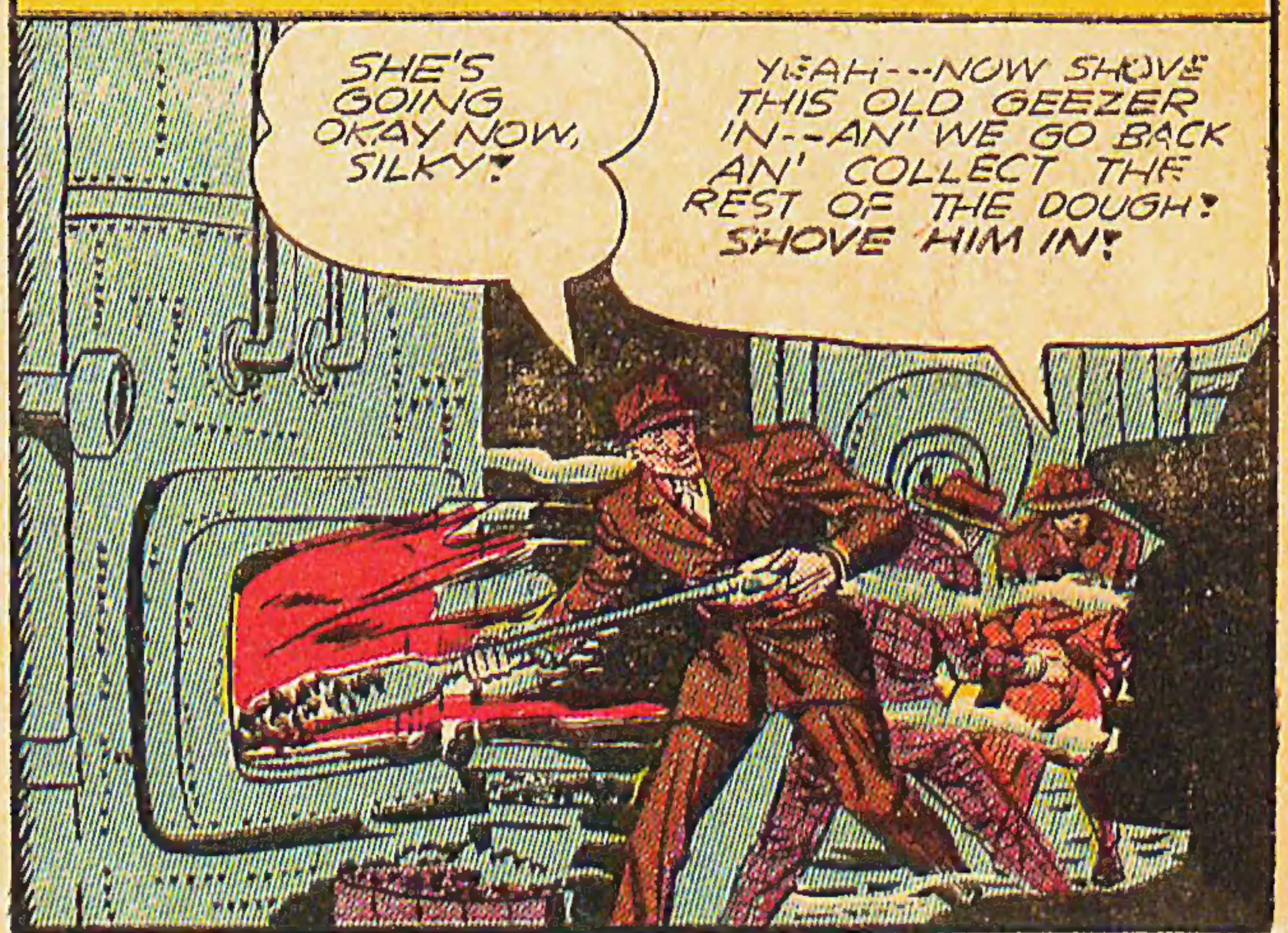




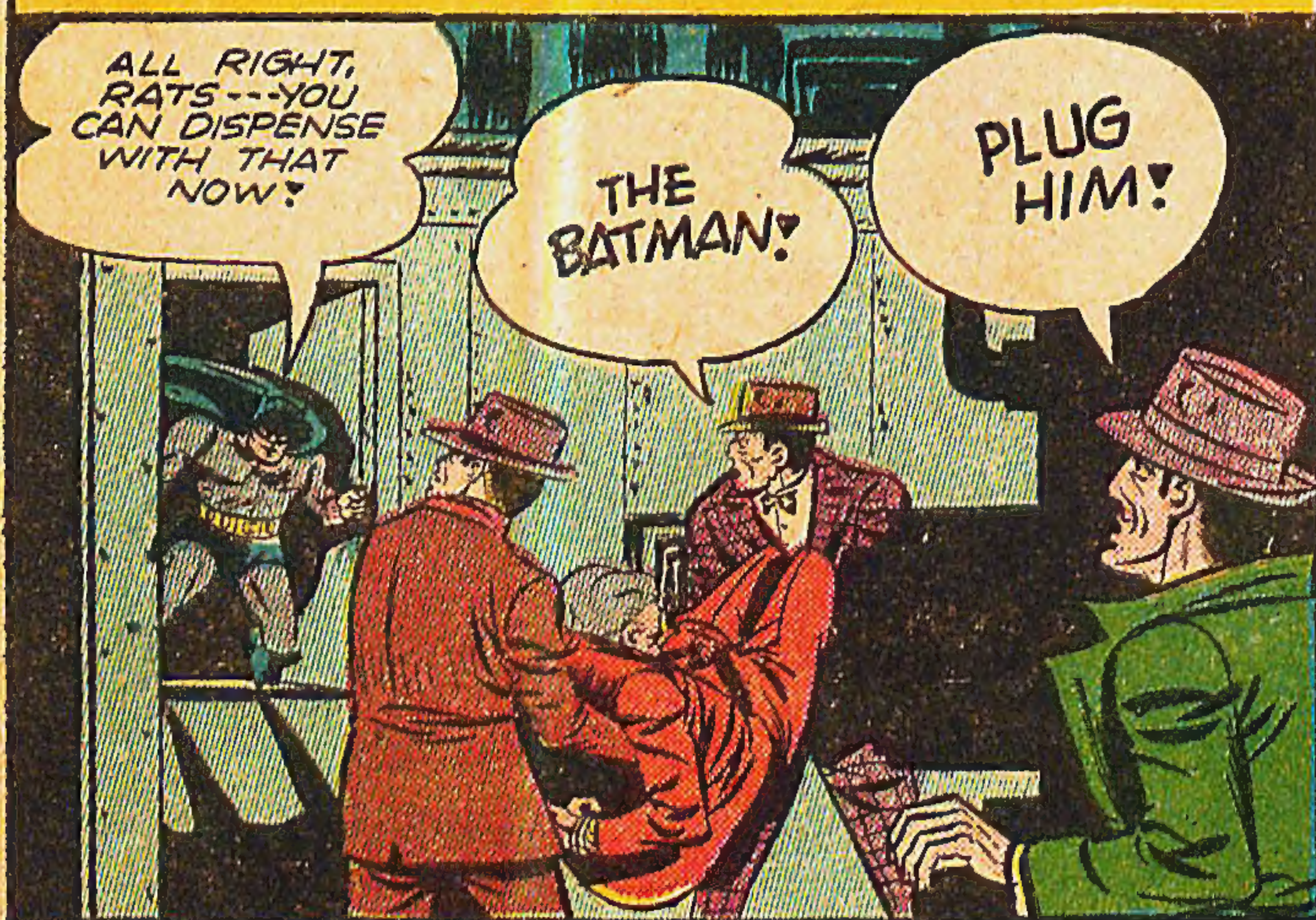
MINUTES LATER--INSIDE THE ABANDONED STEEL MILL--



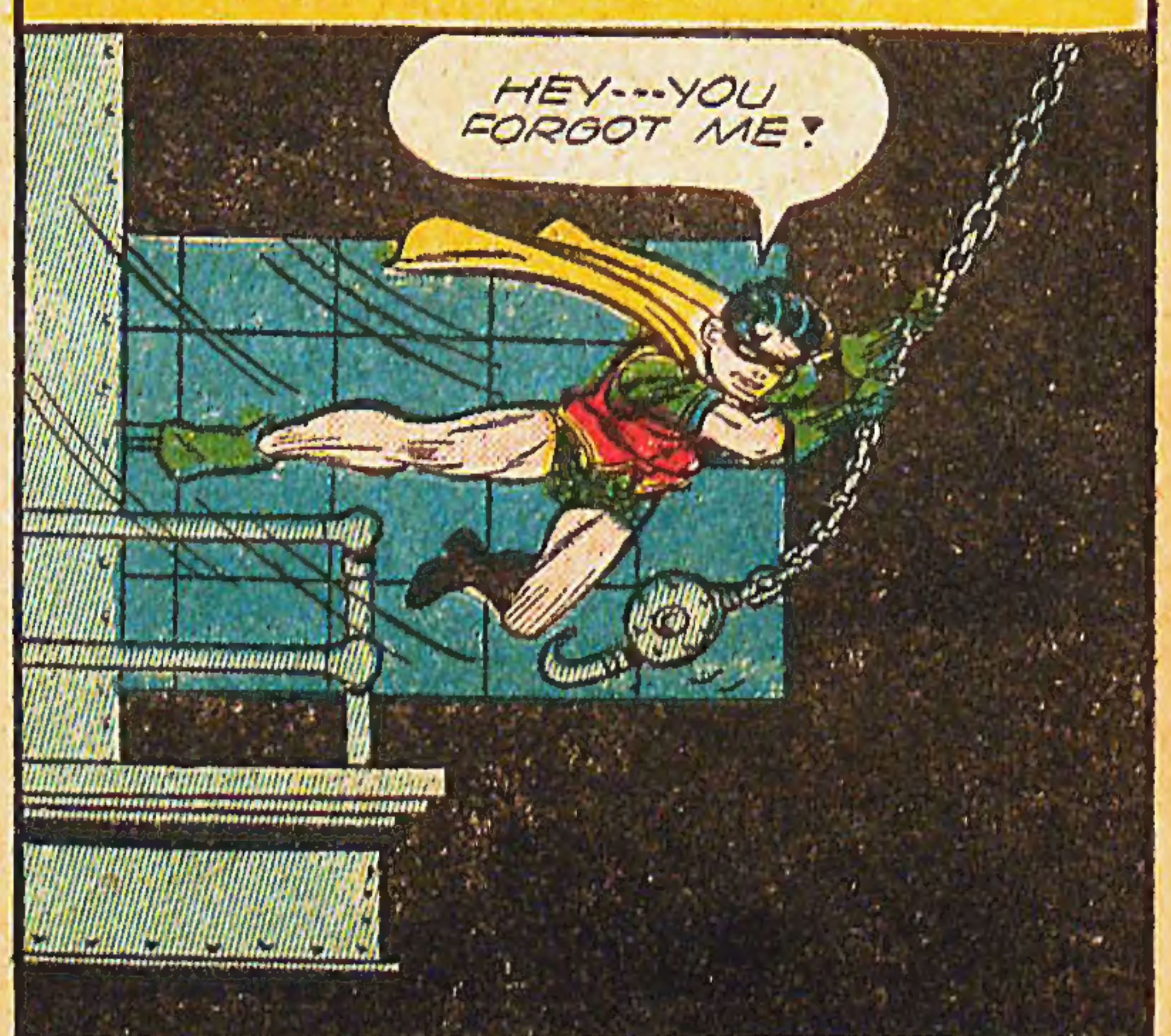
AN OLD FURNACE IS SOON ROARING WITH RENEWED LIFE--SO THAT IT MAY TAKE DEATH!



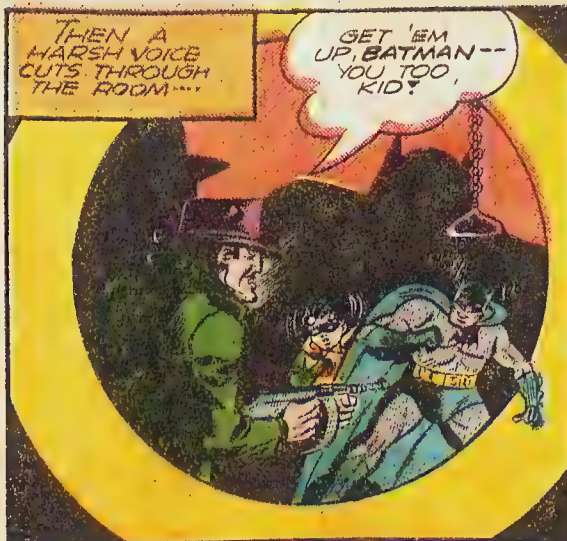
SUDDENLY, A BAT-LIKE SHAPE DARTS FROM OUT OF THE SHADOWS--



BUT FROM A SUSPENDED CHAIN -- ANOTHER FIGURE SWINGS ACROSS THE VAST ROOM--

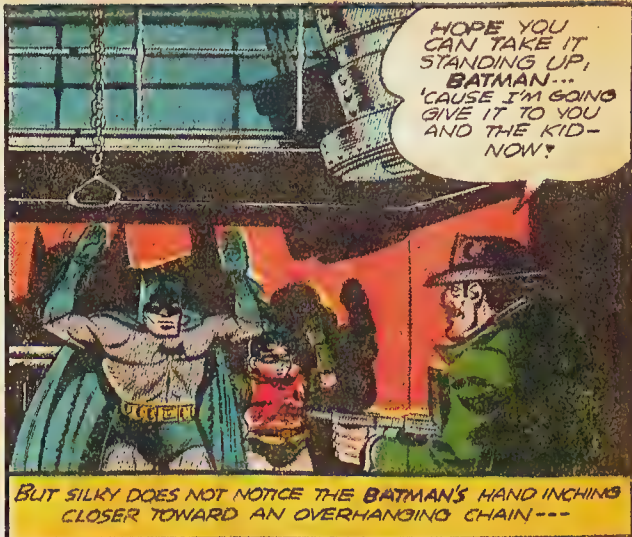






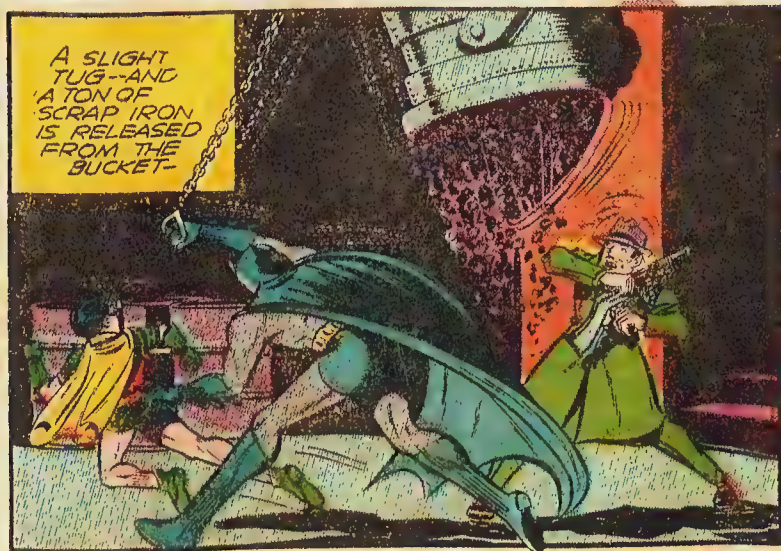
THEN A  
HARSH VOICE  
CUTS THROUGH  
THE ROOM---

GET 'EM  
UP, BATMAN--  
YOU TOO,  
KID!

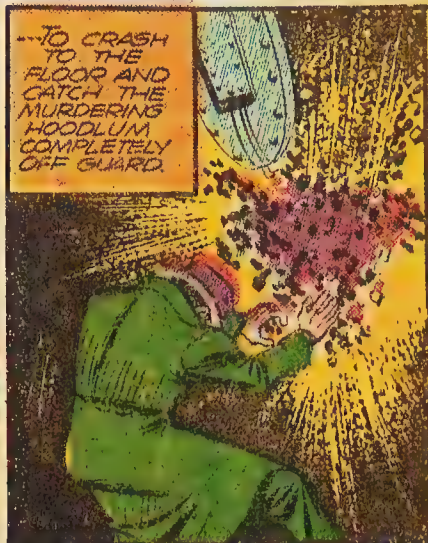


HOPE YOU  
CAN TAKE IT  
STANDING UP,  
BATMAN...  
'CAUSE I'M GOING  
GIVE IT TO YOU  
AND THE KID--  
NOW!

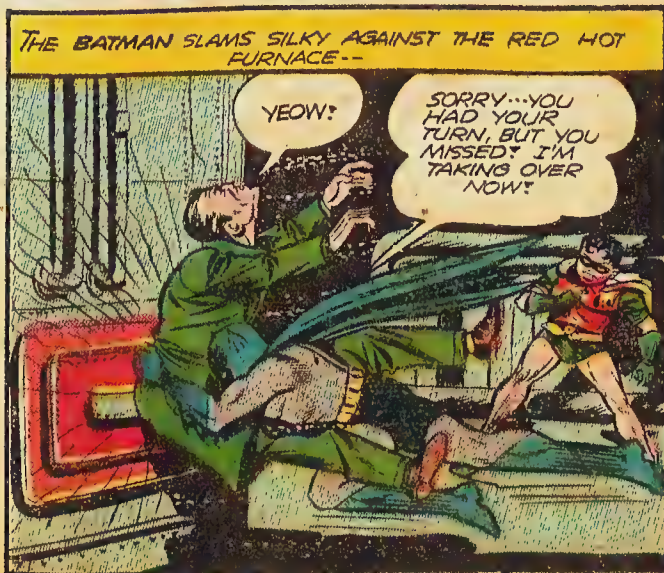
BUT SILKY DOES NOT NOTICE THE BATMAN'S HAND INCHING  
CLOSER TOWARD AN OVERHANGING CHAIN---



A SLIGHT  
TUG--AND  
A TON OF  
SCRAP IRON  
IS RELEASED  
FROM THE  
BUCKET--



--TO CRASH  
TO THE  
FLOOR AND  
CATCH THE  
MURDERING  
HOODLUM  
COMPLETELY  
OFF GUARD.



THE BATMAN SLAMS SILKY AGAINST THE RED HOT  
FURNACE--

YEOW?

SORRY...YOU  
HAD YOUR  
TURN, BUT YOU  
MISSED! I'M  
TAKING OVER  
NOW!



AND  
THIS WILL  
KNOCK  
HIM  
COLD!



A MINUTE LATER--

OH---  
THANK  
YOU...  
THANK  
YOU...  
OHHH!

TAKE IT  
EASY!  
I'D LIKE  
TO ASK  
YOU A FEW  
QUESTIONS!



MEANYHILE, JASPER STILL WALKS ABOUT--  
STILL PLANNING?



JASPER VISITS THE  
LIVING "WAXMAN--"

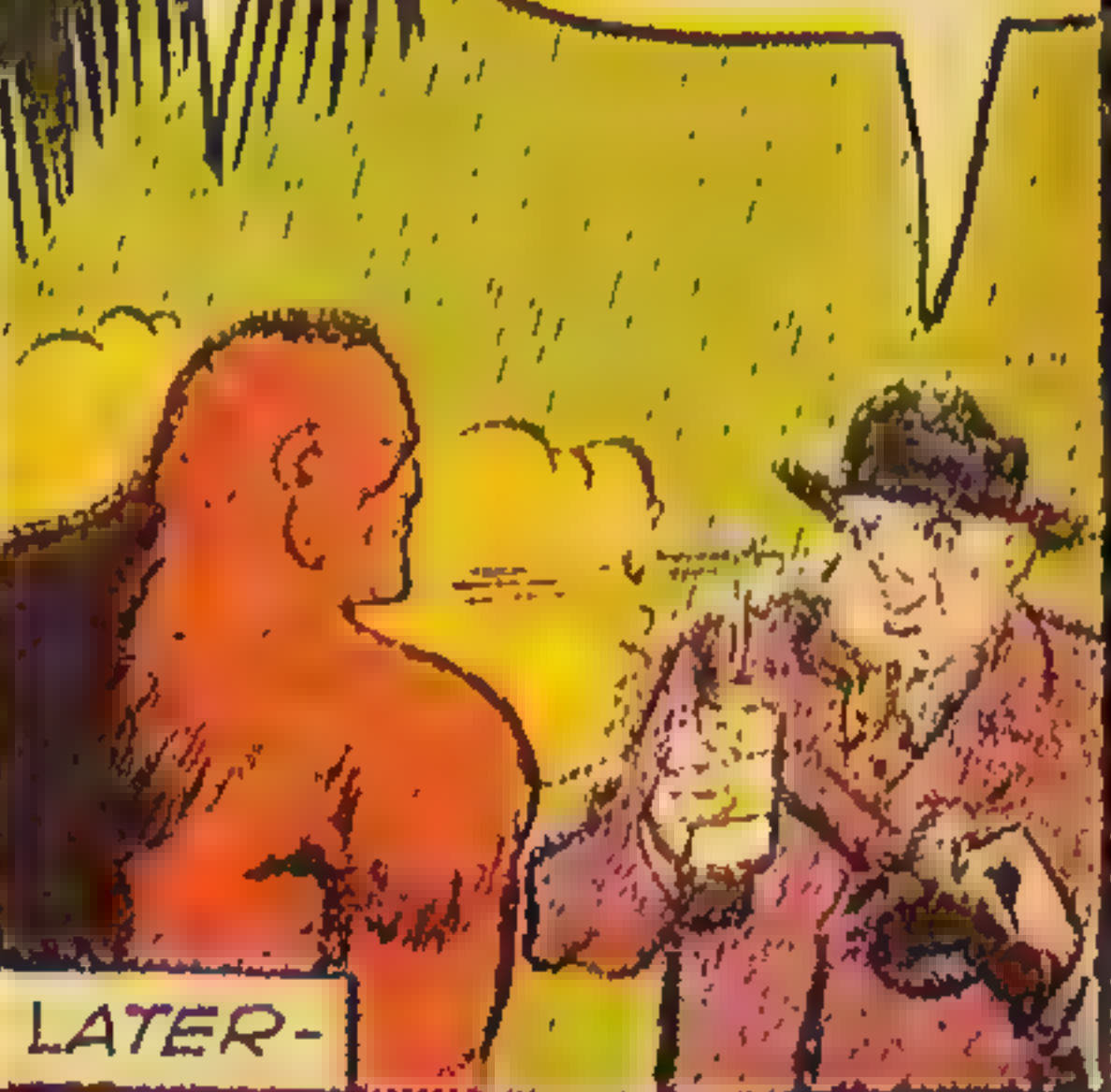
SURE--I CAN  
HOLD ANY  
POSITION  
FOR AT  
LEAST  
AN HOUR--  
IT'S A  
GIFT,  
I GUESS?

HEE, HEE--  
FINE!  
I'LL PAY  
\$10, 000  
IF YOU'LL  
PLAY A  
JOKE ON  
A PERSON  
FOR ME!



BUT WHAT'S  
THE IDEA  
OF THE  
BRONZE  
PAINT?

THIS  
WOMAN  
COLLECTS  
STATUES--  
I WANT  
HER TO  
THINK  
YOU'RE A  
STATUE  
OF A  
PRIMITIVE  
MAN!



LATER--

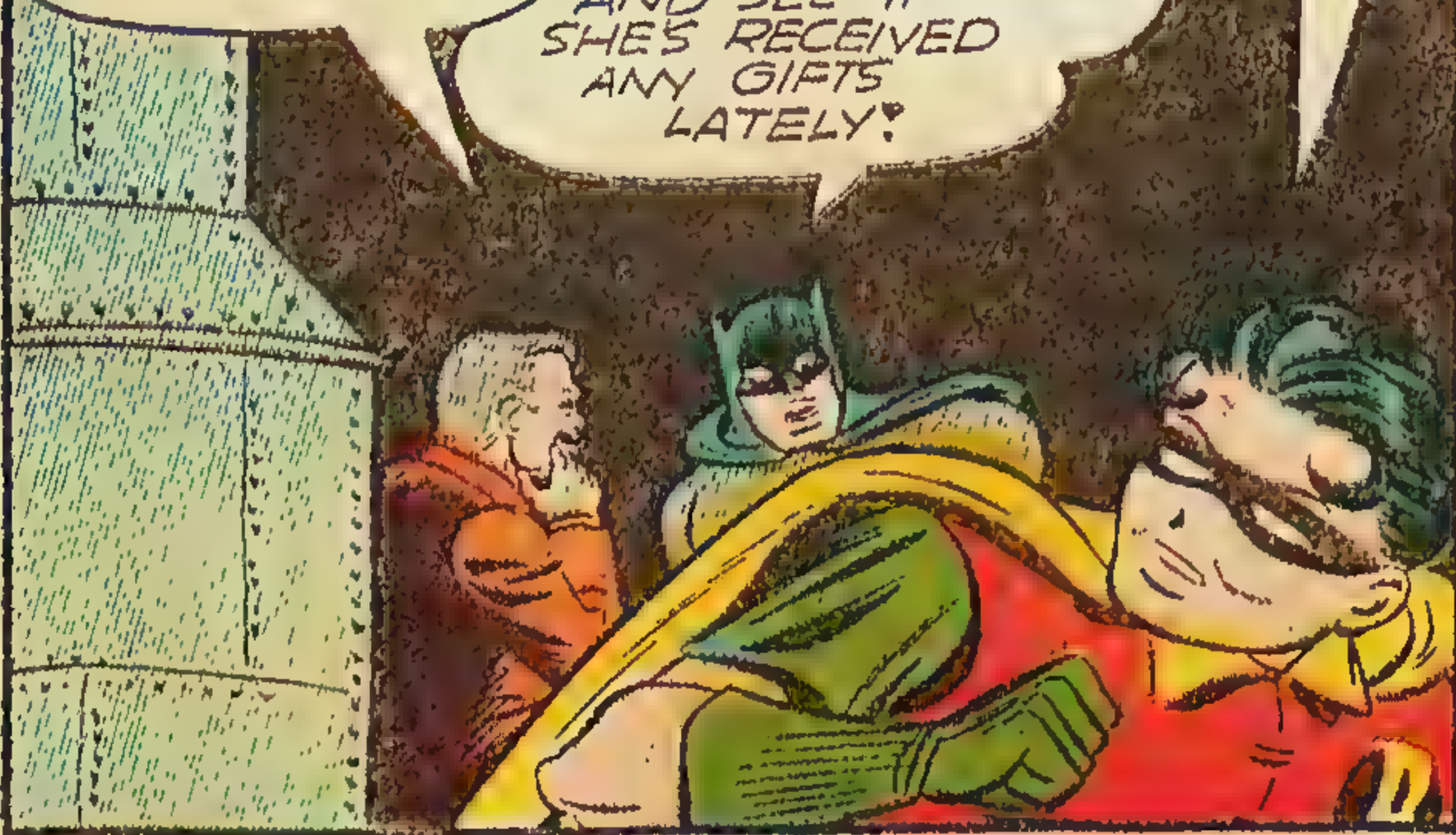


AND AT THAT INSTANT--

--AND THE MEN  
MENTIONED  
JASPER SNEED,  
BUT I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND!

I THINK  
I DO- ROBIN,  
BETTER GET  
OVER TO MRS.  
BIGGS, SNEED'S  
WIDOWED SISTER,  
AND SEE IF  
SHE'S RECEIVED  
ANY GIFTS  
LATELY!

RIGHT!



AT MRS. BIGGS?



LATER, MRS BIGGS  
STILL ADMIRES HER  
STATUE--

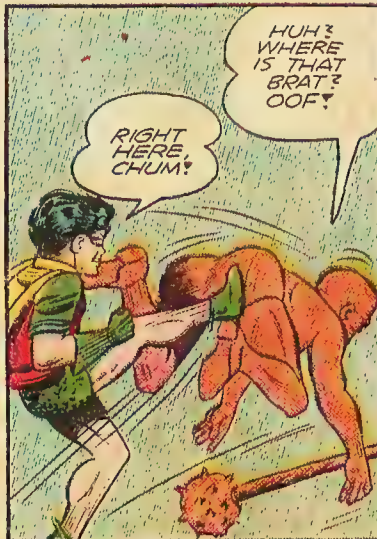
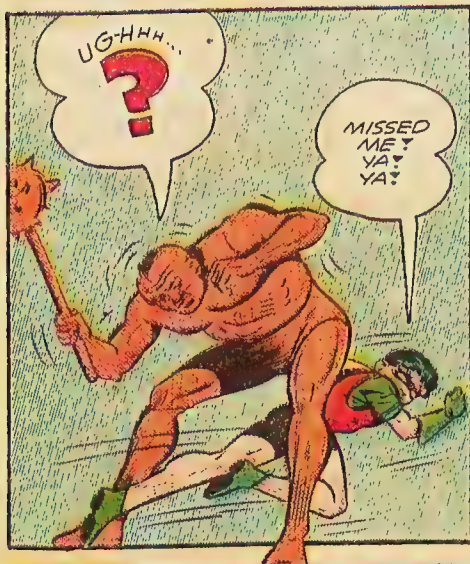
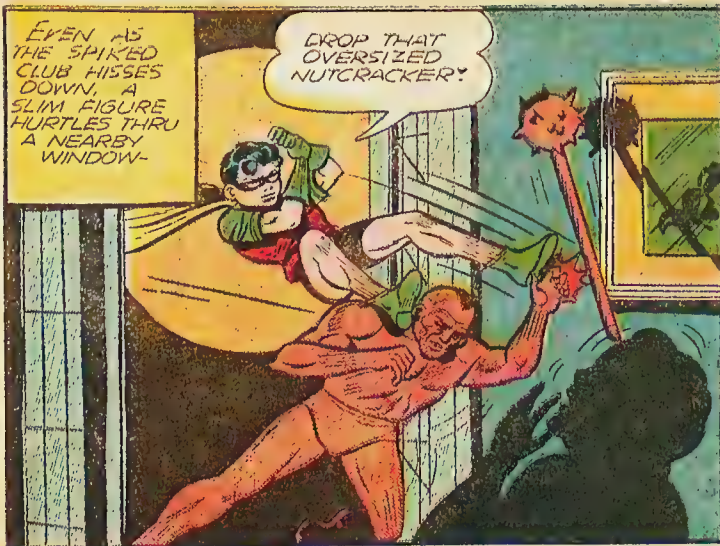


WHY--  
IT'S  
MOVING!  
IT'S COME  
TO LIFE...  
...IT'S--

I'M ALIVE--  
BUT YOU  
WON'T BE IN  
A COUPLE  
OF MINUTES.









MEANWHILE, SNEED IS AT AN EXCLUSIVE GOLFING CLUB HOUSE--

ARE YOU GOING TO ACCEPT MY OFFER...?

\$200,000 IS QUITE GENEROUS! WE'LL BE ABLE TO BUILD ANOTHER GOLF COURSE--

WE'LL LEAVE IT VACANT FOR YOU AS YOU REQUESTED THE GOLF COURSE IS YOURS!



NEXT, THE MADMAN RETURNS TO THE CRIMINAL HANGOUT--

SO THE OTHERS HAVEN'T RETURNED YET? NO DOUBT THE JOB IS TAKING THEM A LITTLE TIME! NO MATTER--NOW I WANT THREE MEN WHO CAN POSE AS GENTLEMEN.

SURE--ANYTHING FOR YOU, MISTER!

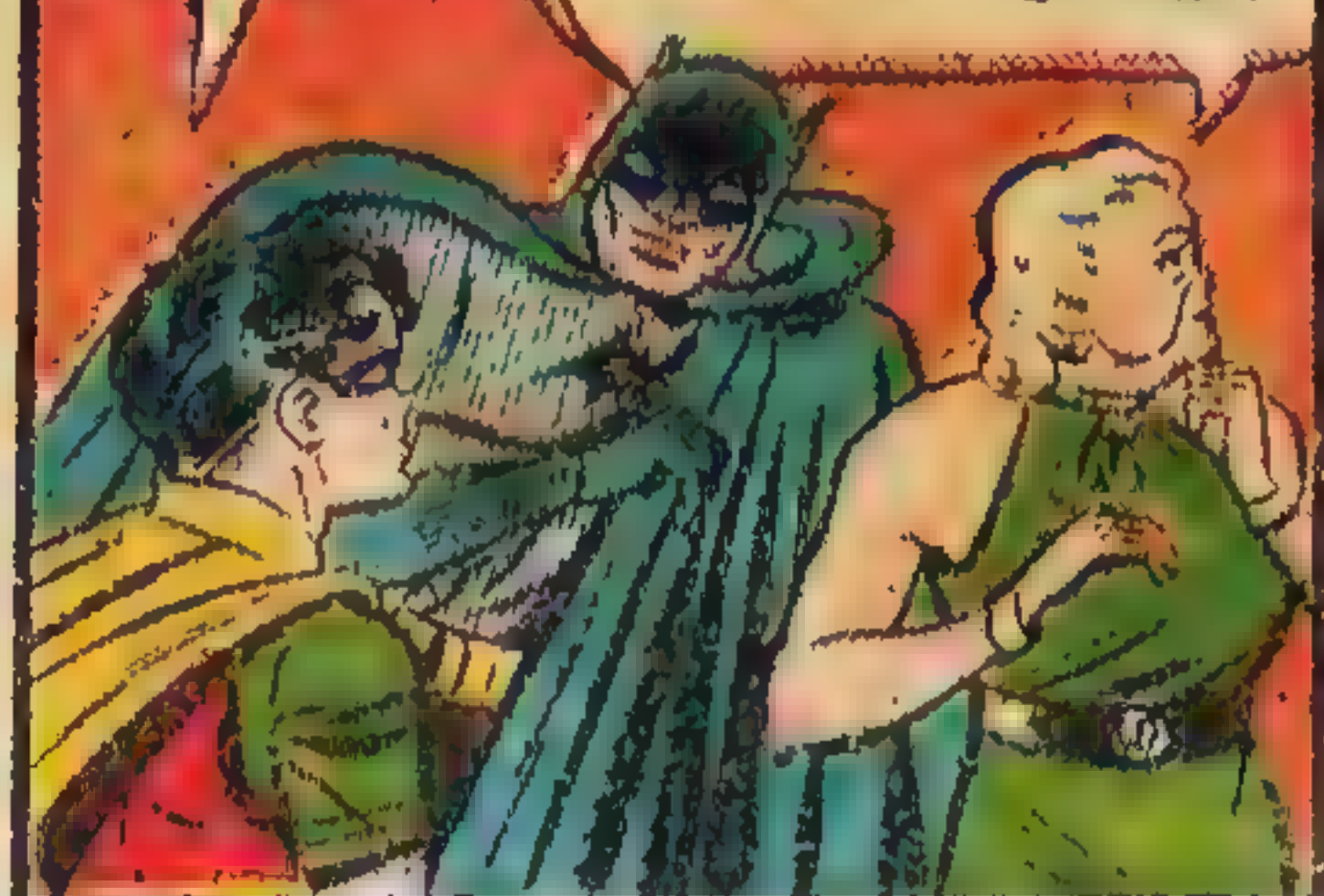


AND SOME MOMENTS LATER, IN MRS. BIGGS' RESIDENCE--

...AND THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

CHECKING UP ON THE SNEED FAMILY HISTORY?

OH--TO THINK THAT JASPER WOULD TRY TO KILL ME! THE PHONE IS RINGING!

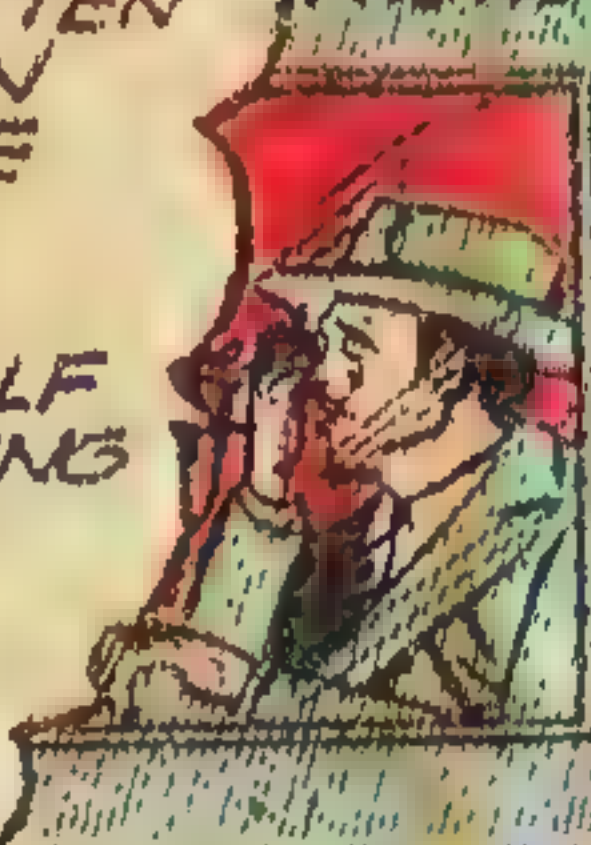


STANLEY?



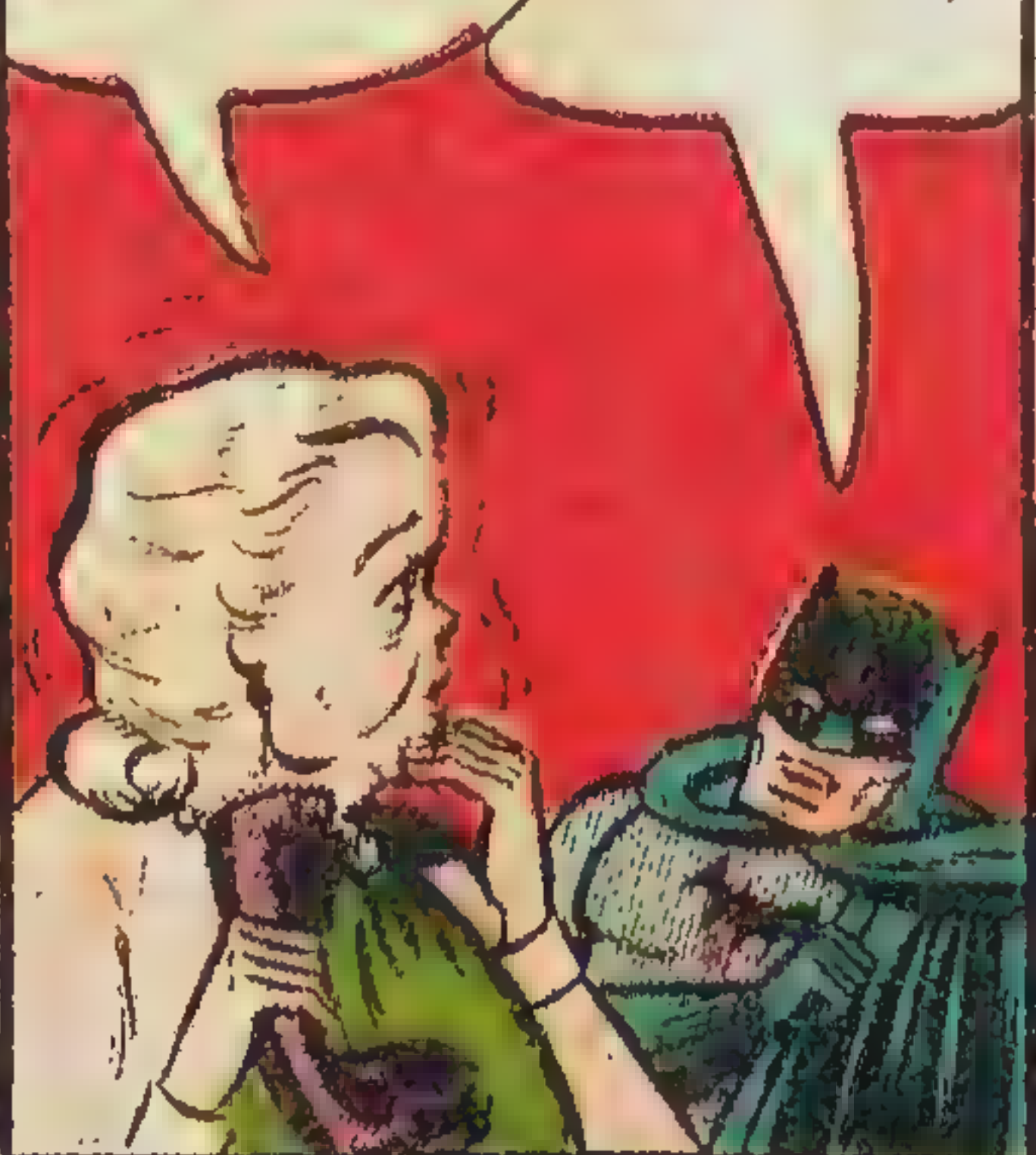
YES, MOTHER! I'VE JUST GOTTEN AN INVITATION FROM UNCLE JASPER TO JOIN THAT EXCLUSIVE GOLF CLUB. I'M GOING THERE FOR A ROUND NOW!

PHONE



STANLEY? DON'T--DON'T GO! DON'T... HE'S HUNG UP! HE DIDN'T HEAR ME!

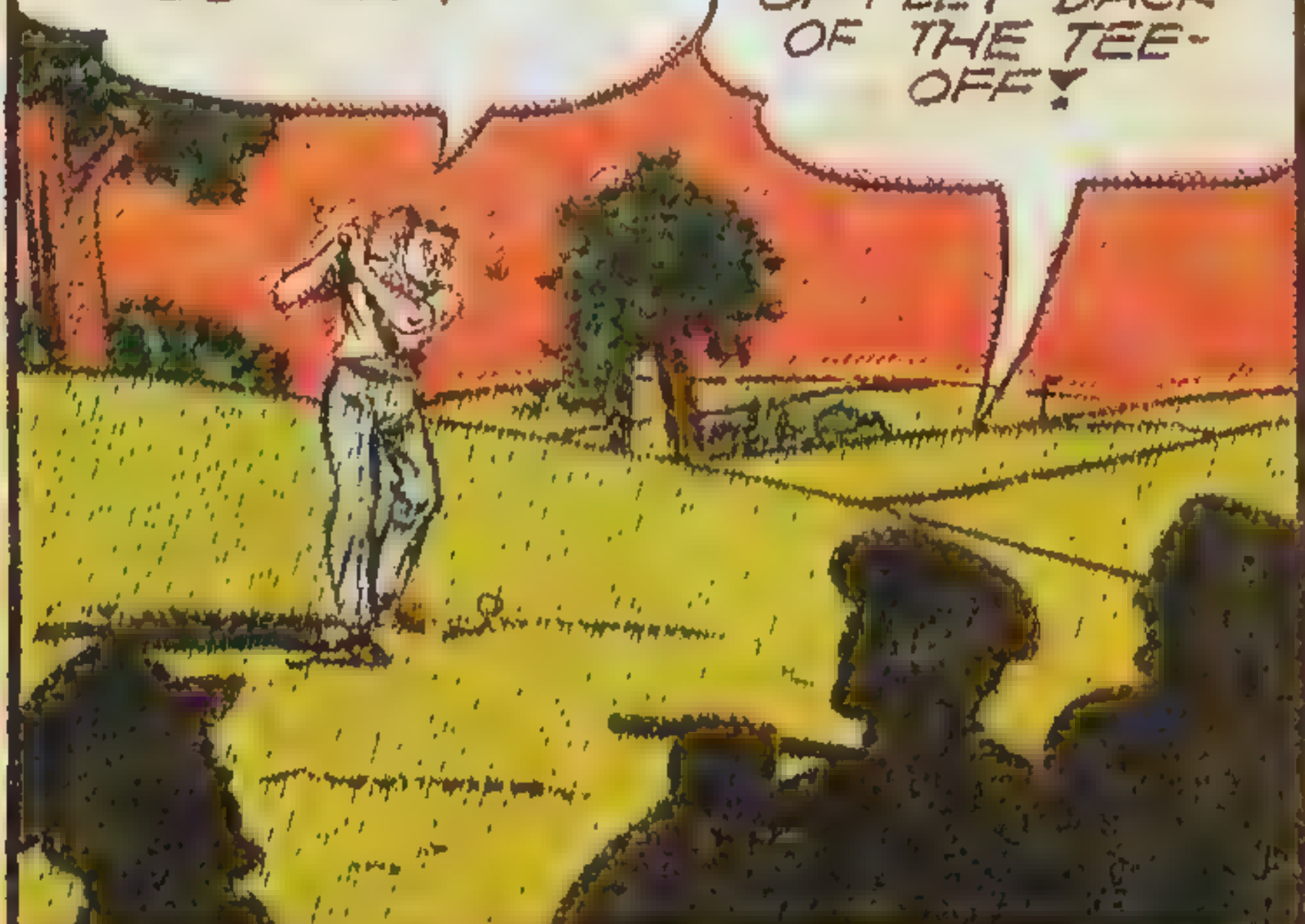
SOMETHING TO DO WITH JASPER EH? GIVE US THE DETAILS. WE'LL SAVE YOUR SON!



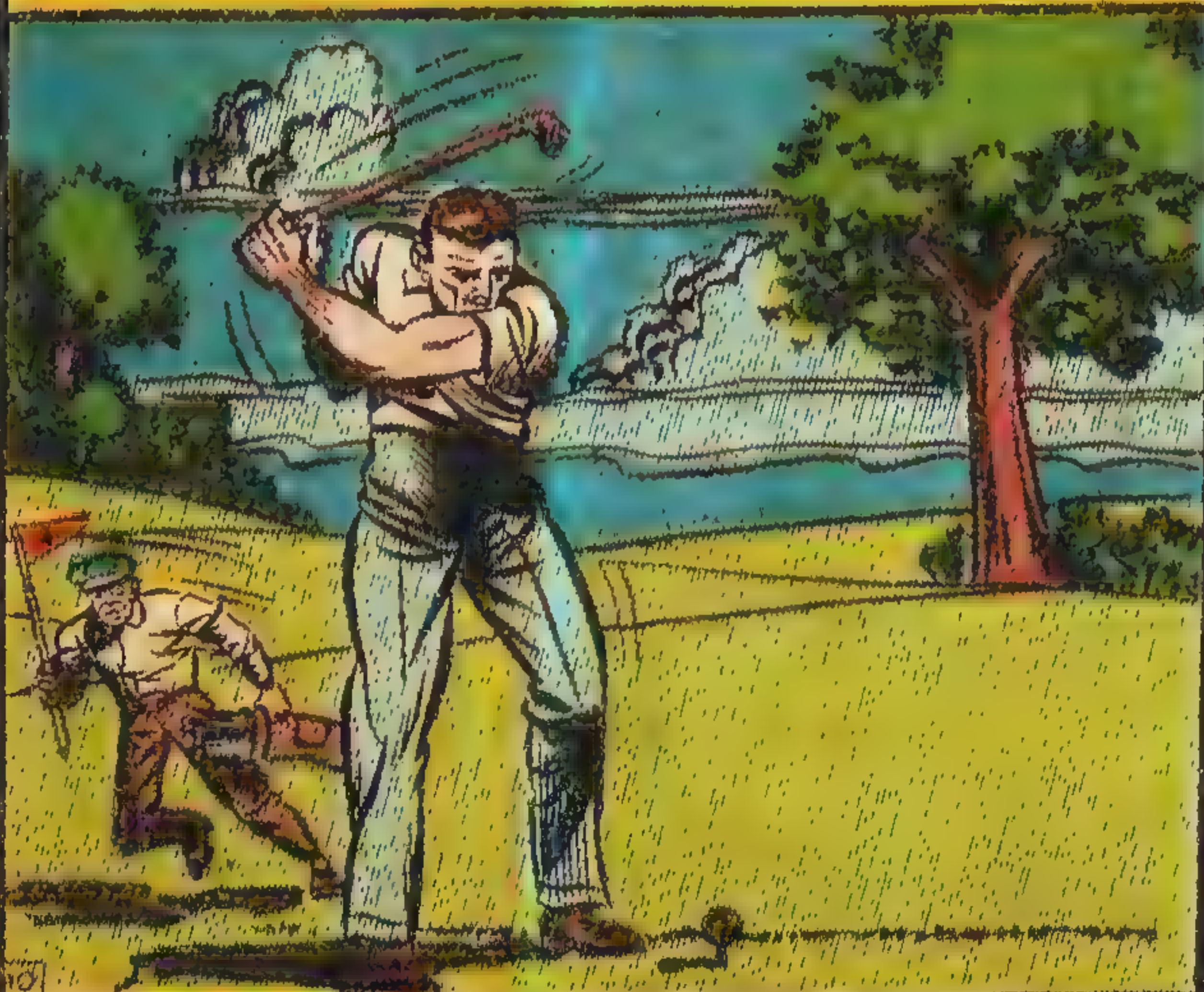
SOMETIME LATER--ON THE TEE-OFF! STANLEY BIGGS IS IN THE COMPANY OF THE "CLUB" MEMBERS--

THE COURSE LOOKS EMPTY! BUT WHY ARE YOU STANDING BACK SO FAR?

ER--IT'S THE CLUB RULE--MUST STAND A GOOD NUMBER OF FEET BACK OF THE TEE-OFF!



TAKING HIS STANCE, STANLEY DRAWS BACK HIS CLUB FOR A SMASHING DRIVE--

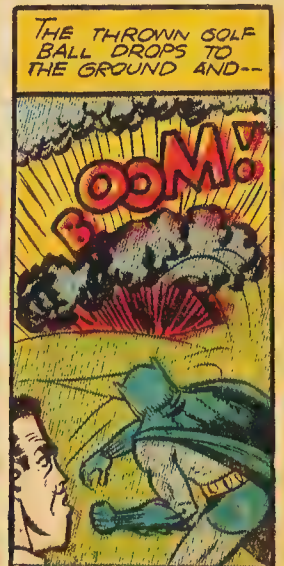
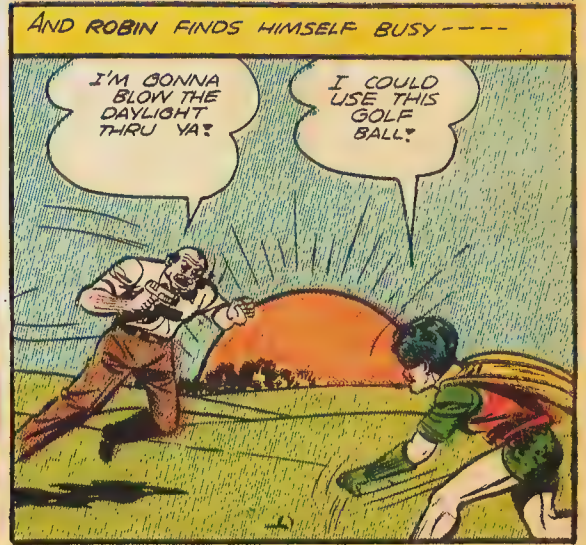
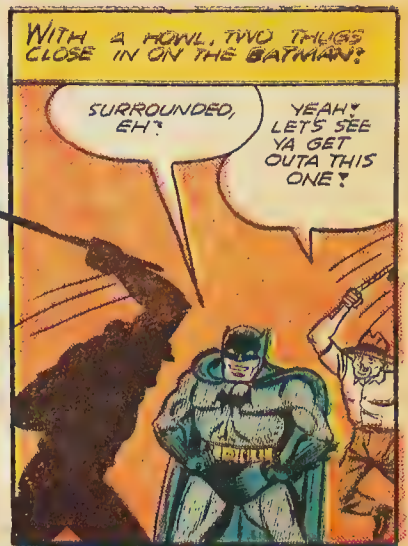
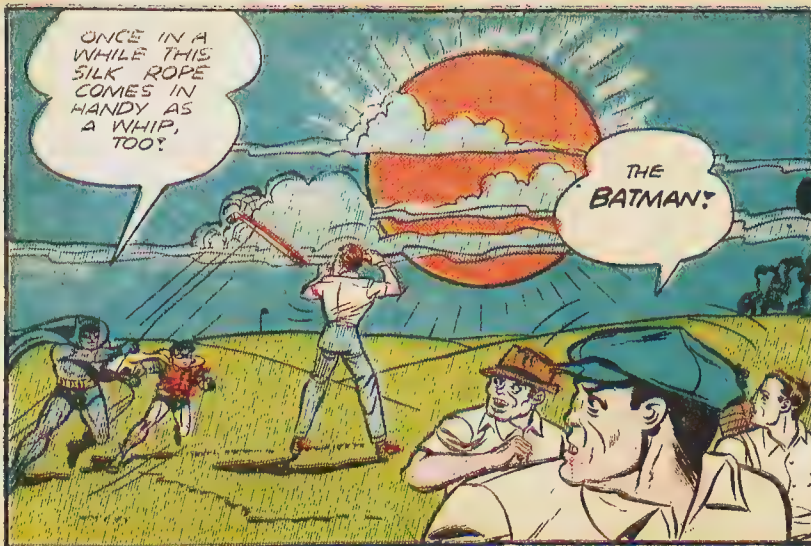


BUT SUDDENLY SOMETHING WHISTLES THRU THE AIR AND WHIPS THE CLUB OUT OF STANLEY'S HANDS!

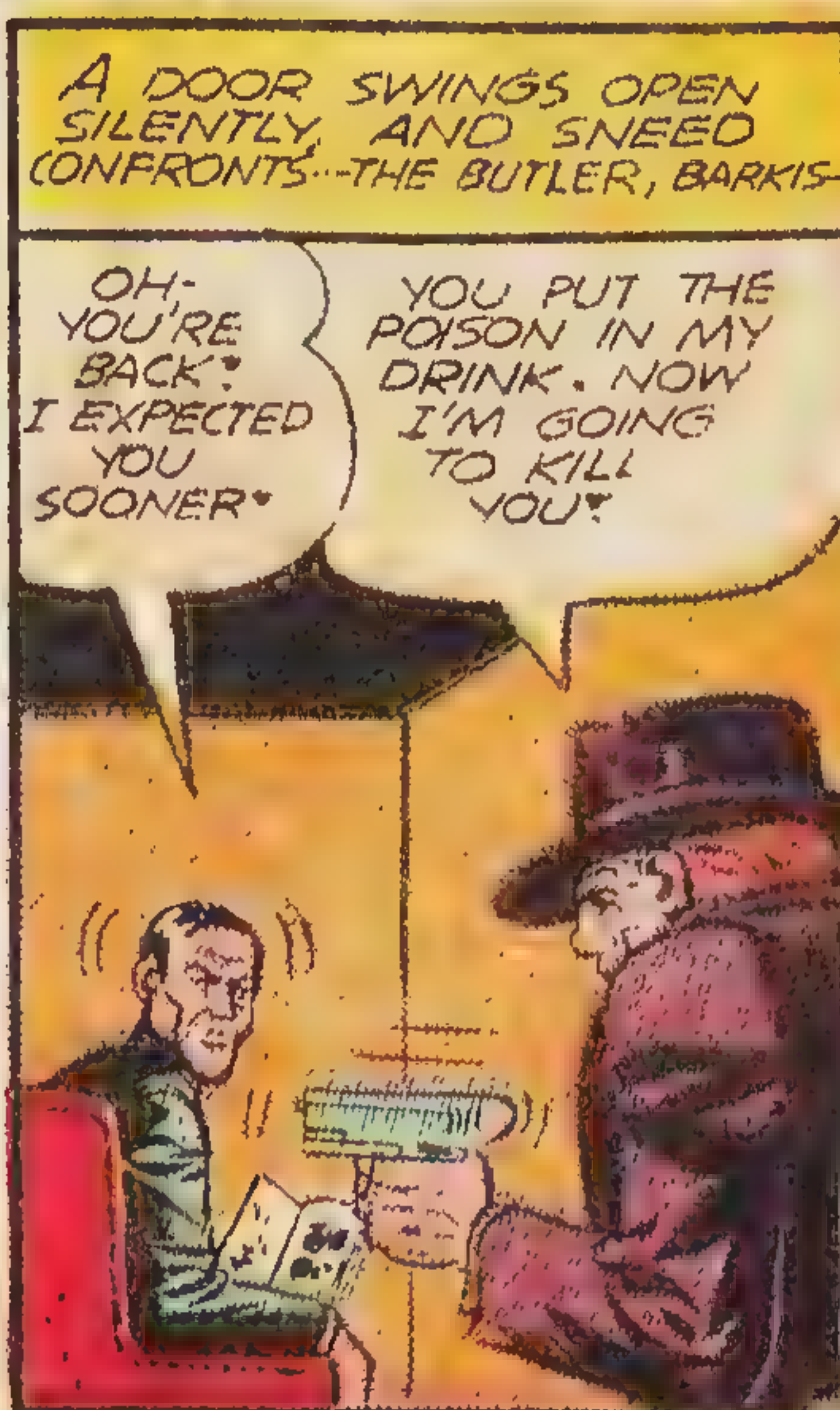
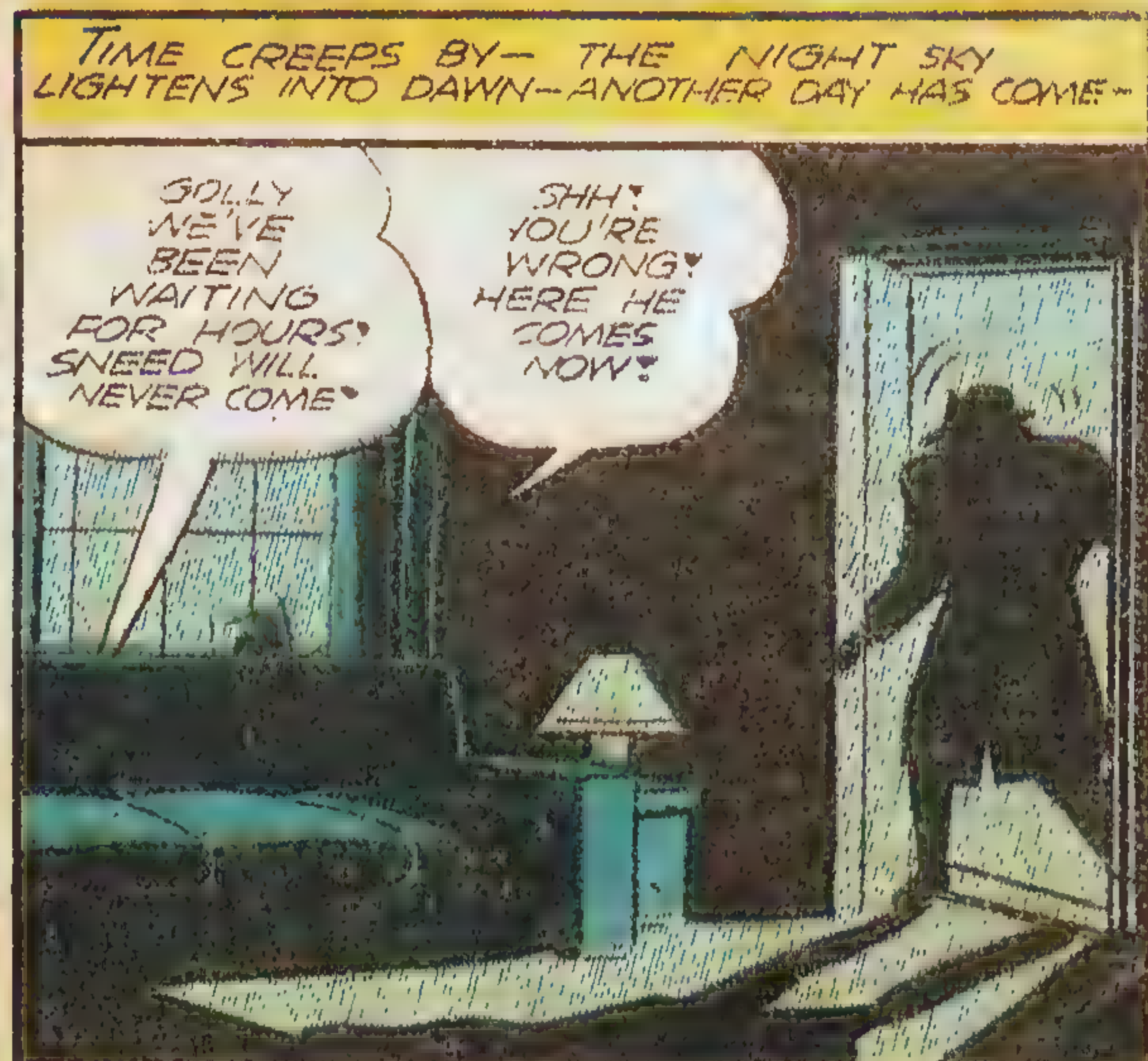
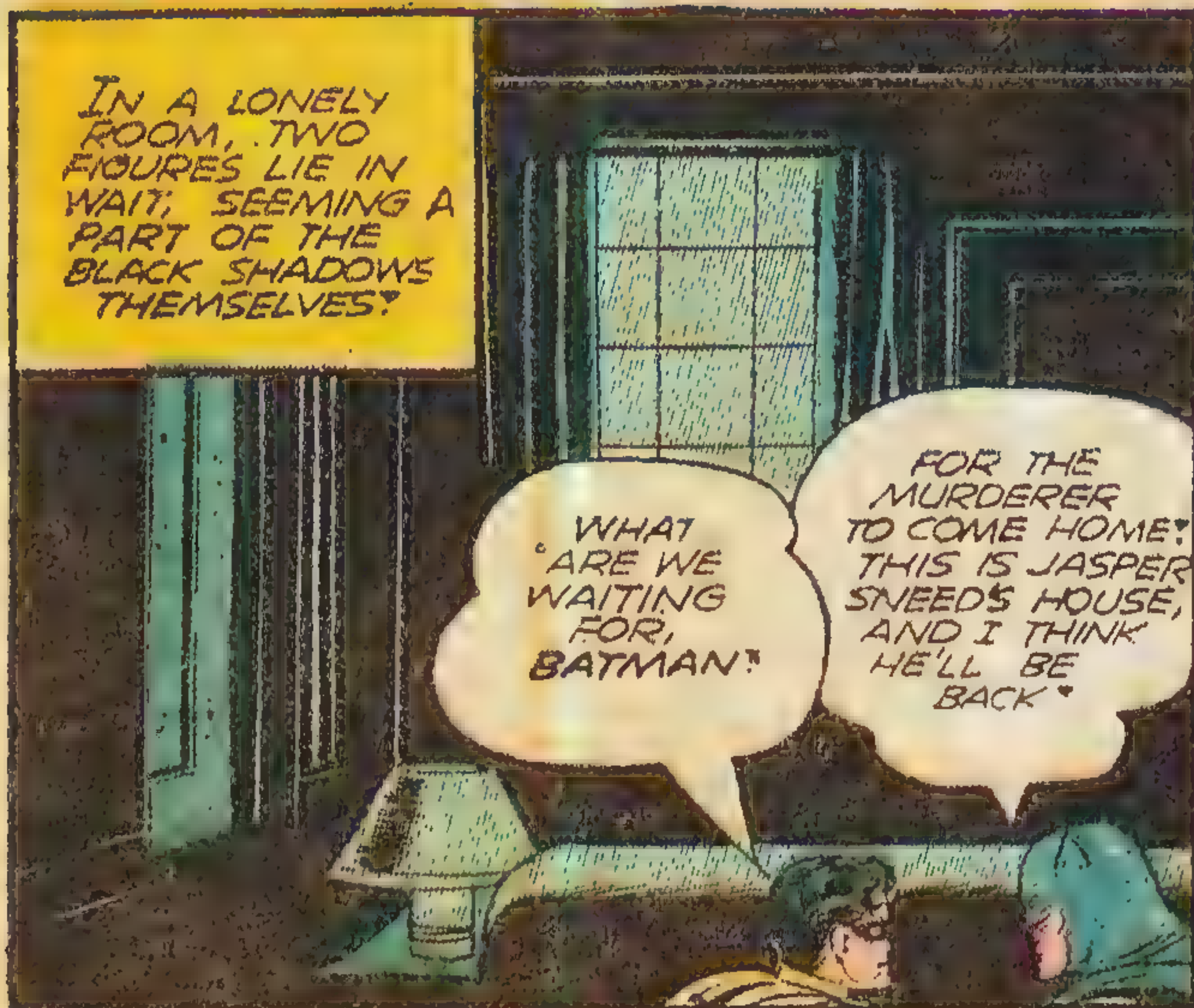
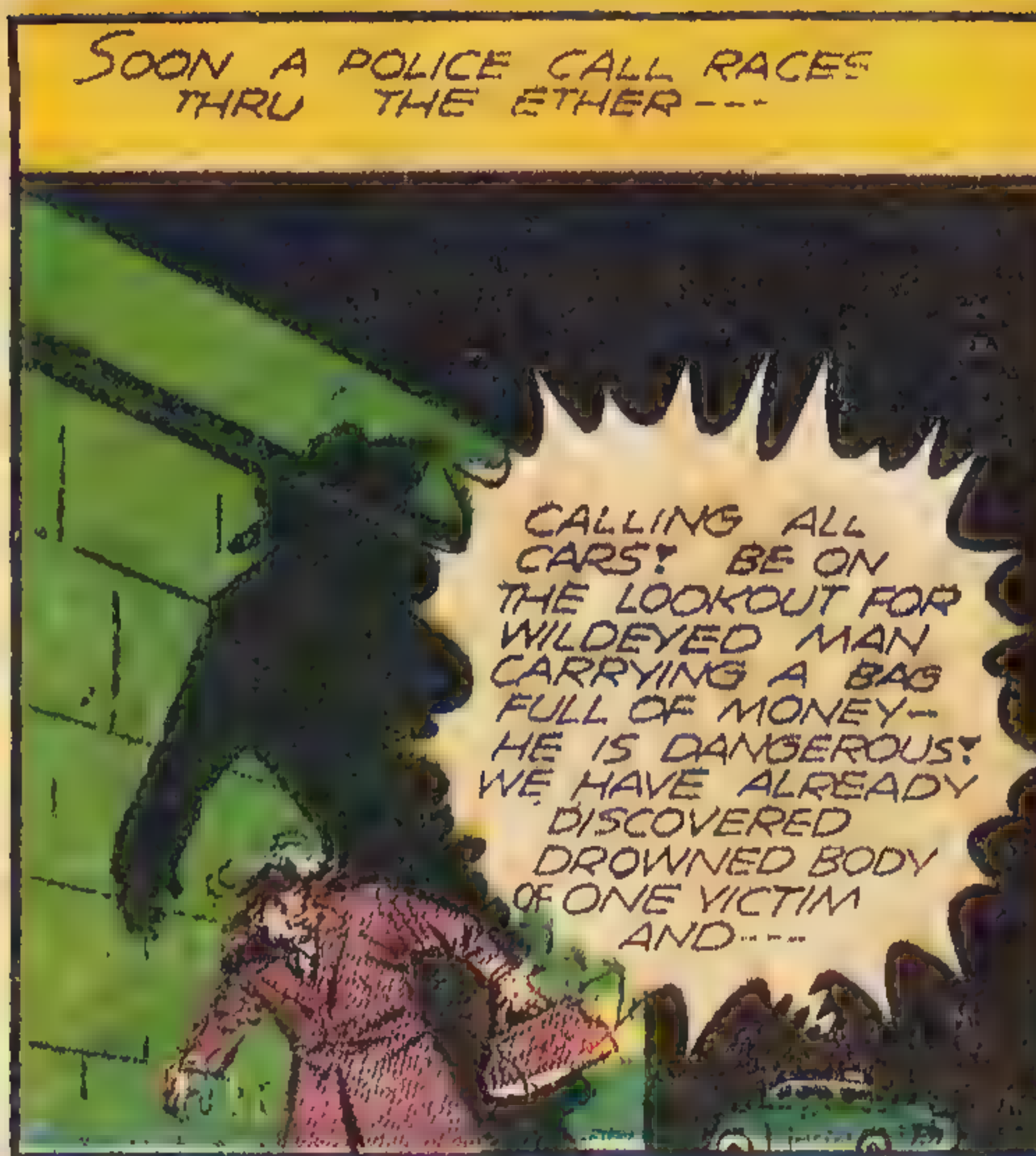
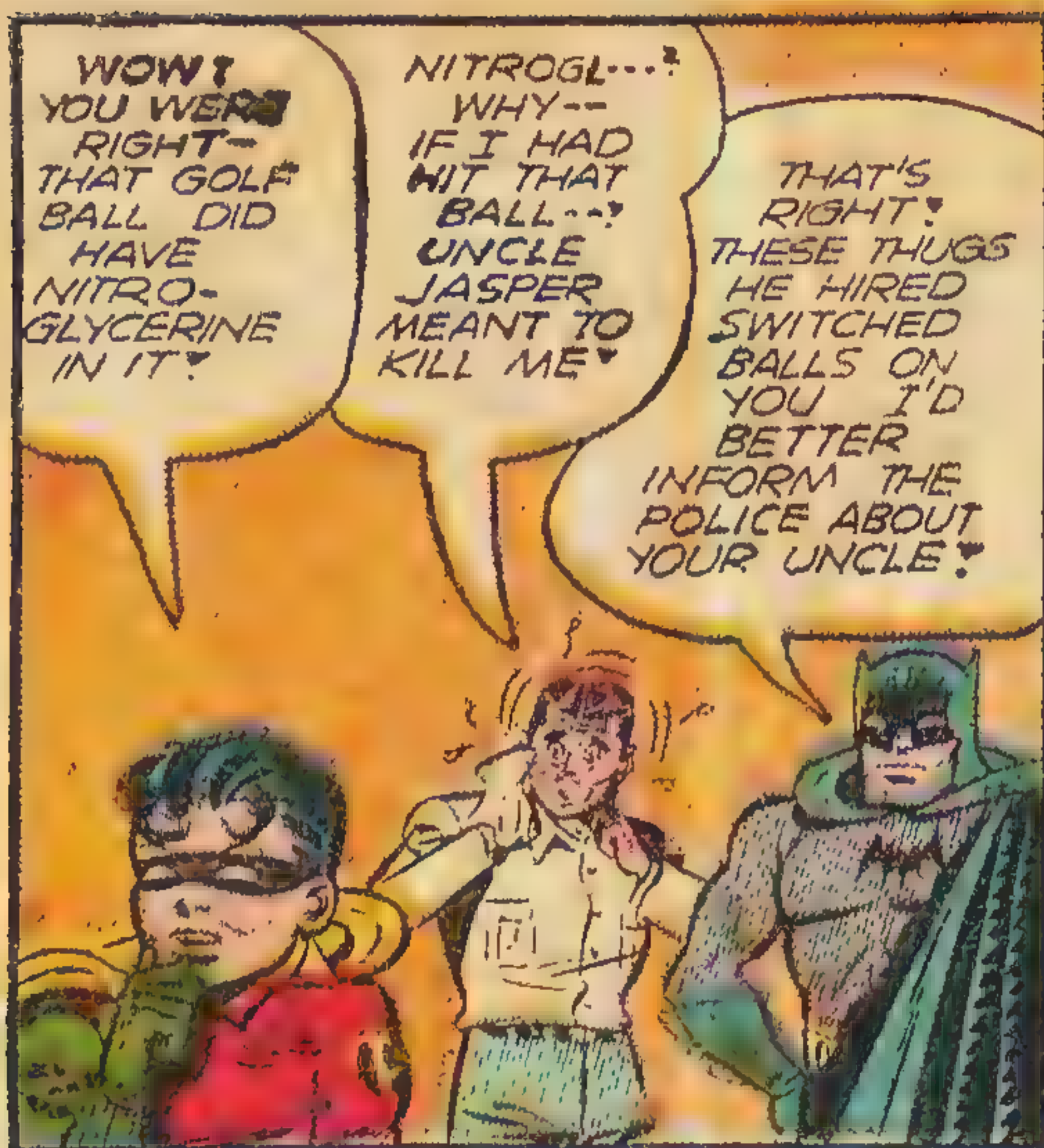
WHAT?







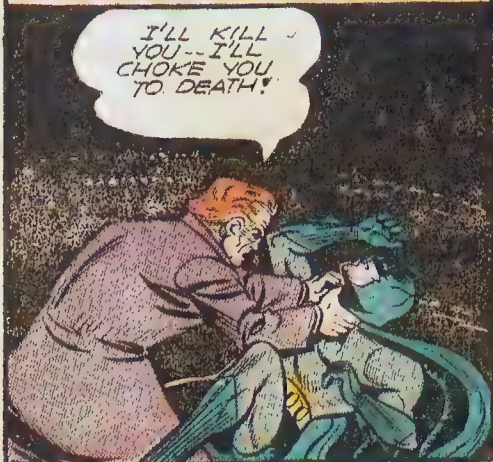




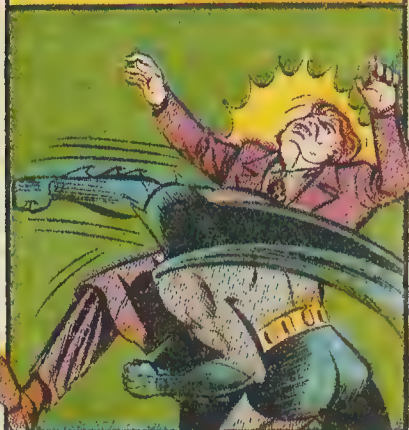


MANIACAL FURY POURS NEW STRENGTH INTO THE MADMAN'S ARMS---

I'LL KILL YOU--I'LL CHOKE YOU TO DEATH!



BUT AN IRON FIST WHIPS UP AND EXPLODES ON HIS JAW, FLINGING HIM LIMPLY TO THE FLOOR!

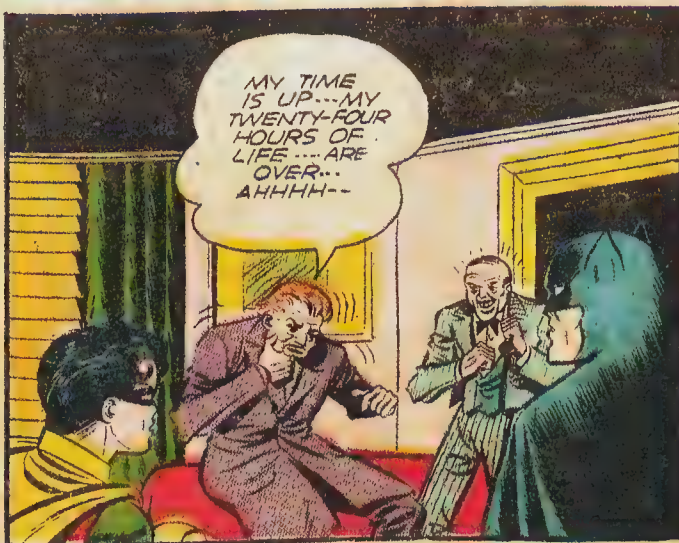


ALL RIGHT, SNEED--YOUR MURDERING DAYS ARE OVER--

THERE'S MORE TRUTH IN THAT THAN YOU THINK! ALL MY DAYS ARE OVER!

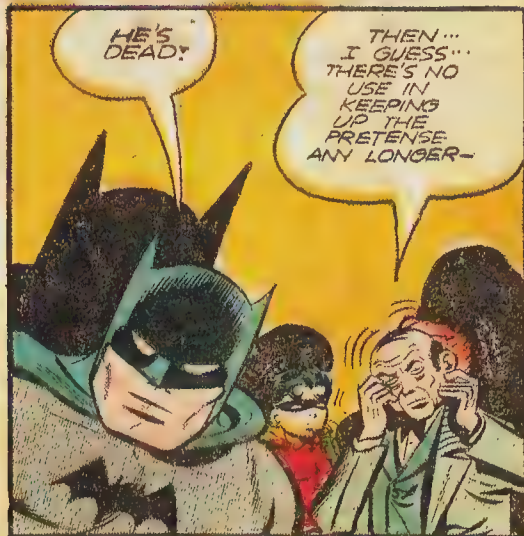


MY TIME IS UP---MY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF LIFE---ARE OVER--- AHHHH--



HE'S DEAD!

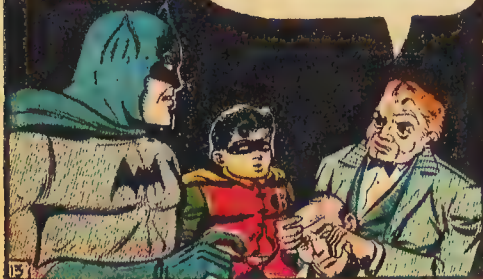
THEN... I GUESS... THERE'S NO USE IN KEEPING UP THE PRETENSE ANY LONGER--



UNDER THE MAKEUP ARE SURPRISING FEATURES---

I SUSPECTED AS MUCH! YOU'RE JASPER'S TWIN BROTHER, RICHARD, AREN'T YOU? I LOOKED UP YOUR FAMILY HISTORY--

YES---I GAVE HIM POISON. WHEN WE WERE YOUNGER, WE LOVED THE SAME GIRL---BUT SHE MARRIED HIM. I WENT AWAY-- THEN ONE DAY HE CALLED ME--HE WAS IN TROUBLE!



"HE HAD BEEN IN A HIT-AND-RUN ACCIDENT, BUT A WITNESS RECOGNIZED HIS FACE. IT MEANT PRISON FOR JASPER!"

I STILL LOVED MARY, HIS WIFE! IT MEANT DISGRACE FOR HER. SO I TOOK HIS PLACE--PRETENDED I, RICHARD, WAS THE MAN AT THE ACCIDENT! I WENT TO PRISON--TWO YEARS LATER, MARY DIED--OF A BROKEN HEART! I LEARNED HE HAD TREATED HER SHABBILY!

I CAN GUESS THE REST! YOU BROKE PRISON, ADOPTED A DISGUISE--GOT A JOB HERE--AND PLANNED THIS INGENUOUS DEATH FOR JASPER. YOU'VE HAD YOUR REVENGE, BUT I'M AFRAID IT MEANS THE CHAIR FOR YOU!



FOR KANE

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, BUT I HAVEN'T MUCH LONGER THAN A FEW MINUTES TO LIVE! RIGHT AFTER I GAVE JASPER THAT POISON, I TOOK SOME MYSELF!



THE END



# PASTE THIS IN YOUR HAT



—JUST AS A REMINDER  
NOT TO MISS

## BATMAN No. 8

4 OF THE MOST TERRIFIC  
BREATH-taking ADVENTURES  
IN THE LONG CAREER OF  
**BATMAN** and **ROBIN**

—The Winning Team

## ON SALE OCT. 10th

## 3 BRAND NEW FEATURES!



1. **AQUAMAN**
2. the **GREEN ARROW**
3. **JOHNNY QUICK**

THE SORT OF SMASHING,  
CRASHING, DASHING,  
FLASHING ADVENTURES  
THAT COMIC FANS  
*RAVE ABOUT!*

Don't Miss The *New*

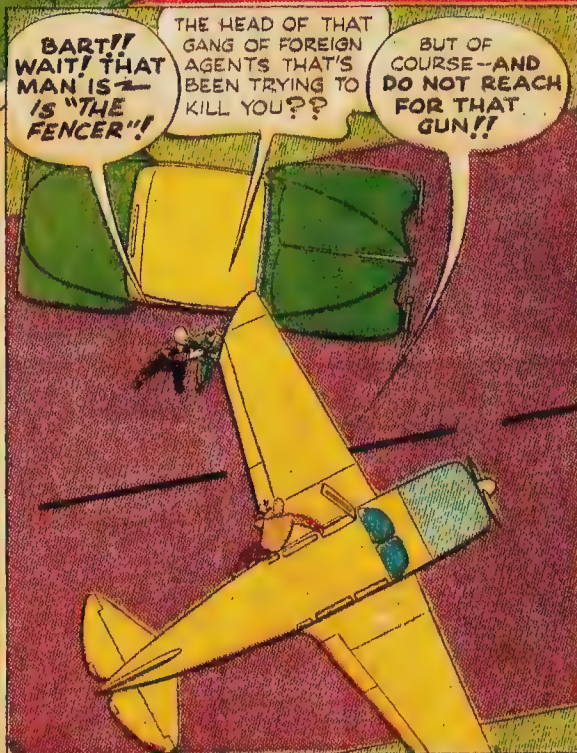
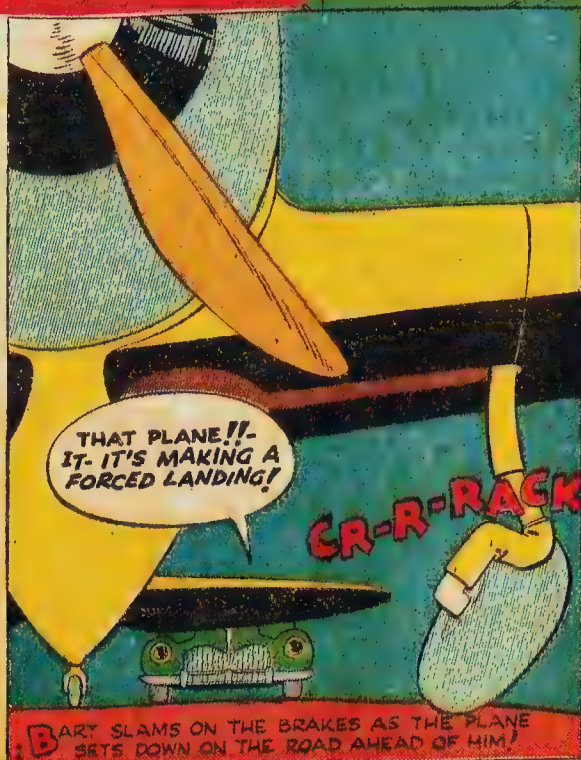
## NOW ON SALE! **FUN COMICS**



# SPY

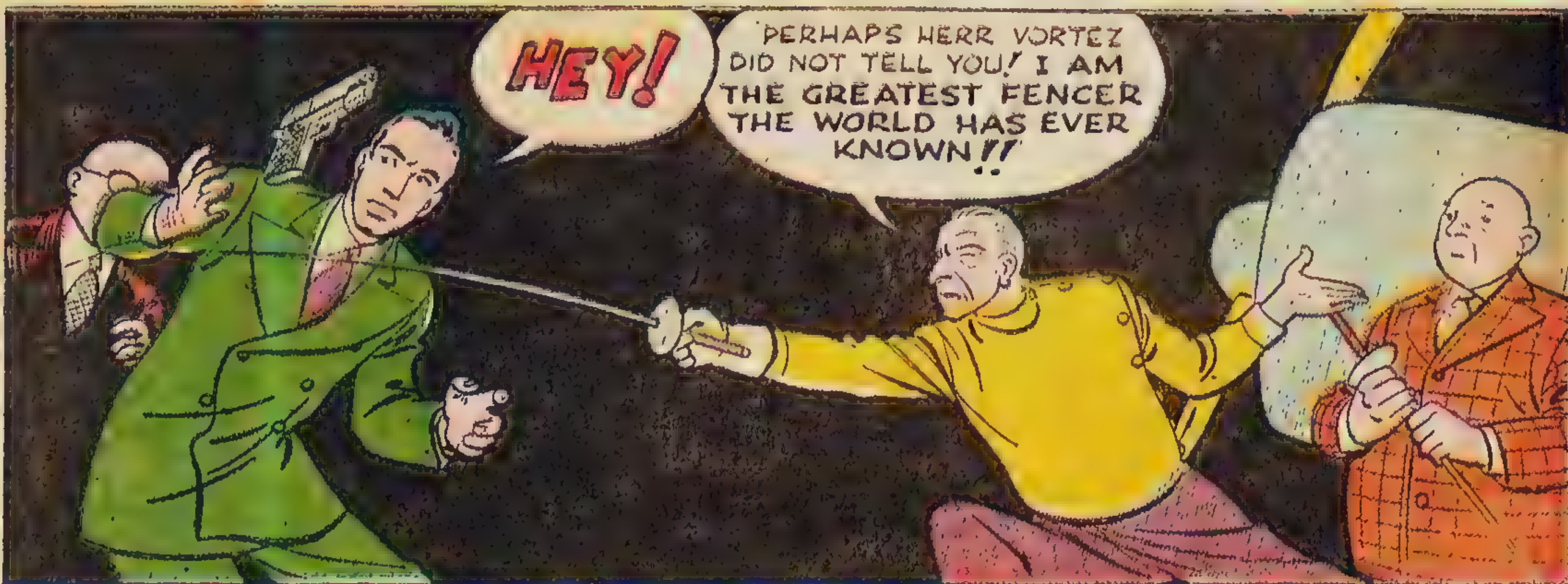
by ED. MOORE

**A** CAR SPEEDS TOWARD WASHINGTON. INSIDE, BART REGAN, AND THE MAN HE MUST GET TO THE CAPITOL—VORTEZ.





**T**HE  
FENCER'S"  
BLADE  
LICKS  
OUT,  
AND—!!



**T**HE ARROGANT MASTER SWORDSMAN—THE FOREIGN SUPER-SPY—THE EVIL GENIUS AGAINST THE NOVICE! BART REGAN STANDS NO CHANCE!



**V**ORTEZ LEAPS TO BART'S AID— BUT, "THE FENCER'S" HELPERS KNOW THEIR DUTY!



**B**RAVELY, DESPERATELY, REGAN FIGHTS— BUT HE HAS NEVER USED A SWORD BEFORE! HE CANNOT DEFEND HIMSELF!!

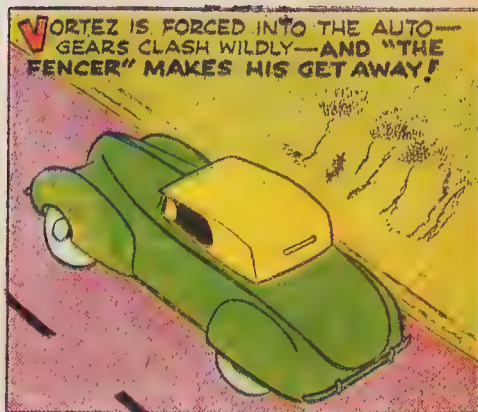




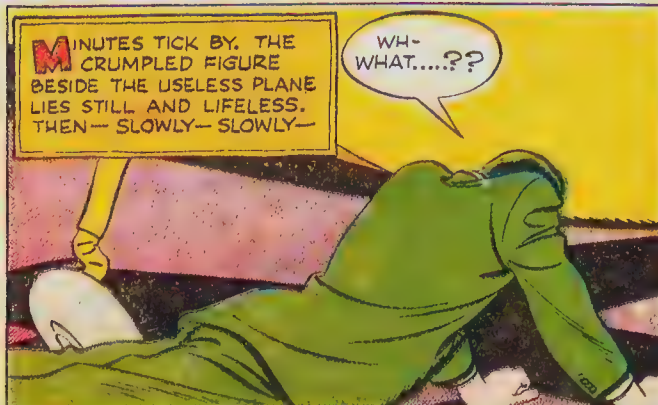


YOU-YOU  
KILLED HIM!  
YOU-

THAT IS OBVIOUS. QUICK! INTO  
THE CAR! WE SMASHED THE  
LANDING GEAR WHEN WE CAME  
IN- WE CAN'T TAKE OFF!



VORTEZ IS FORCED INTO THE AUTO-  
GEARS CLASH WILDLY-AND "THE  
FENCER" MAKES HIS GET AWAY!

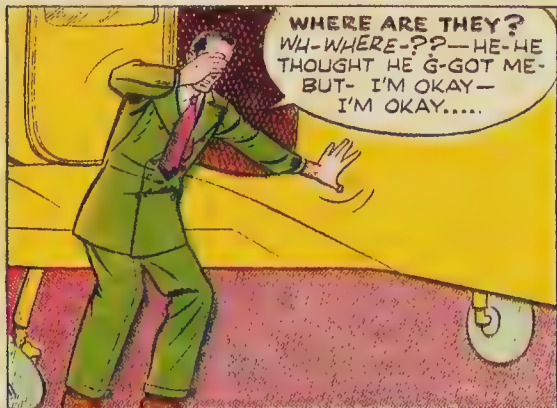


**M**INUTES TICK BY. THE  
CRUMPLED FIGURE  
BESIDE THE USELESS PLANE  
LIES STILL AND LIFELESS.  
THEN- SLOWLY- SLOWLY-

WH-  
WHAT....??



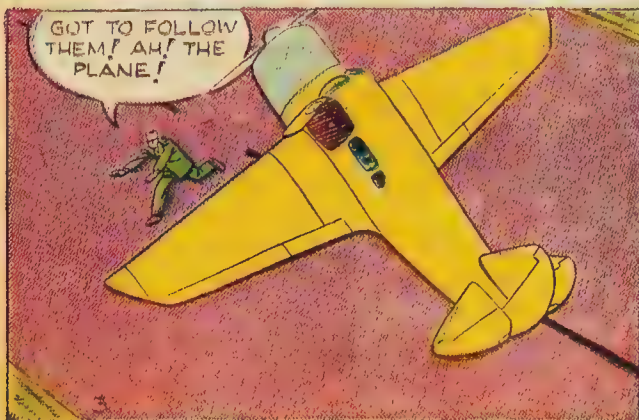
I- I REMEMBER...  
"THE FENCER"-HE-  
TRIED TO-TO-



WHERE ARE THEY?  
WH-WHERE-??-HE-HE  
THOUGHT HE G-GOT ME-  
BUT- I'M OKAY-  
I'M OKAY.....



TIRE TRACKS! THEY  
TURNED THE CAR ABOUT-  
HEADED BACK THE  
WAY WE CAME! MUST  
HAVE VORTEZ WITH  
THEM!

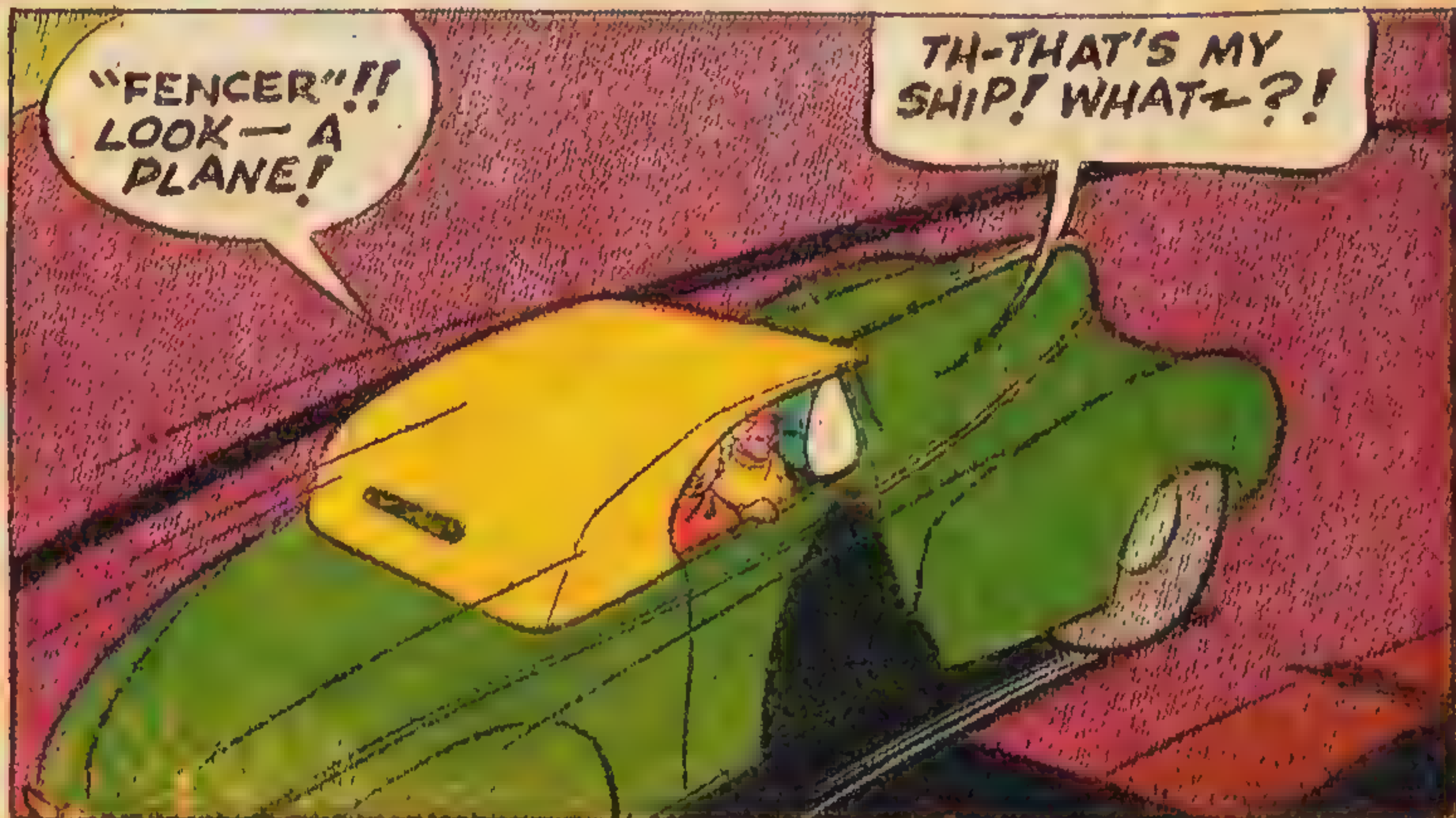
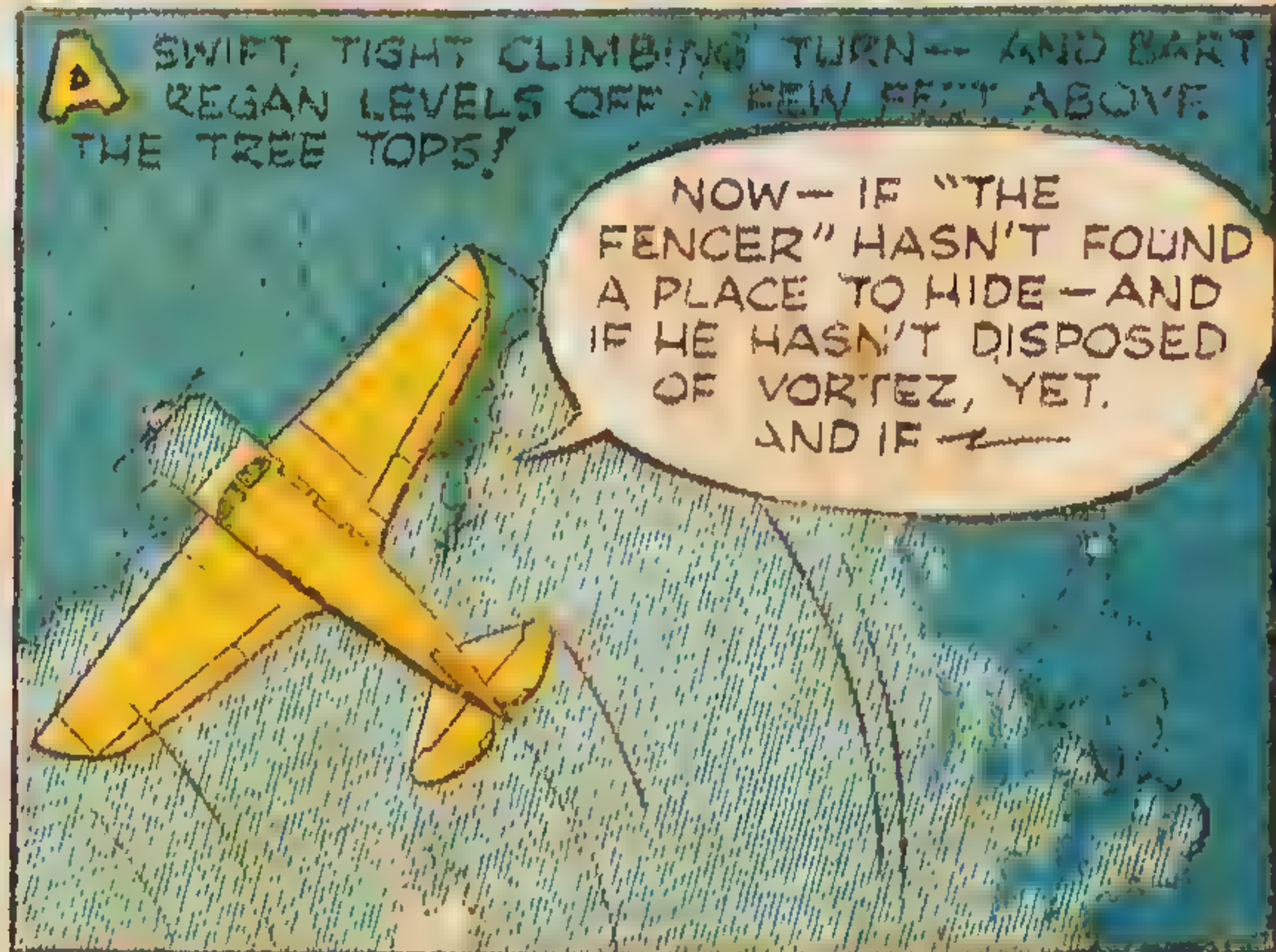
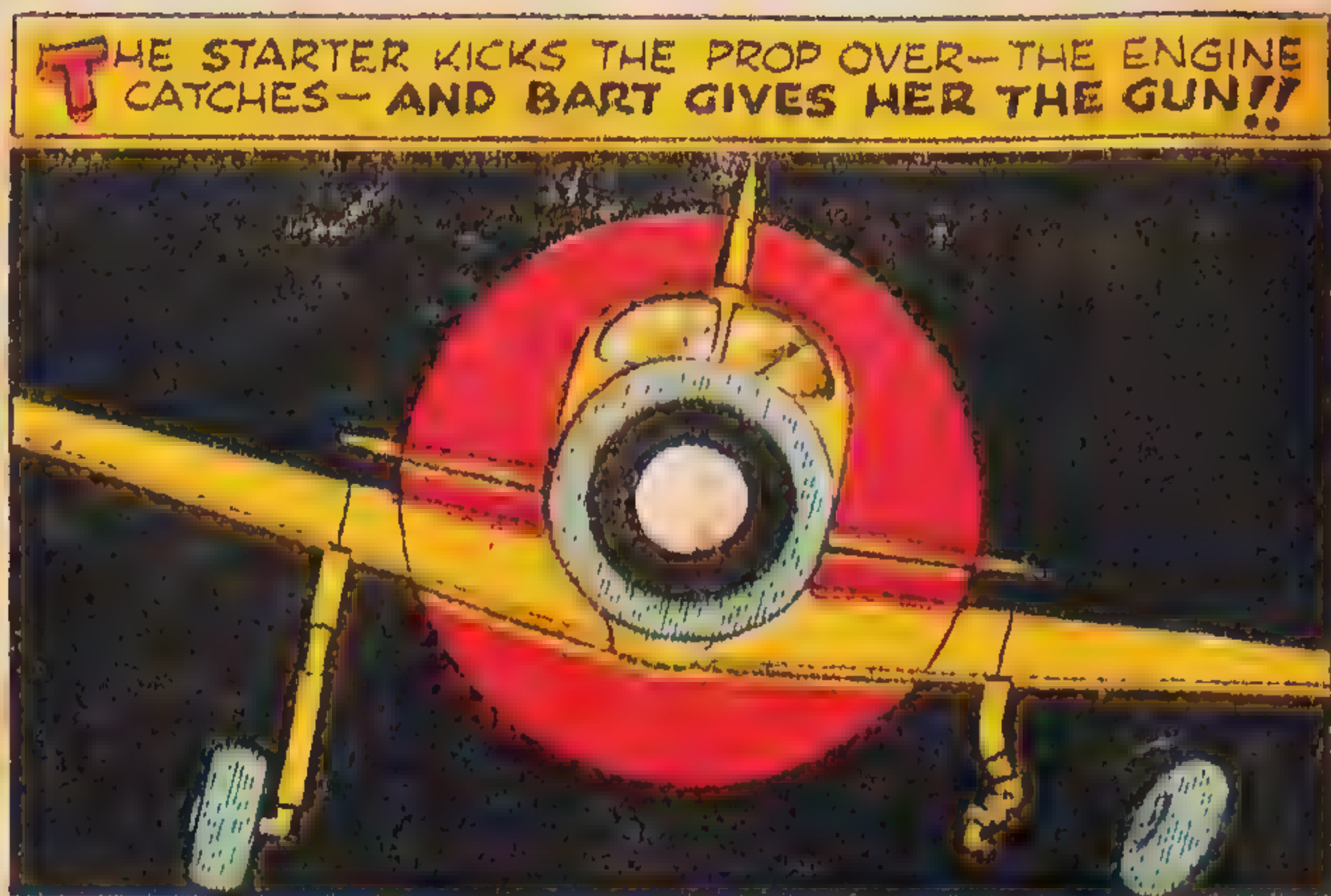


GOT TO FOLLOW  
THEM! AH! THE  
PLANE!

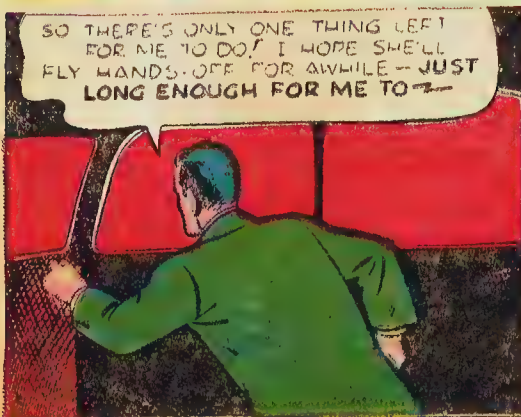
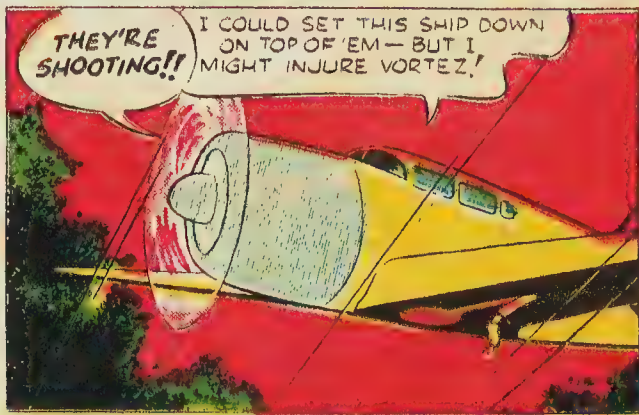
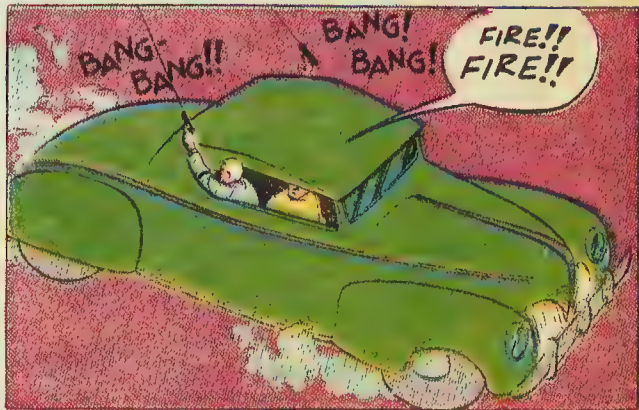
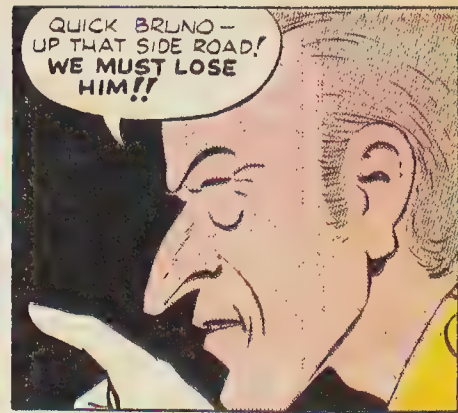


TH-THEY  
WASHED OUT  
A WHEEL!

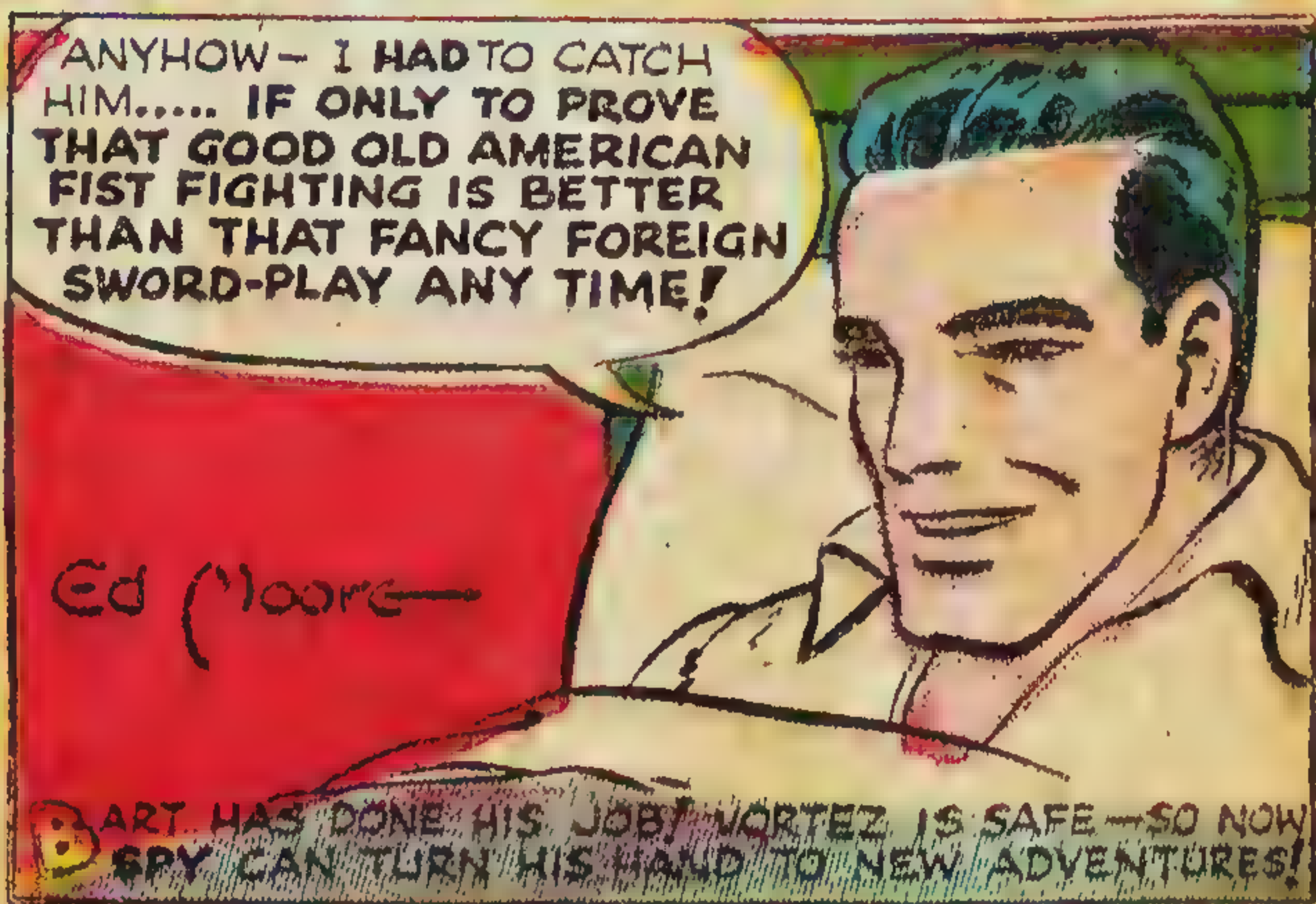
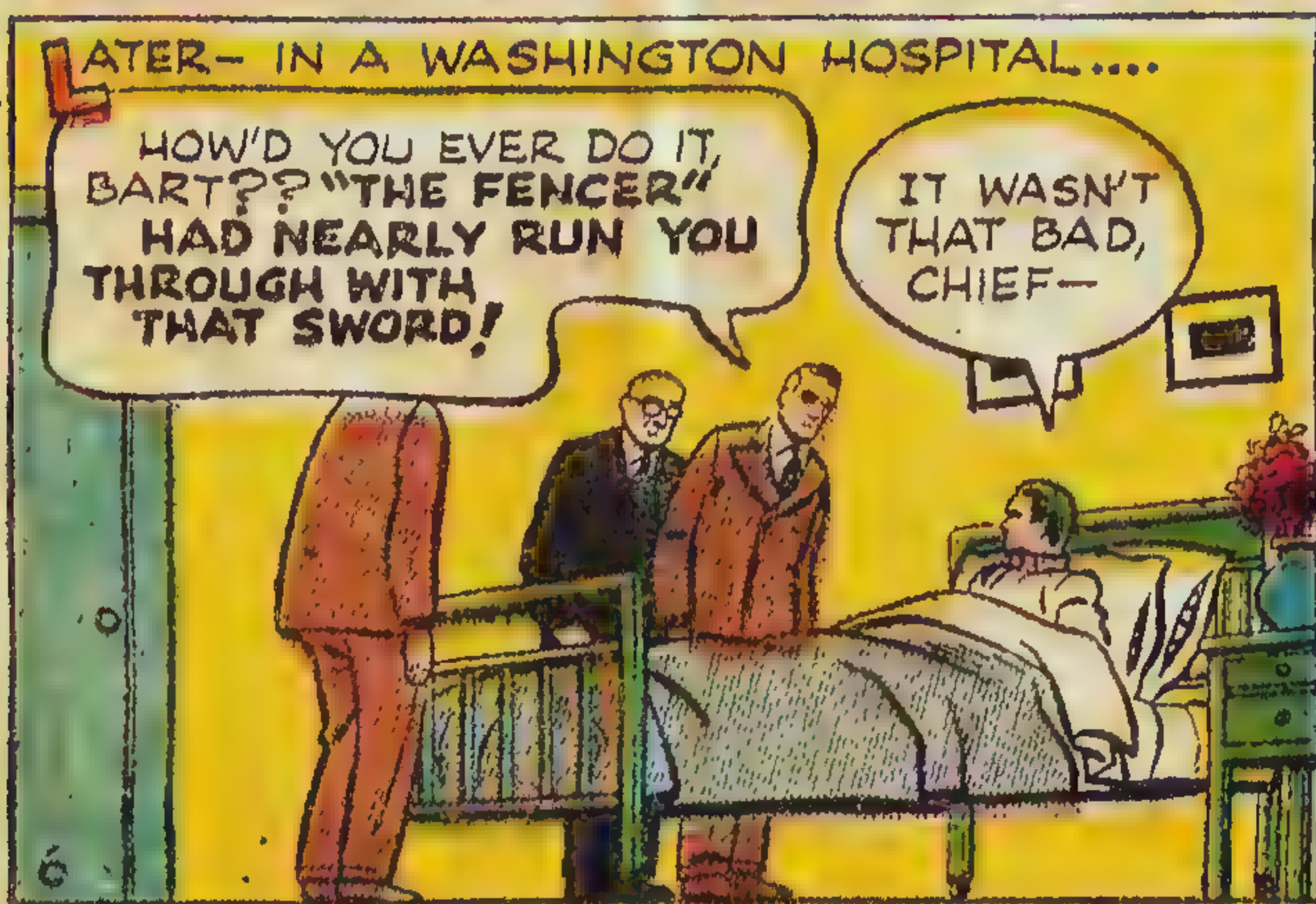
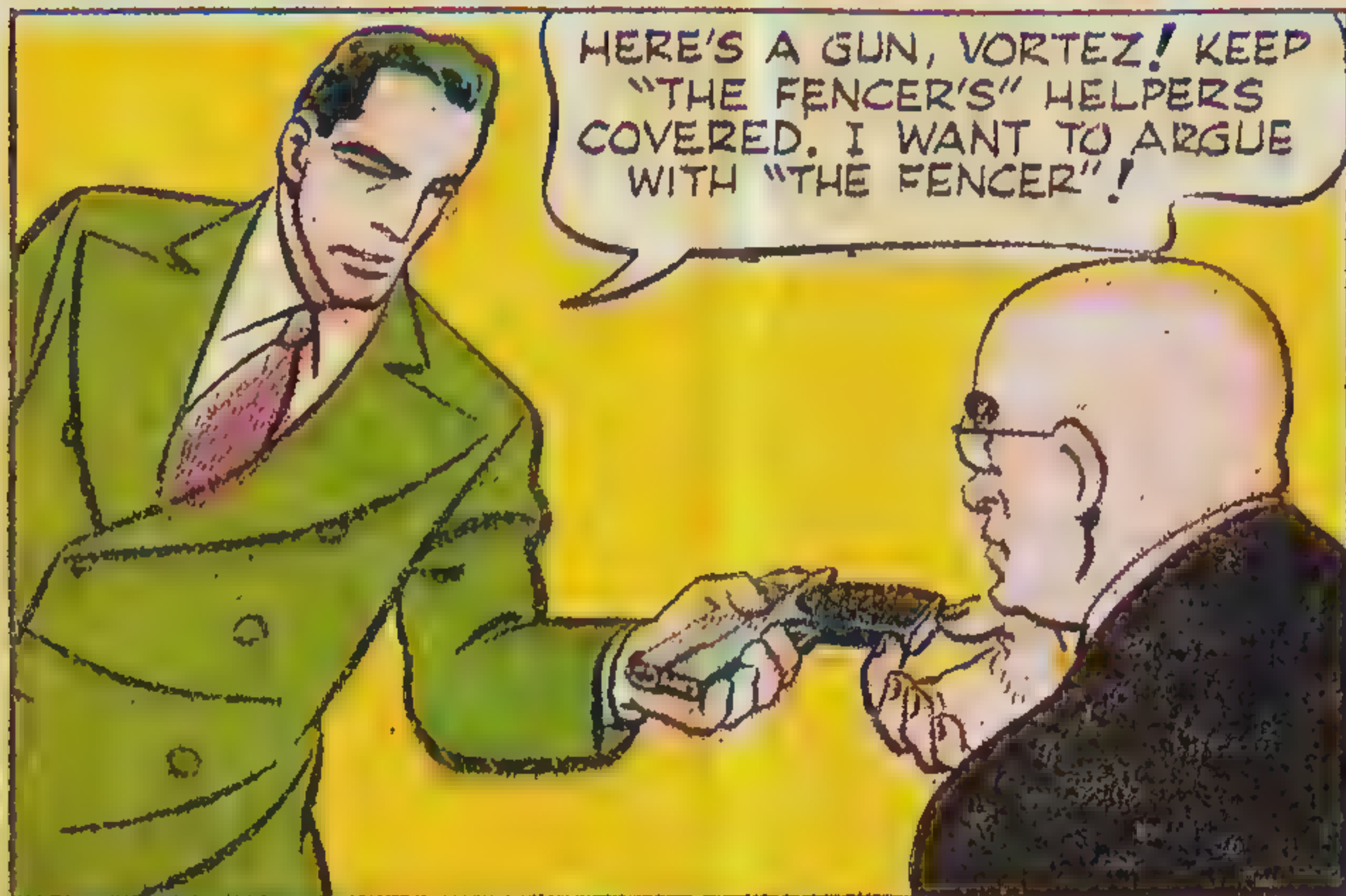
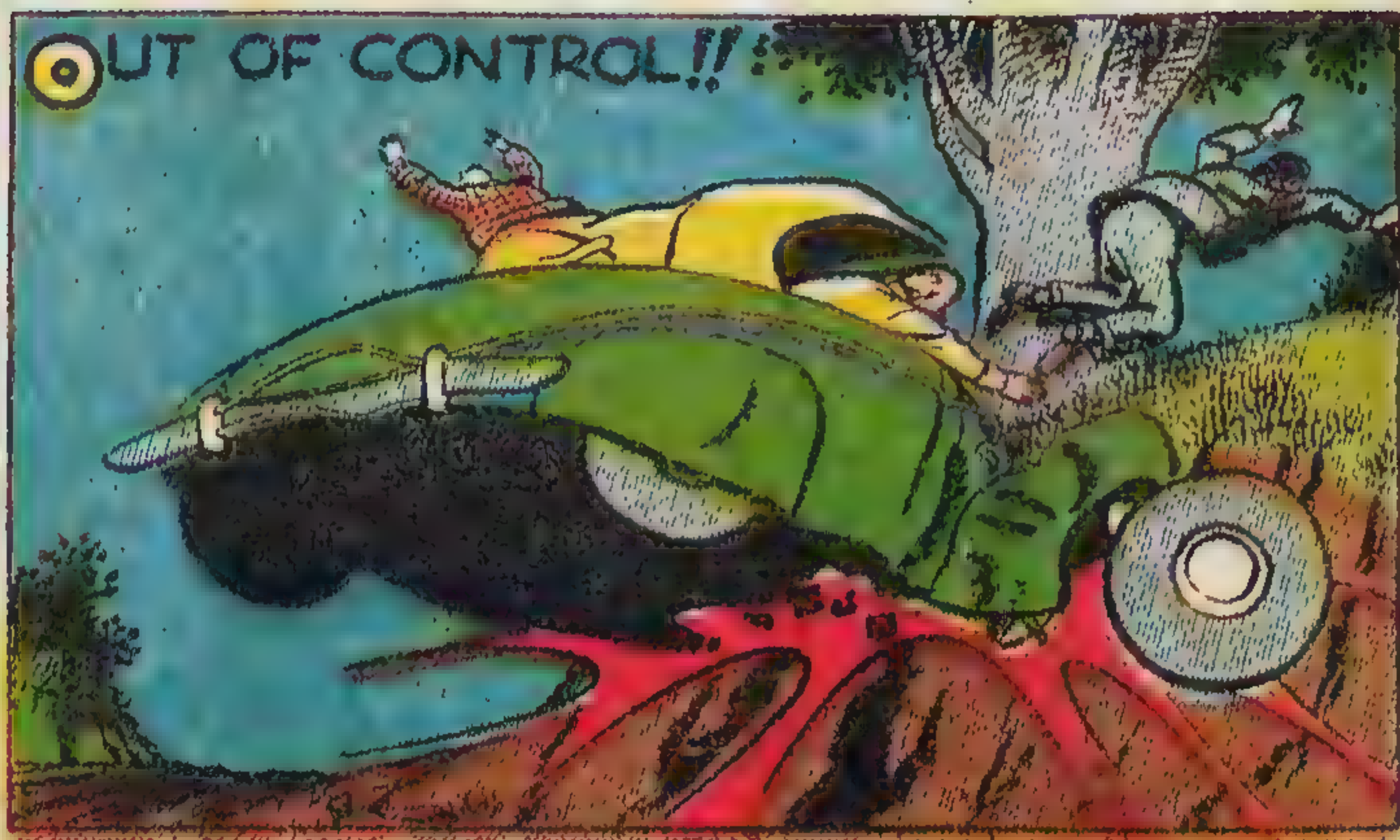
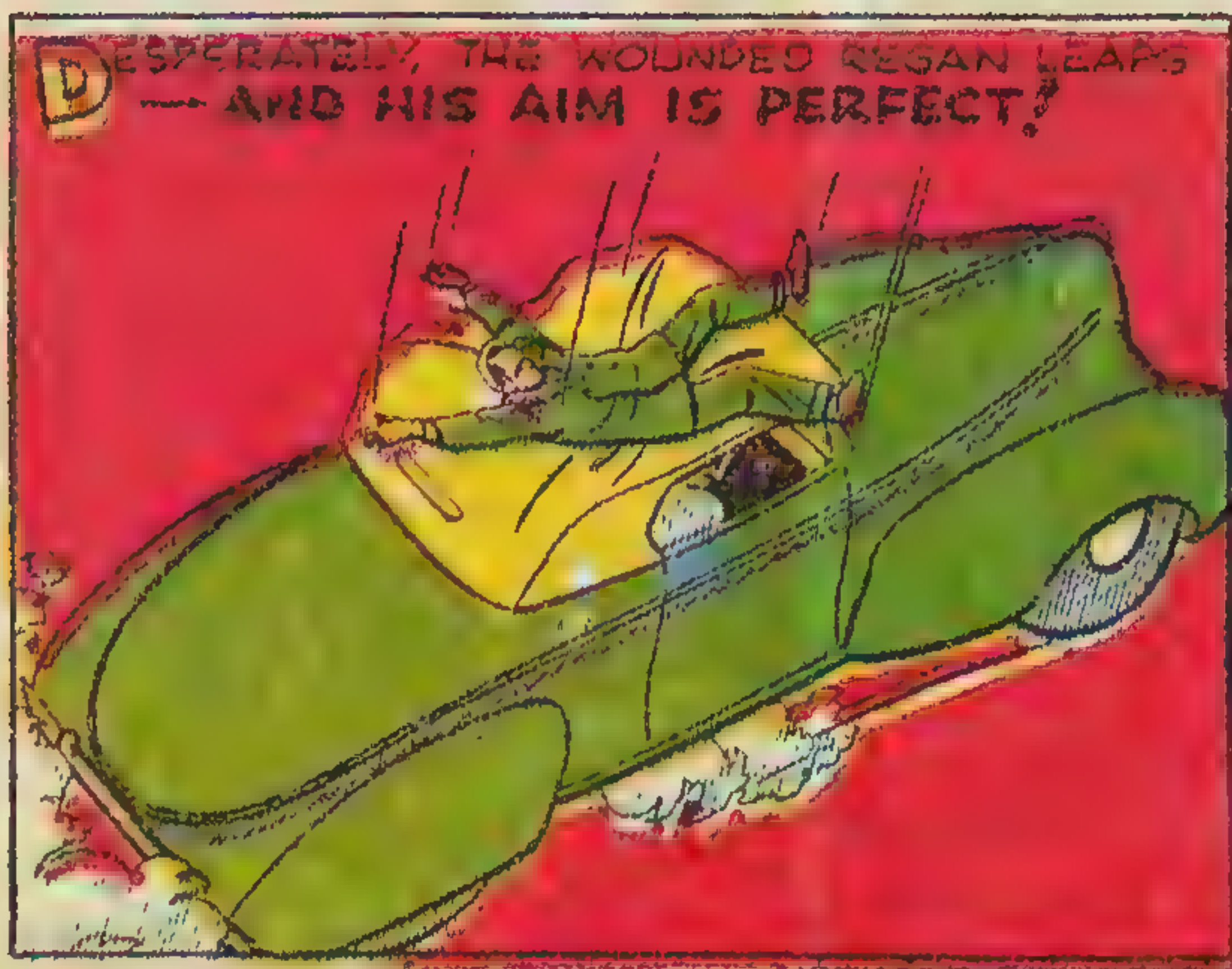














## GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor  
Children's Book Committee  
Child Study Association of America

### SMOKE BLOWS WEST

BY HELEN CLARK FERNALD  
LONGMAN'S GREEN & CO  
\$2.00

The little town of Neosho Bend was just a settlement on the prairie of Southern Kansas in 1869—a stopping-place for pioneers, plainsmen, cowboys, Indians, horse thieves and bad men of all kinds. It was toward this town that Tom Stonebridge and his father set out from their home in Iowa heading south by packet, boat on the Mississippi.

Shipwreck and disaster overtook them on the very first

night of their journey—and Tom had to go on alone.

How he faced the new life, learned to be a plainsman and a secret scout for the railroad builders, outwitted horse thieves, and rescued his long-lost sister from the Indians who had stolen her, makes a breathless story.

But this book is more than the story of Tom Stonebridge; it is the story of how the railroads pushed westward across it is the story of how the rail-weather, dust storms and treachery to reach the cattle herds and trading posts of the great southwest and weld together a mighty nation.



## NEW FILMS

For your

## SUPERMAN KRYPTO-RAYGUN

These exciting films—each subject 28-views—are entirely different from the films that come WITH the Superman Krypto-Rayguns or Picture Projectors or Peep-Show Pin-tols as advertised in the full page Daisy elsewhere in this magazine. Order these

EXTRA sets for EXTRA fun 25c per Set of 3. Send cash or M. O.

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# JERRY SIEGEL DOES IT AGAIN!

AMERICA'S FOREMOST  
ADVENTURE WRITER  
—CREATOR OF

## SUPERMAN

—NOW GIVES YOU

## THE STAR-SPANGLED

## KID AND STRIPESY!

THE FASTEST, FIGHTINGEST  
PAIR OF PATRIOTS  
EVER TO SMASH THROUGH THE  
PAGES OF ANY  
COMIC MAGAZINE!



## NOW ON SALE!





A SLICK JEWEL SMUGGLER STAGES A FOOLPROOF SCHEME WITH THE AQUARIUM AS A BACKGROUND—BUT FAILS TO PICTURE THE DISASTROUS RESULTS WHEN HE CLASHES WITH THE CRIMSON AVENGER!

BY  
JACK  
LEHTI



EVERYONE'S HEARD OF A BURGLAR STEALING MONEY FROM A SAFE! BUT—

HURRY UP!  
THINK YOU'RE  
DIALING FOR  
AUSTRALIA?

KEEP YOUR SHIRT  
ON! I'LL HAVE  
THIS CAN OPEN  
IN A JIFFY!



SHE'S OPEN  
NOW! GOT  
THE GREEN  
READY?



HERE IT GOES—  
FIFTEEN GRAND,  
IN GOOD OLD U.S.  
DOUGH!





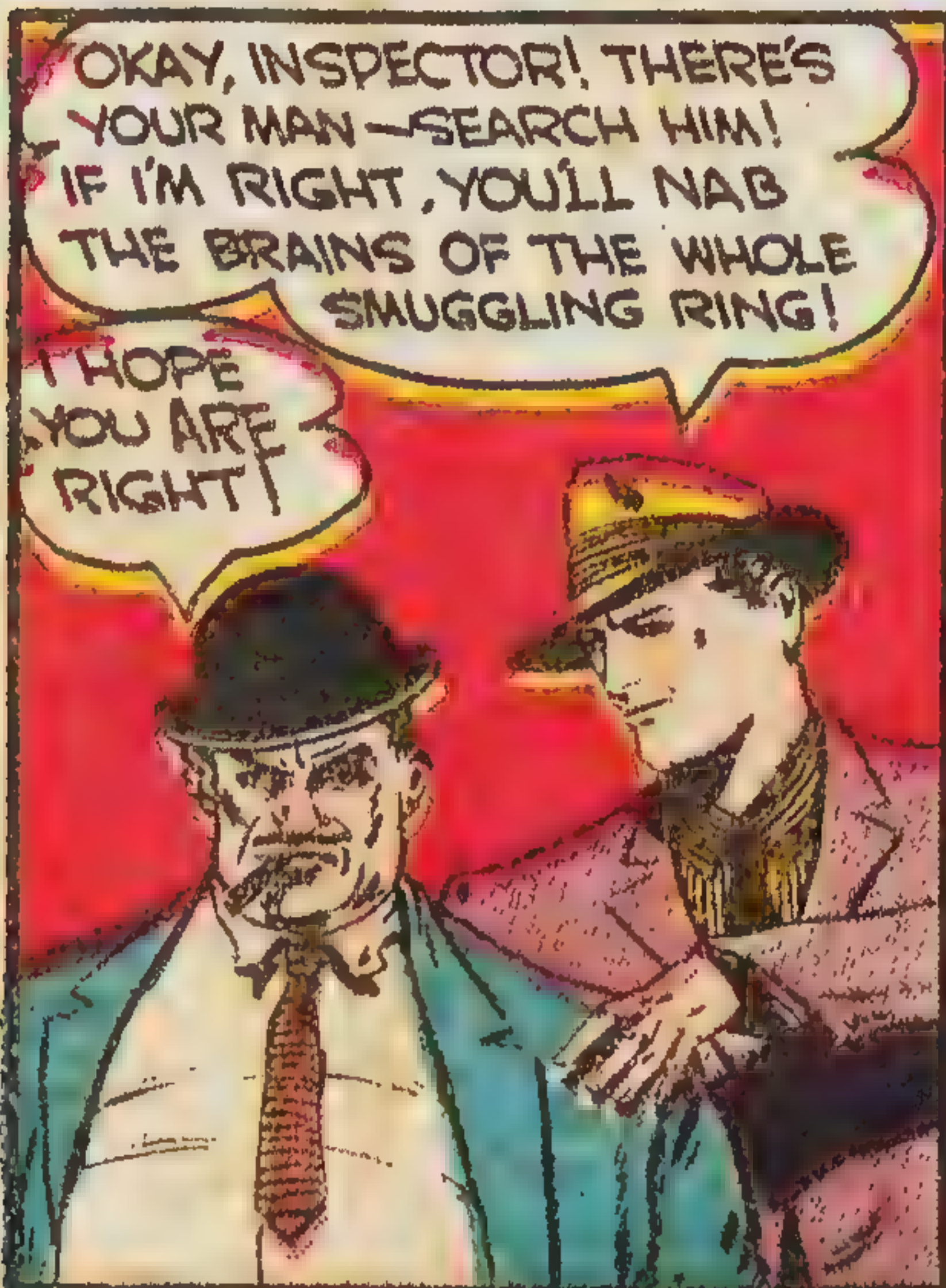
THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER BEEN HIRED TO OPEN A SAFE—AND PUT MONEY IN IT!

MAKES ME FEEL LIKE SANTA CLAUS!



NEXT MORNING, LEE TRAVIS, PUBLISHER OF THE GLOBE LEADER, MEETS AN INCOMING LINER.

THERE'S SILK MASTERS DISGUISED AS AN EXPLORER! HE'S SMUGGLING JEWELS RIGHT NOW—OR I MISS MY GUESS!



OKAY, INSPECTOR! THERE'S YOUR MAN—SEARCH HIM! IF I'M RIGHT, YOU'LL NAB THE BRAINS OF THE WHOLE SMUGGLING RING!

I HOPE YOU ARE RIGHT!



CAN'T FIND A THING ON HIM! HE'S SLICK ALL RIGHT, MR. TRAVIS!

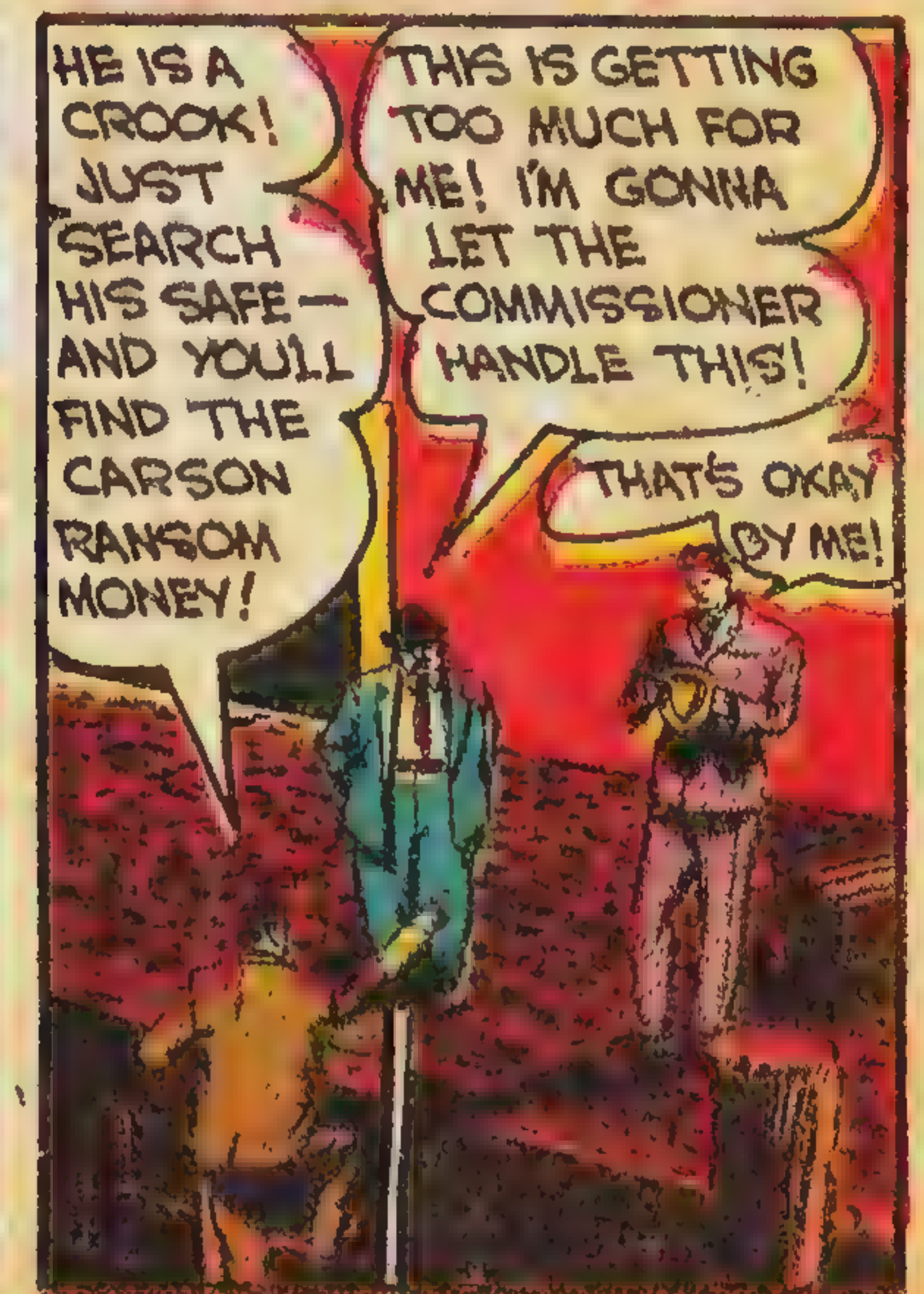
I'VE TOLD YOU! I'M AN EXPLORER—AND THERE'S AN OCTOPUS THAT I'VE CAUGHT FOR THE AQUARIUM! BUT—



—IF YOU'RE REALLY LOOKING FOR A CROOK, WHY DON'T YOU START ON YOUR FRIEND? WHY, THE WHOLE UNDERWORLD KNOWS TRAVIS WAS IN ON THE CARSON SNATCH!



WHY, YOU GRIPTING JEWEL THIEF! THIS'LL WASH YOUR DIRTY TONGUE!

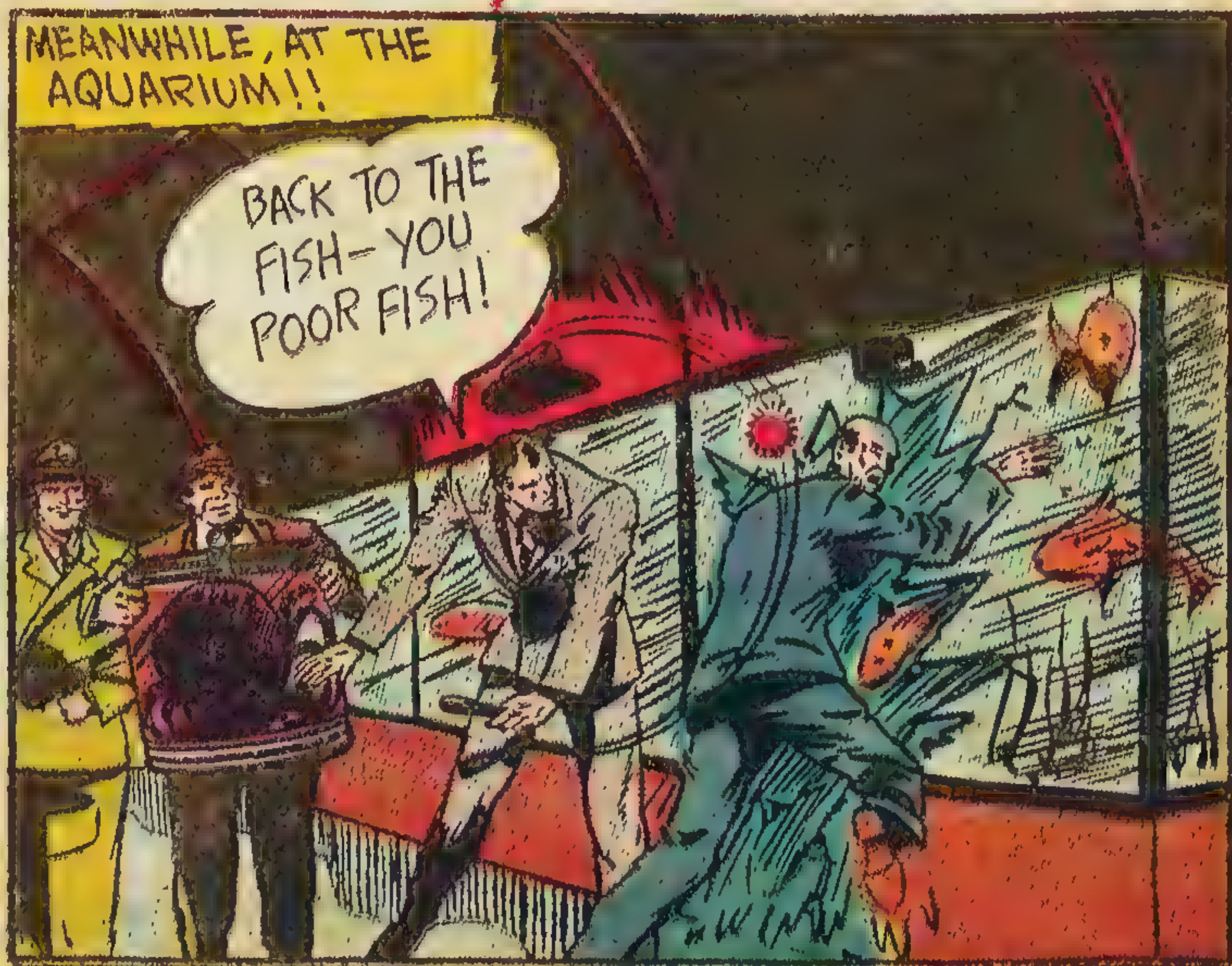
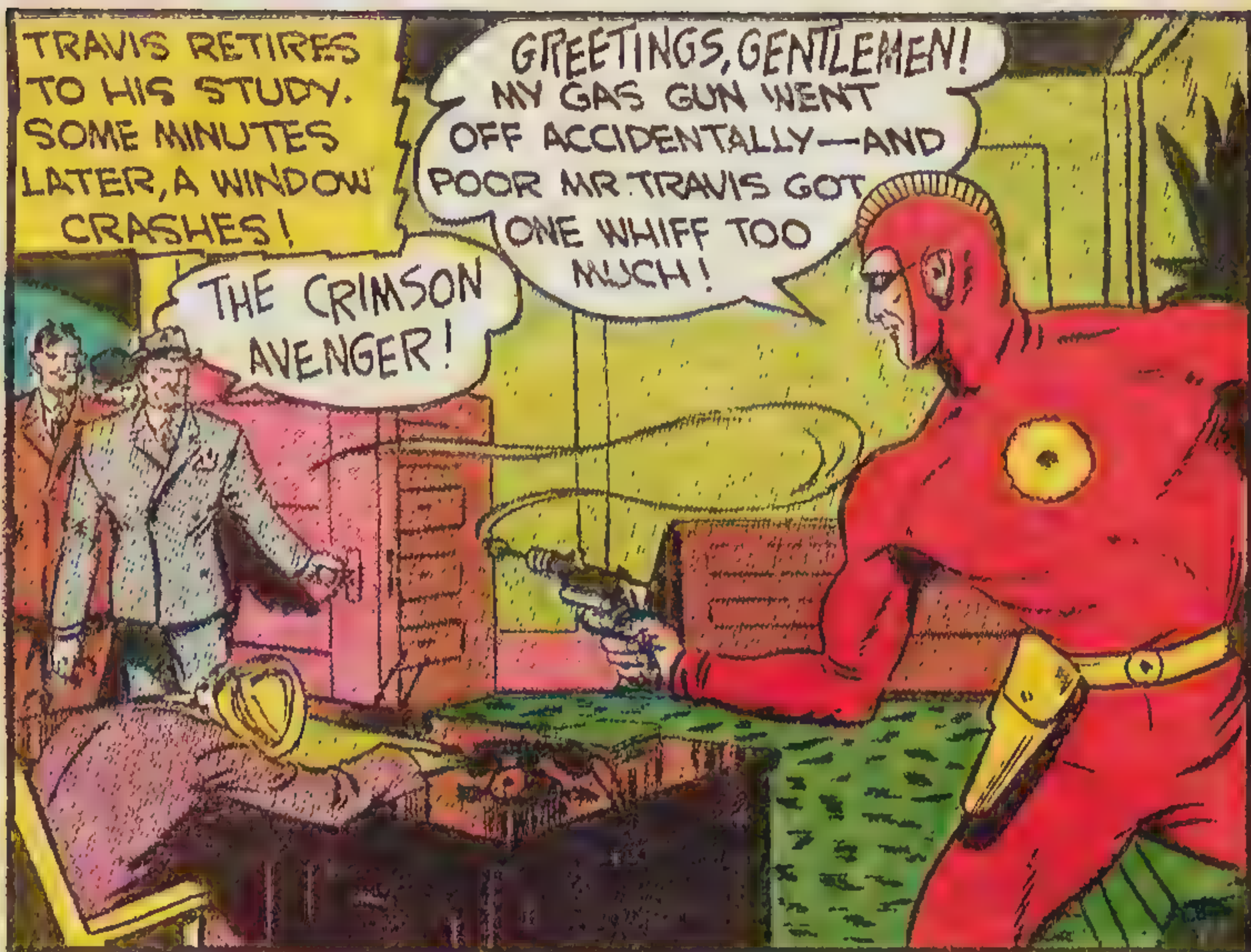
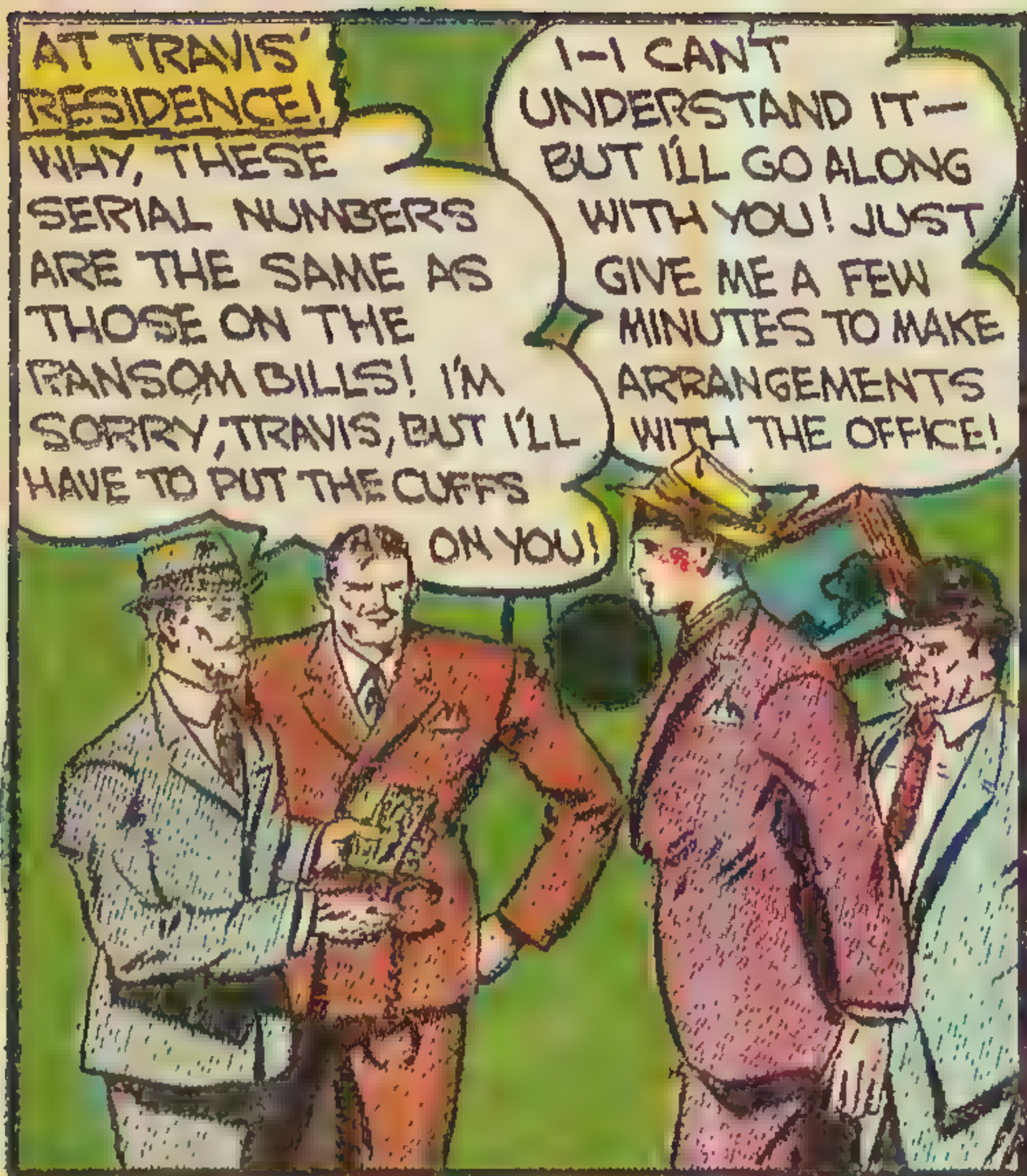


HE IS A CROOK! JUST SEARCH HIS SAFE—AND YOU'LL FIND THE CARSON RANSOM MONEY!

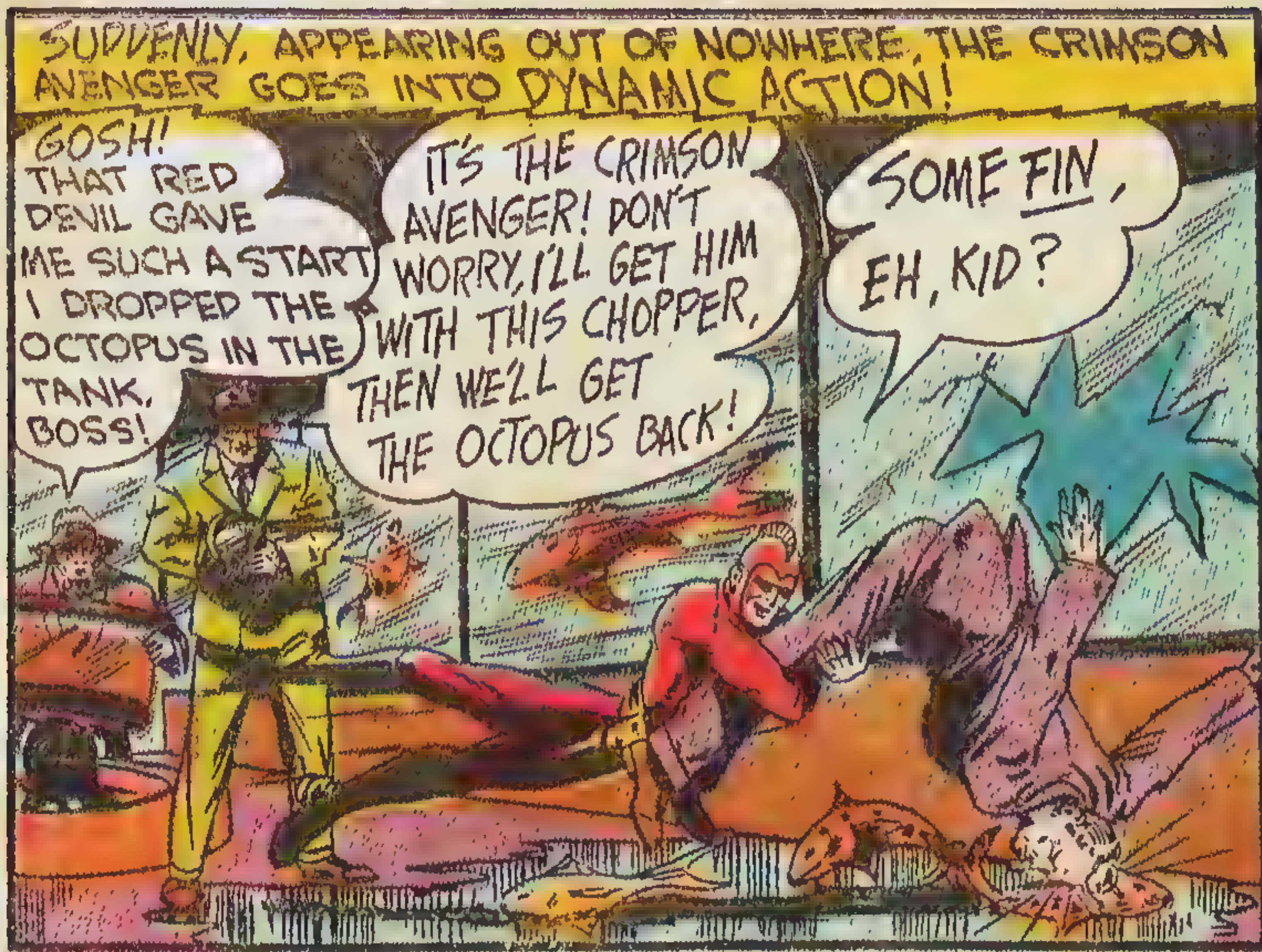
THIS IS GETTING TOO MUCH FOR ME! I'M GONNA LET THE COMMISSIONER HANDLE THIS!

THAT'S OKAY BY ME!

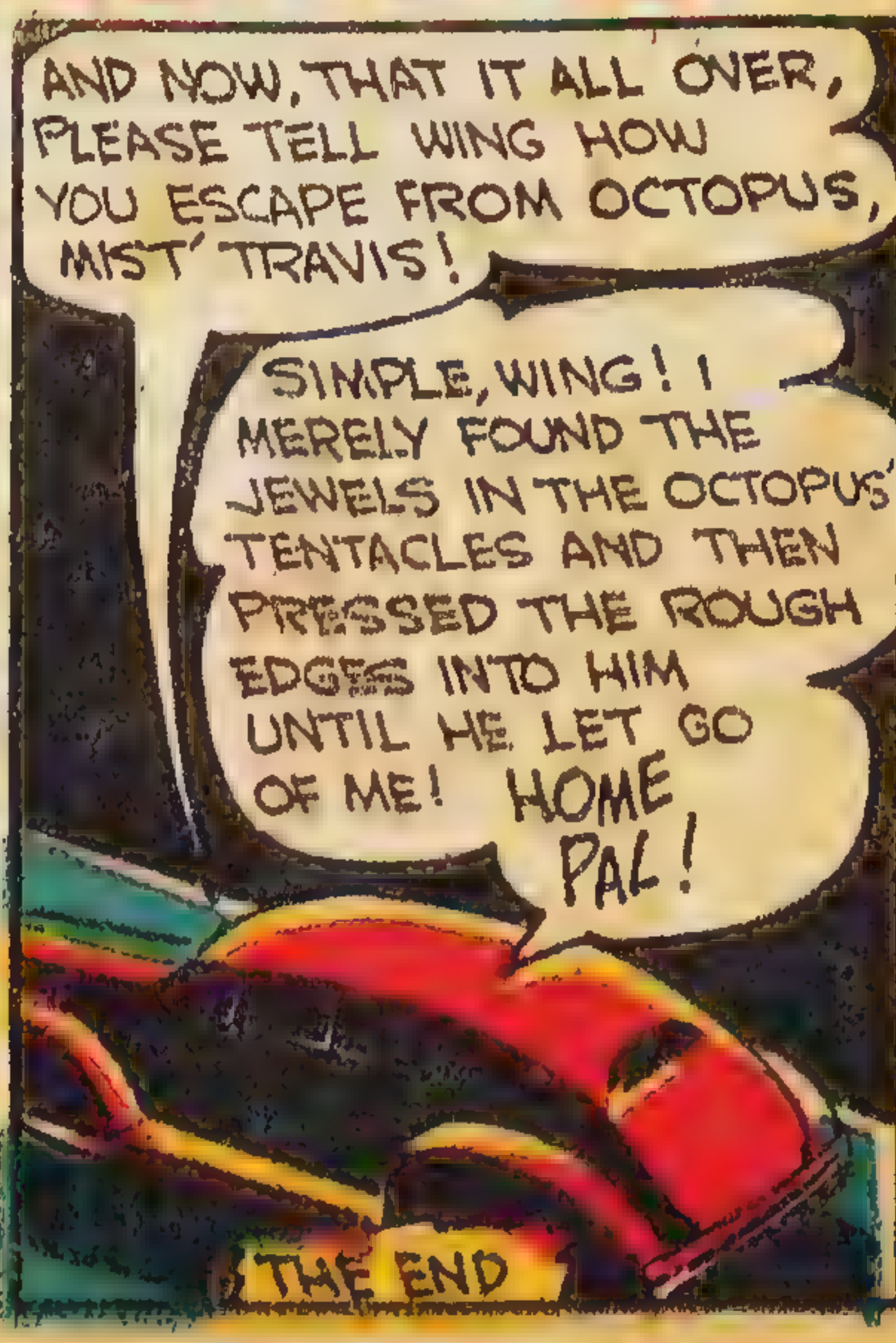
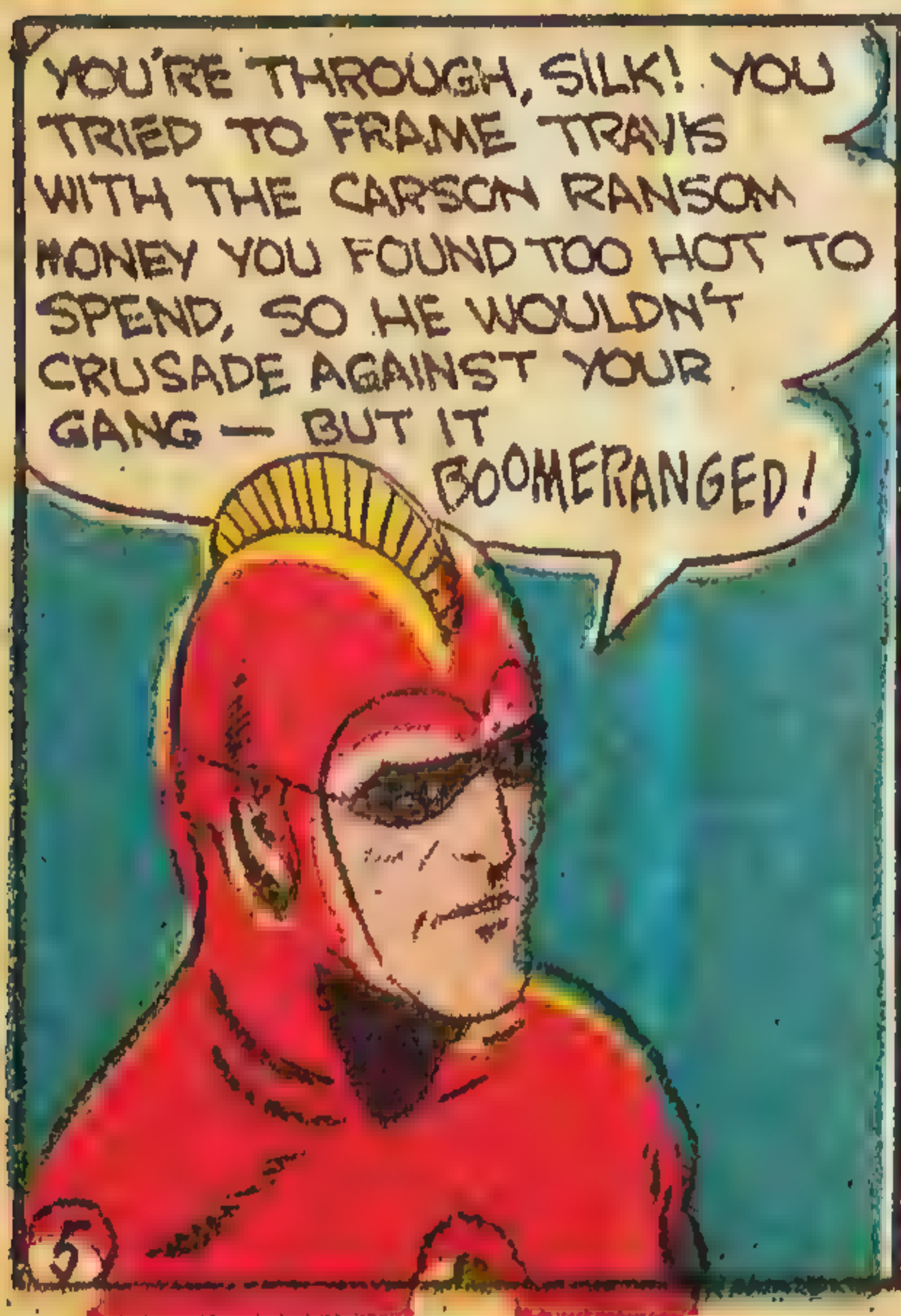
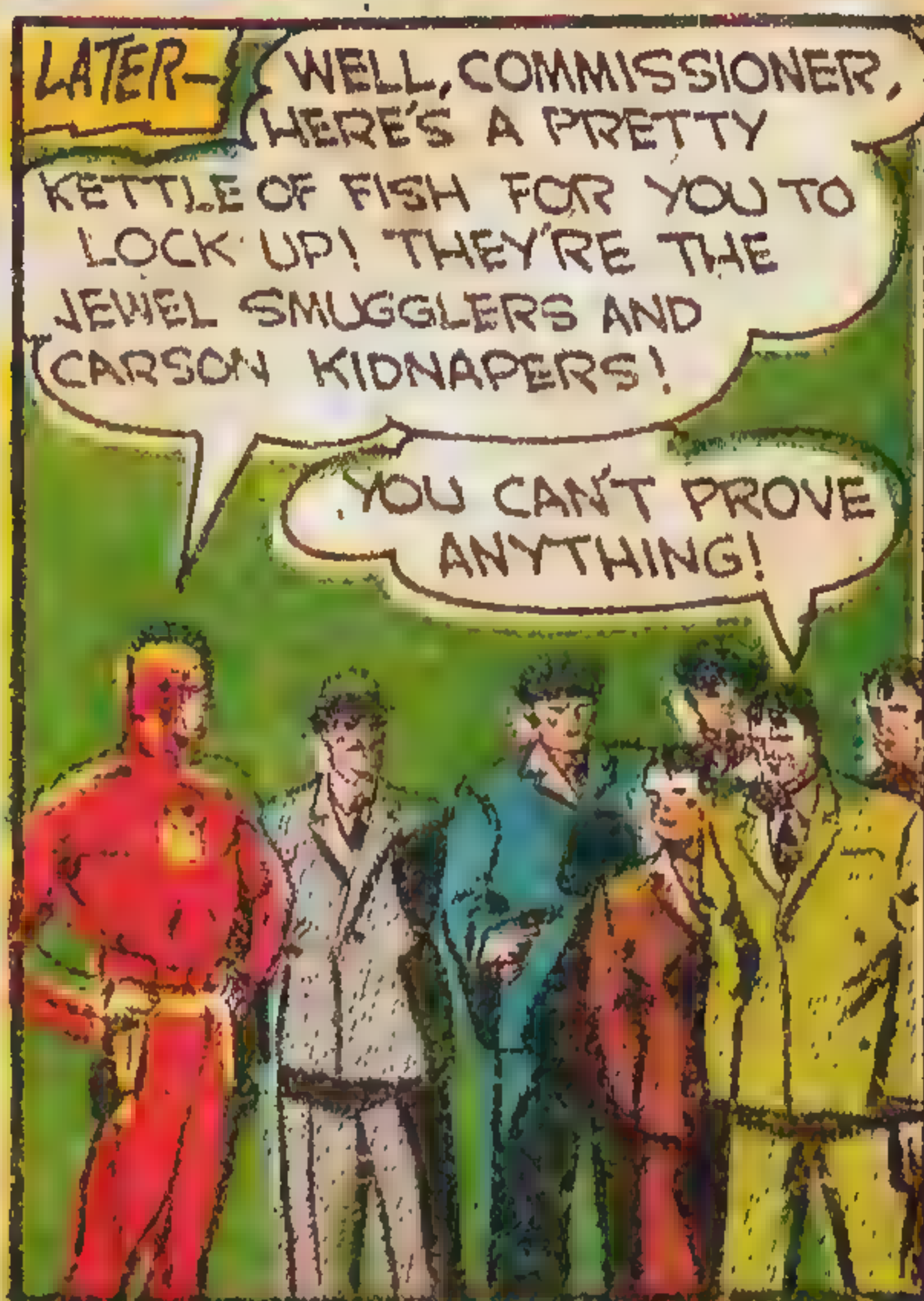
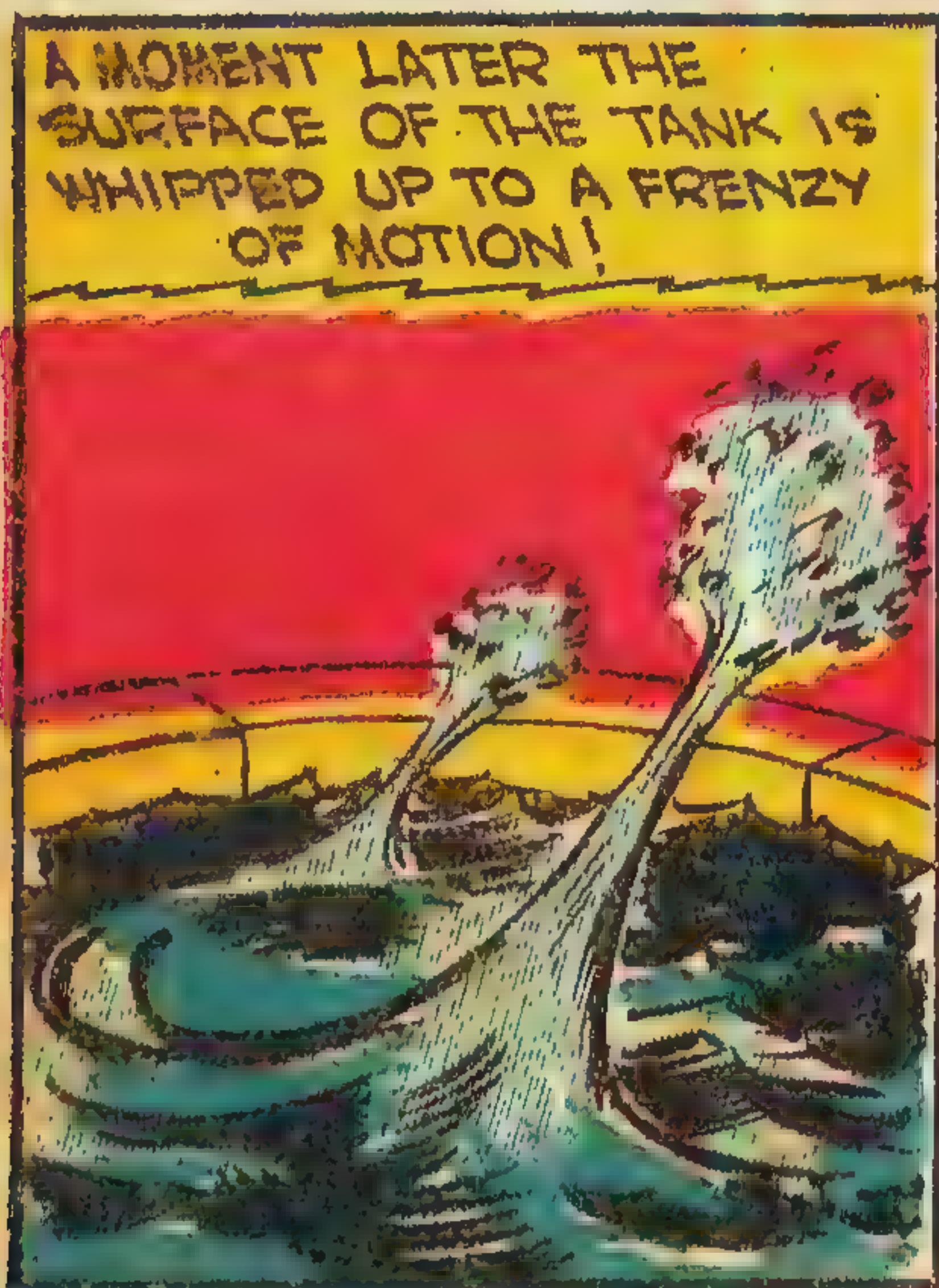
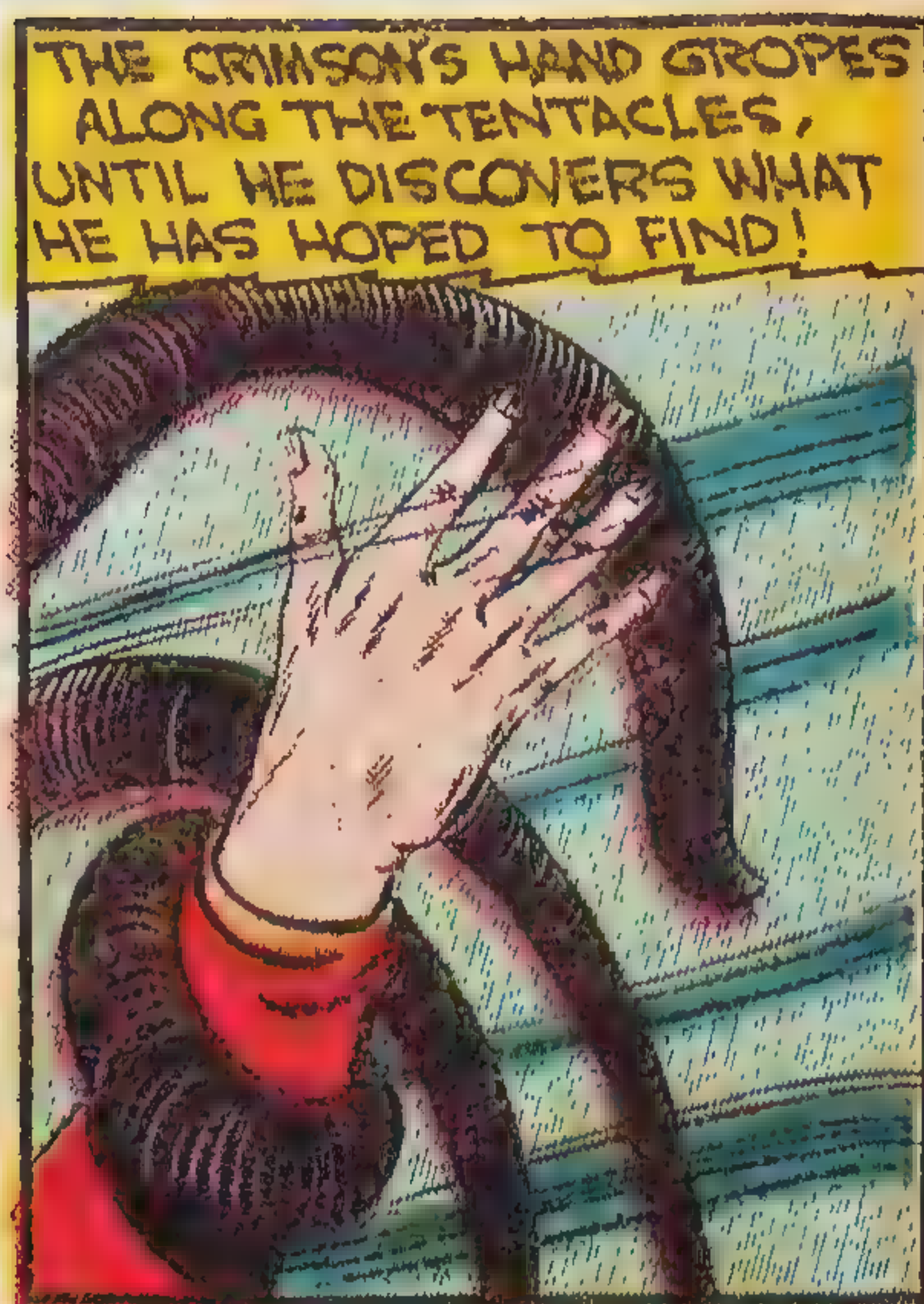
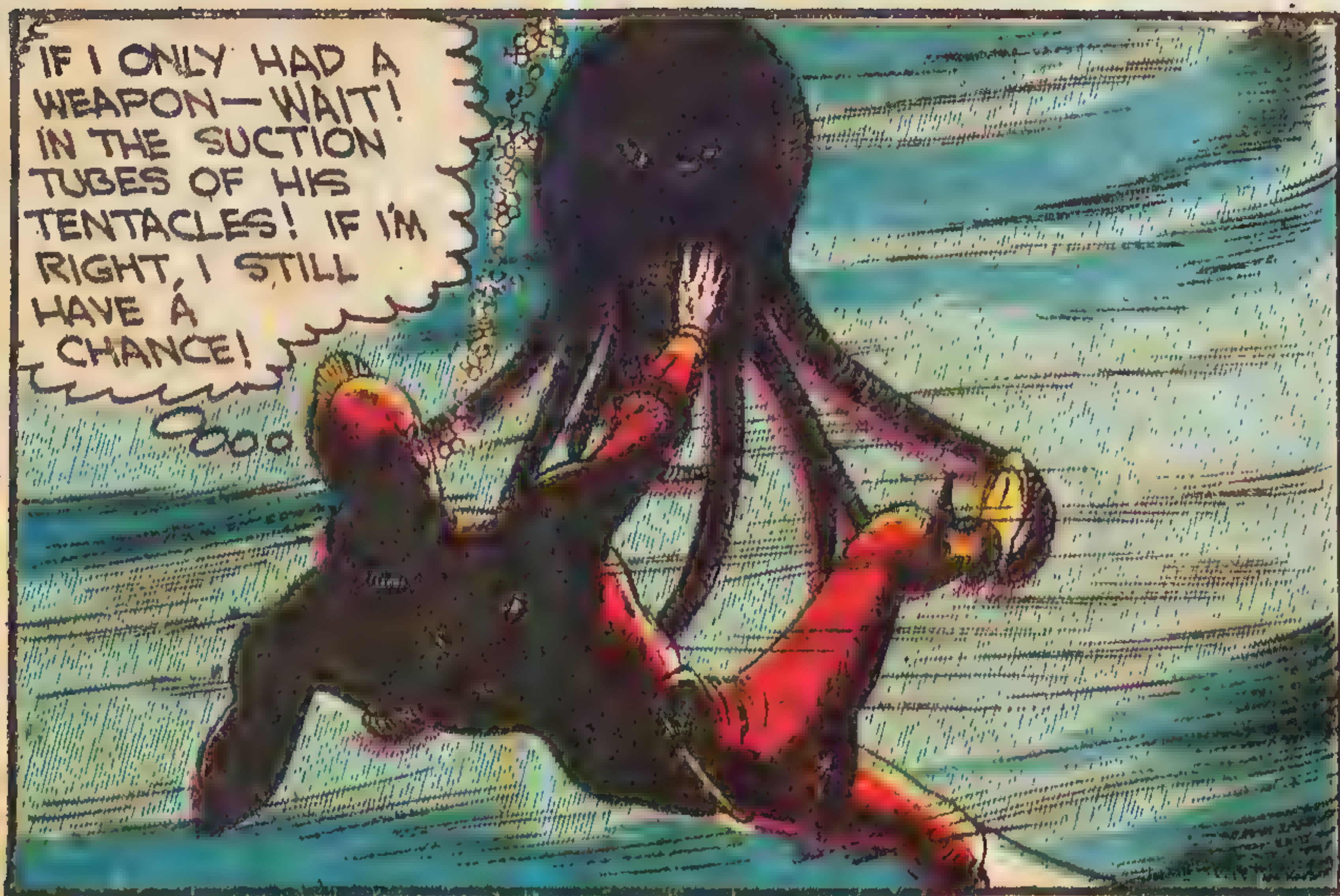














NOW HE'S THE GREATEST  
STAR ON THE SCREEN!

**SEE** how Superman  
came to Earth from  
the planet Krypton!

**CHEER** Superman  
as he holds up a sky-  
scraper... twists a  
death-ray... leaps sky-  
high at a single bound!

**THRILL** as the Man  
of Steel rescues the  
beautiful Lois from the  
mad-man who tried  
to rule the world!

# SUPERMAN

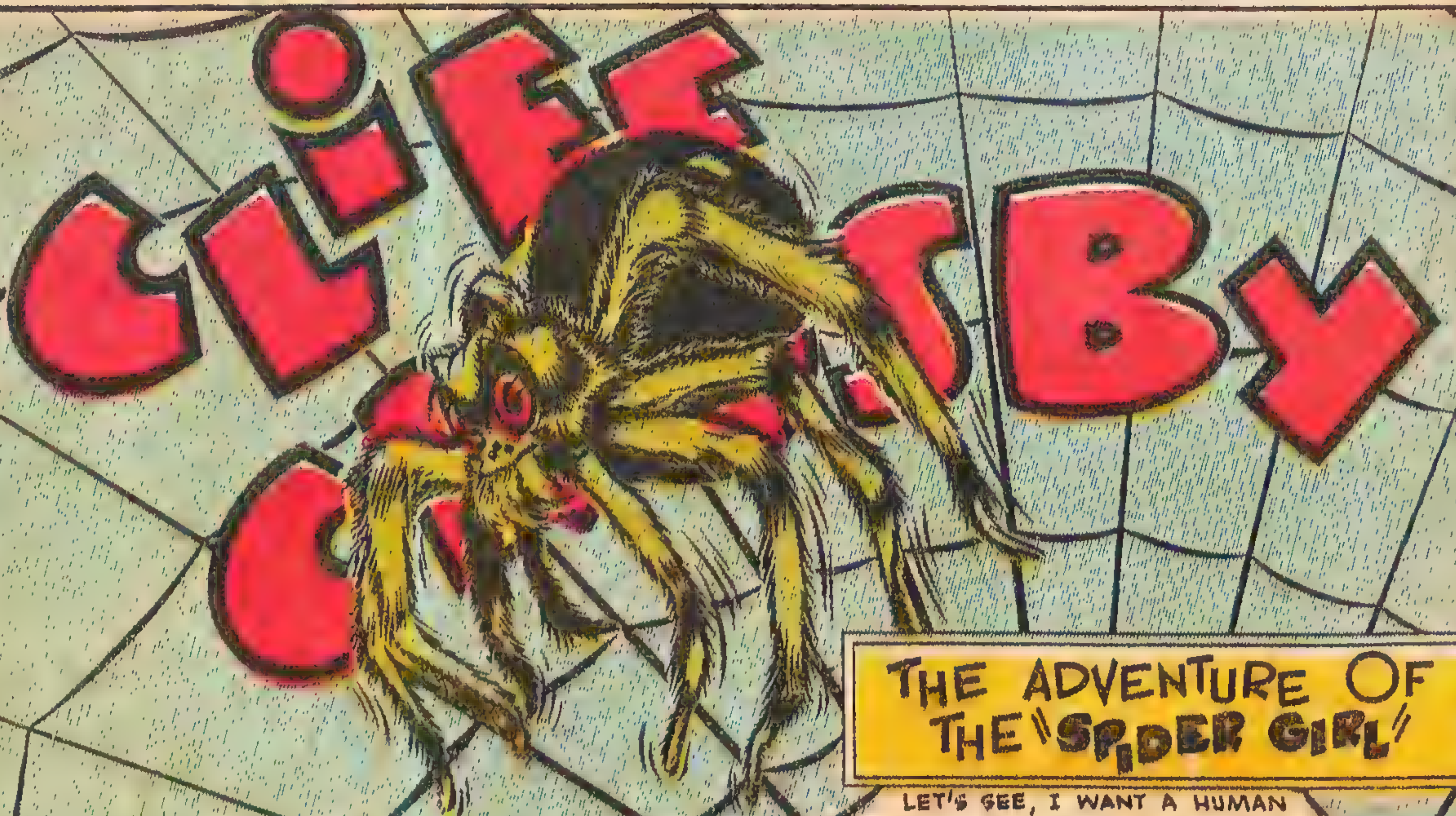
IS IN THE  
MOVIES!

Copyright Superman, Inc.

Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when SUPERMAN is coming to your town.  
Don't miss a single one of these thrilling Paramount shorts in **TECHNICOLOR!**







## THE ADVENTURE OF THE "SPIDER GIRL"

LET'S GEE, I WANT A HUMAN  
INTEREST STORY FOR OUR SUNDAY  
MAGAZINE SECTION. HM-M-M, HERE'S  
A NOTE ABOUT A GIRL WHO BREEDS  
SPIDERS FOR COMMERCIAL PURPOSES. THAT  
OUGHT TO DO IT!

NOT FOR  
ME, THANKS!

**A**S EDITOR OF THE RECORD, CLIFF  
PLUNGES RECKLESSLY INTO ONE  
MYSTERY AFTER ANOTHER, WORK-  
ING HAND IN HAND WITH HIS STAR  
GIRL REPORTER, KAY NEVENS...

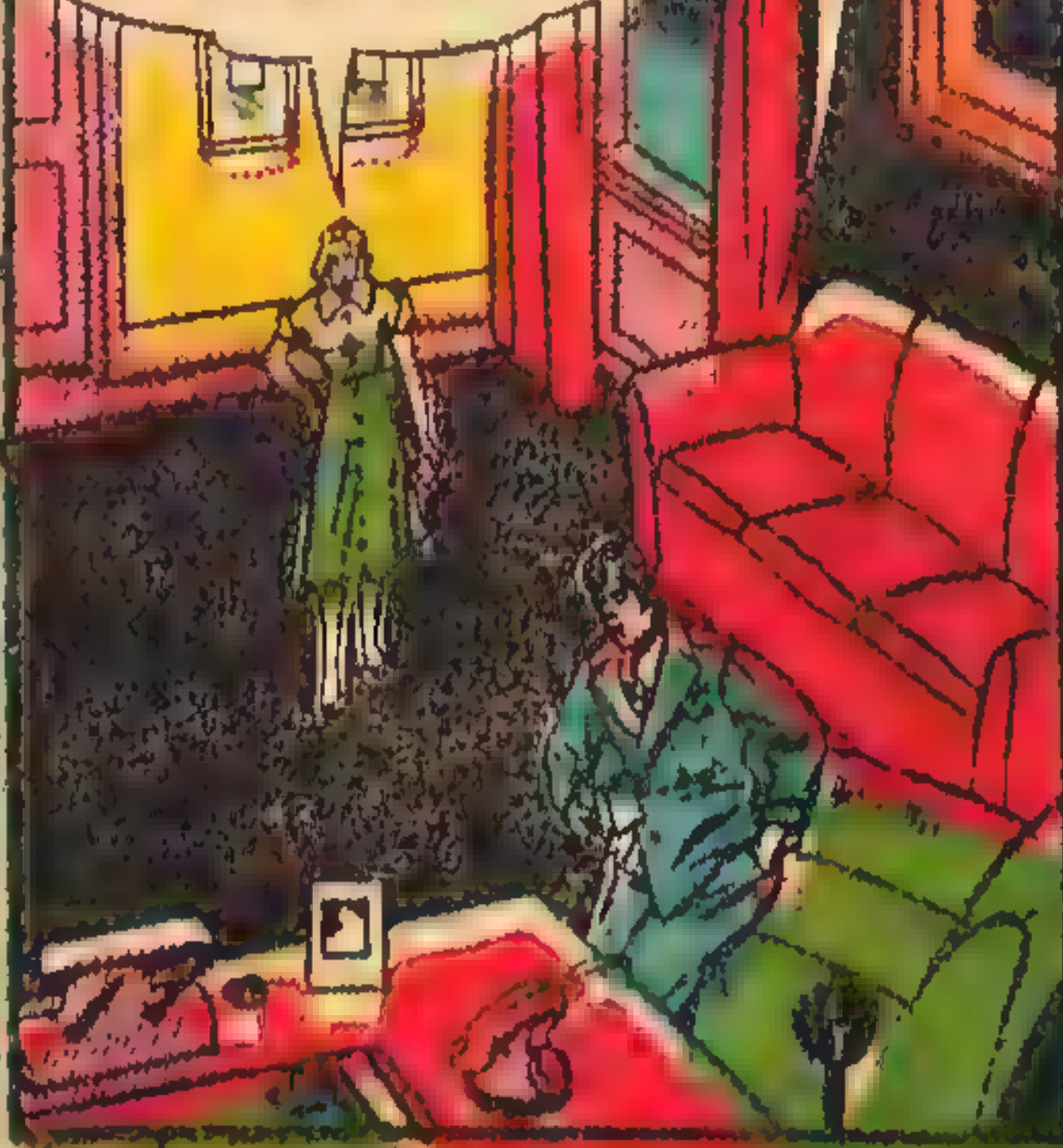
SPIDER CRAFT. THAT'S THE BOOK  
I WANT TO LOOK THROUGH. SAY,  
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "NOT FOR  
YOU"?

SPIDERS ALWAYS  
GIVE ME THE WILLIES!  
NO, THANKS!

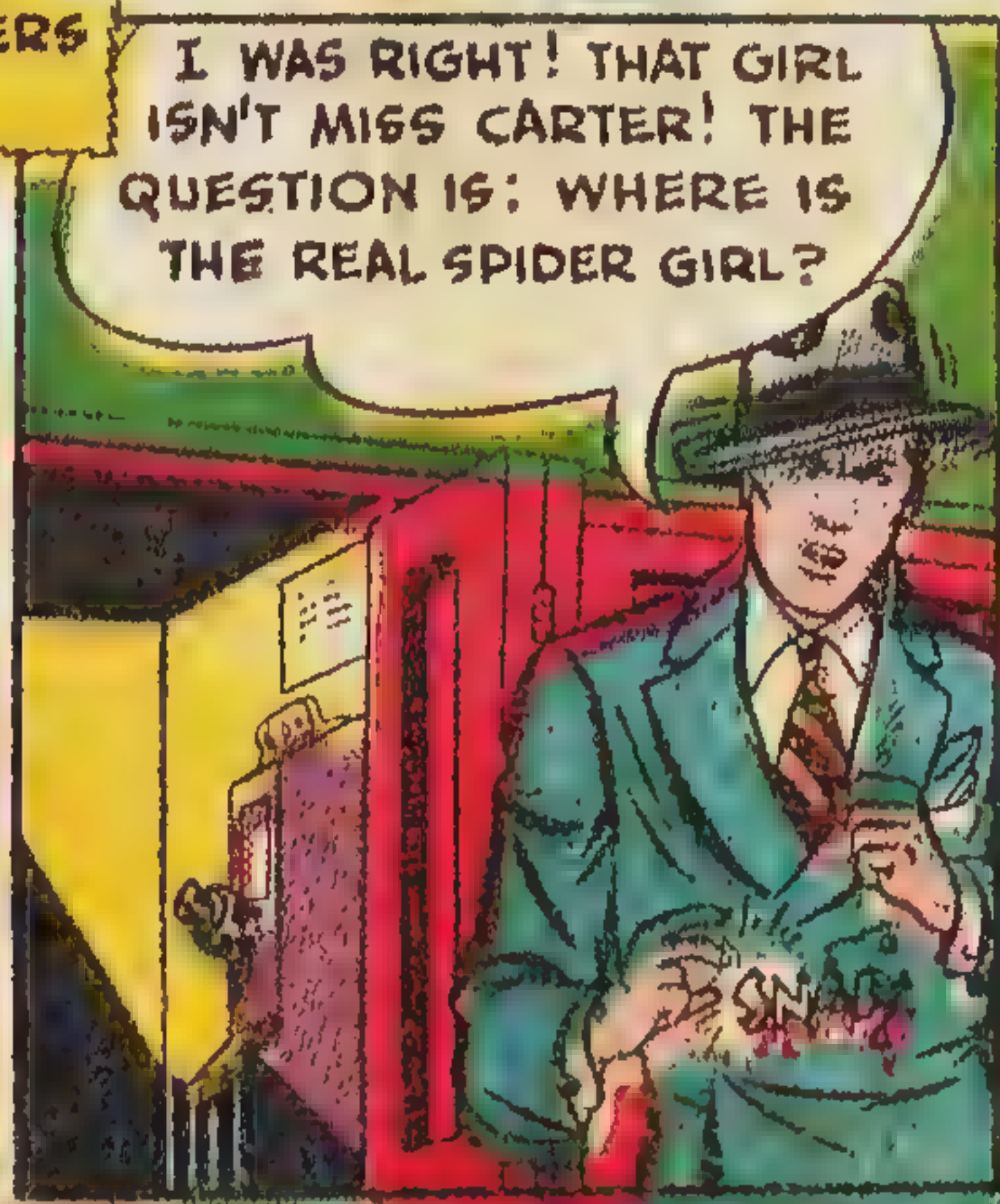
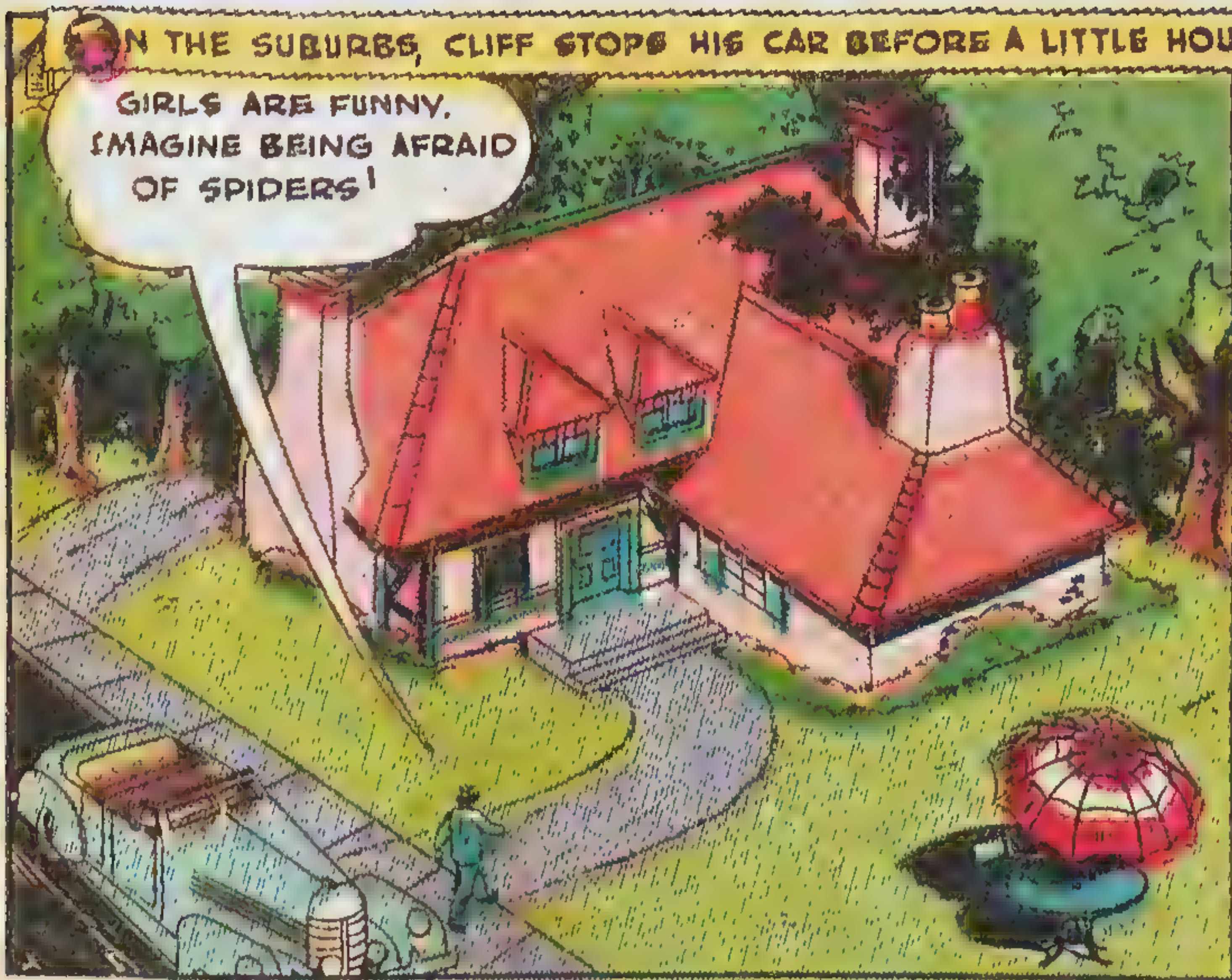
ALRIGHT, I'LL DO IT MYSELF.  
FIRST I WANT TO LEARN  
ALL I CAN ABOUT  
SPIDERS.

YOU'RE  
WELCOME TO  
THE ASSIGNMENT!  
SPIDERS! B-R-R!

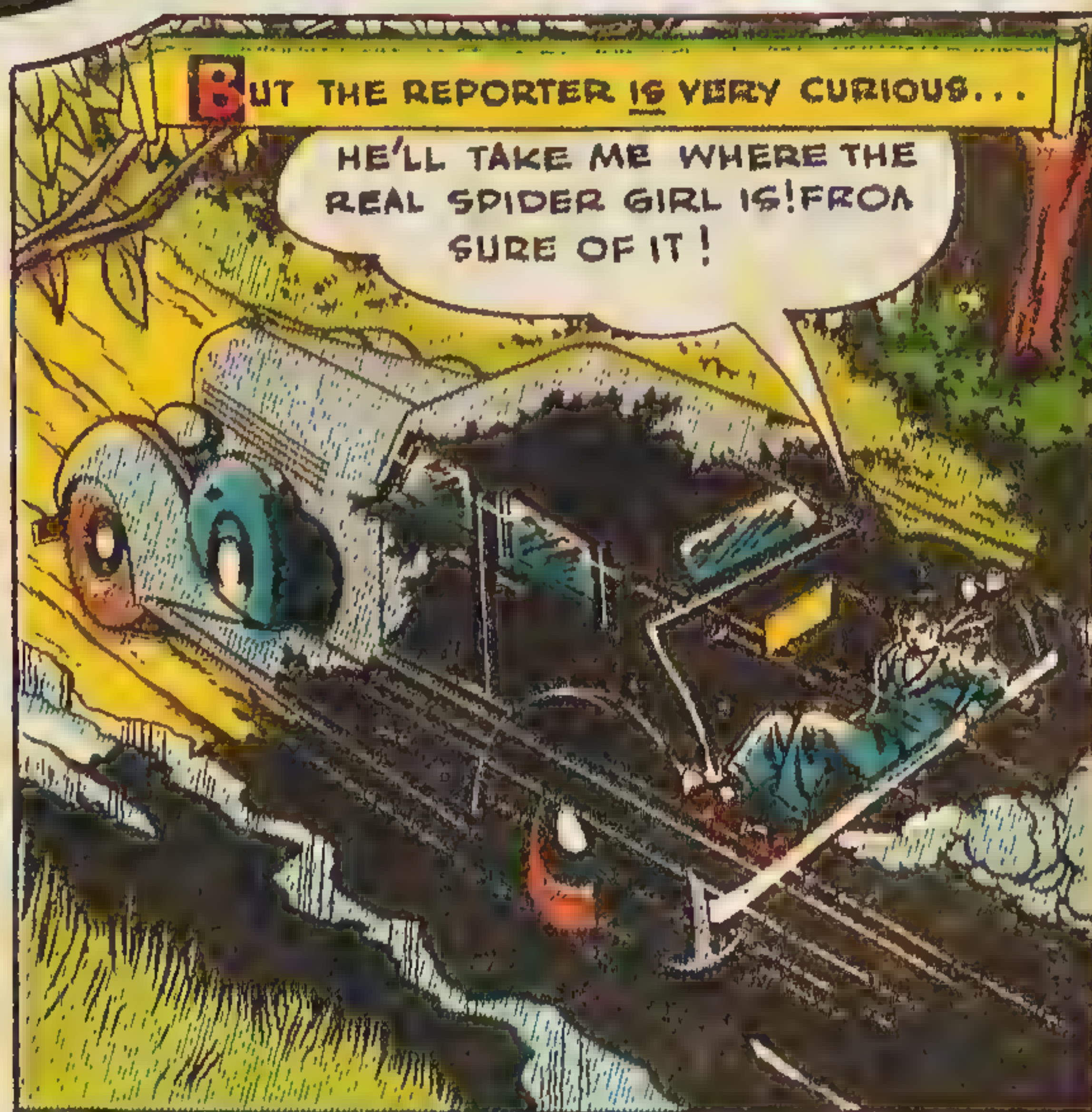
HE'LL GO OUT AFTER SPIDERS AND  
COME BACK WITH A MURDER  
STORY! I KNOW HIM!



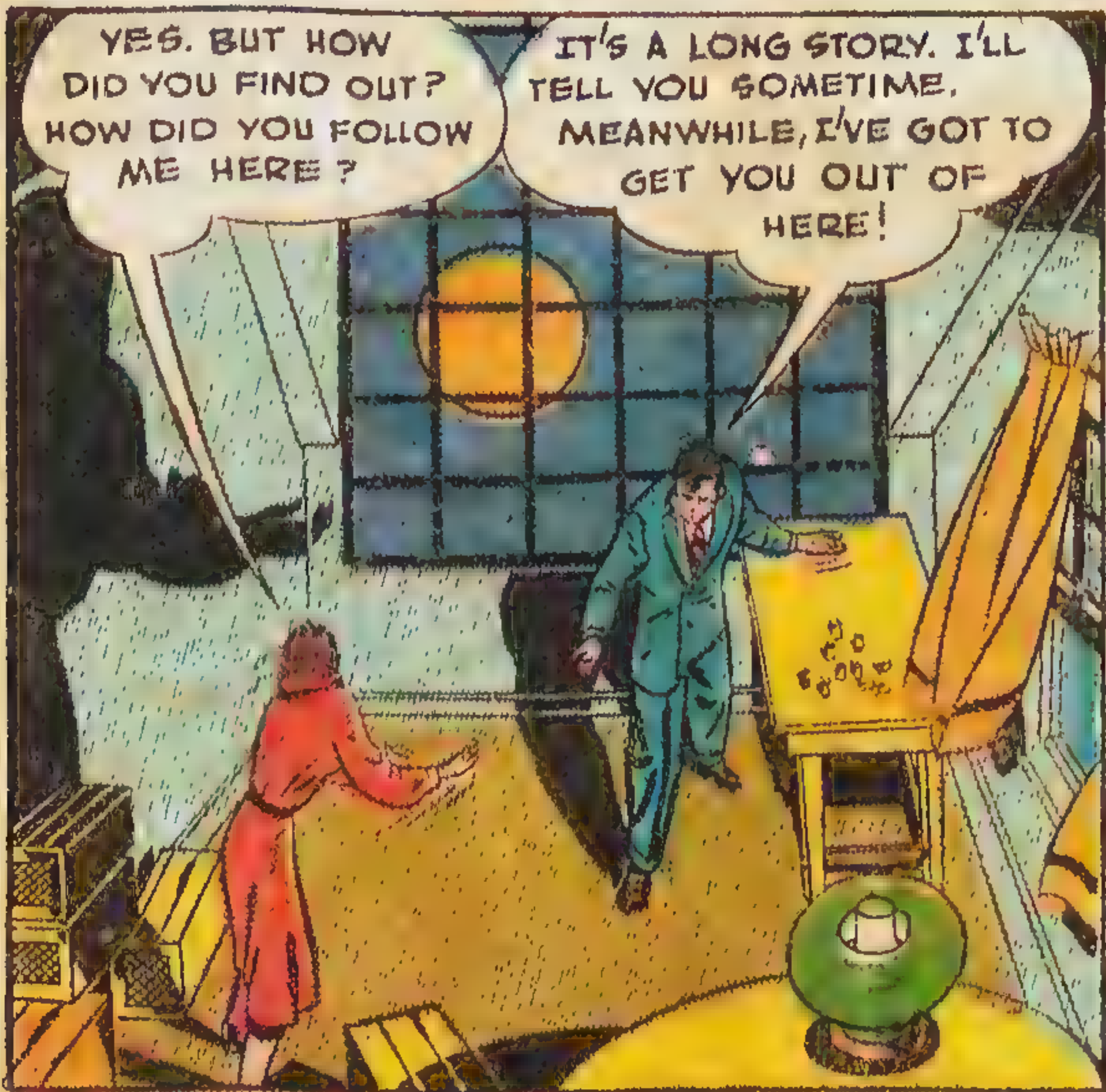




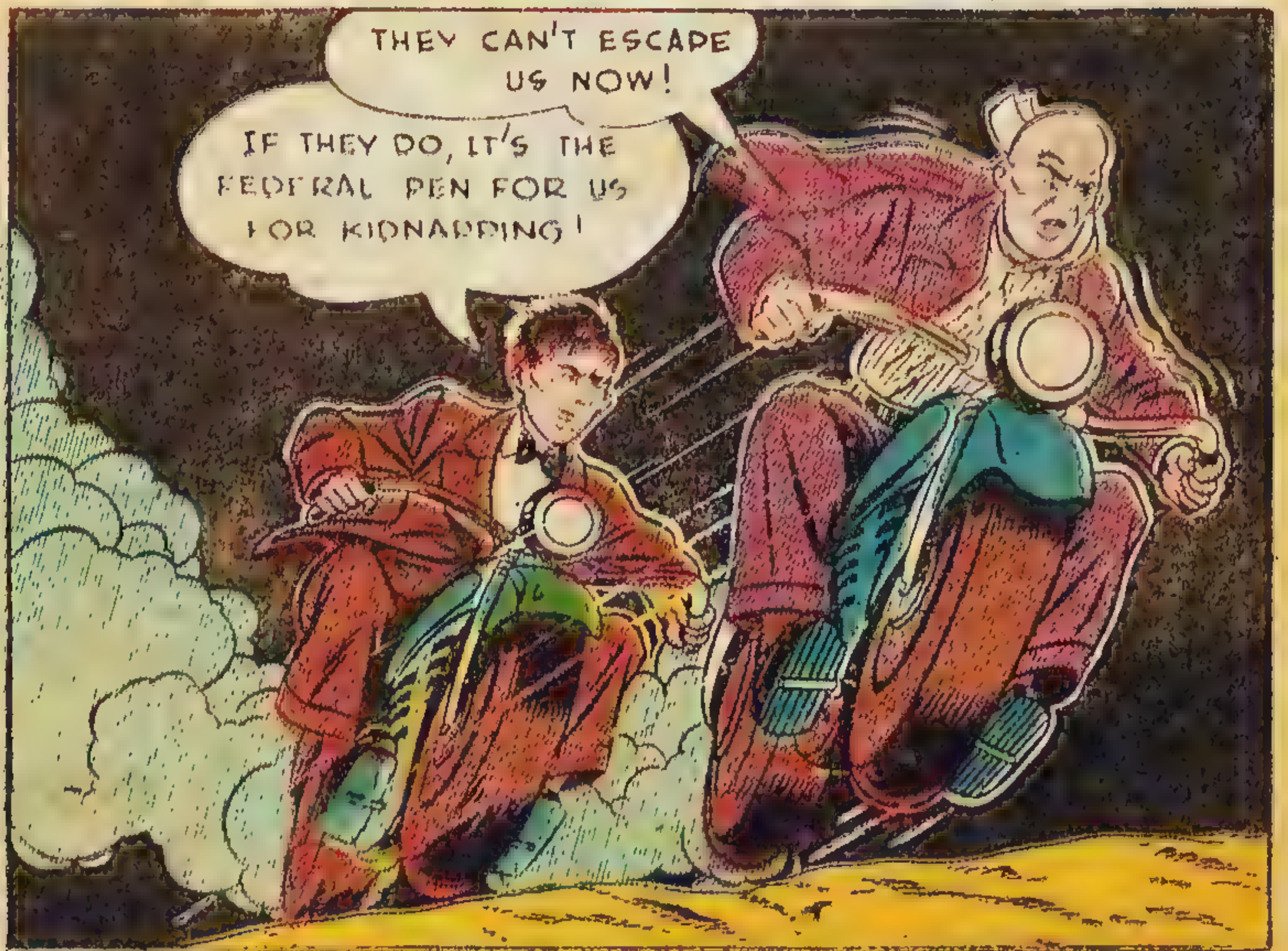




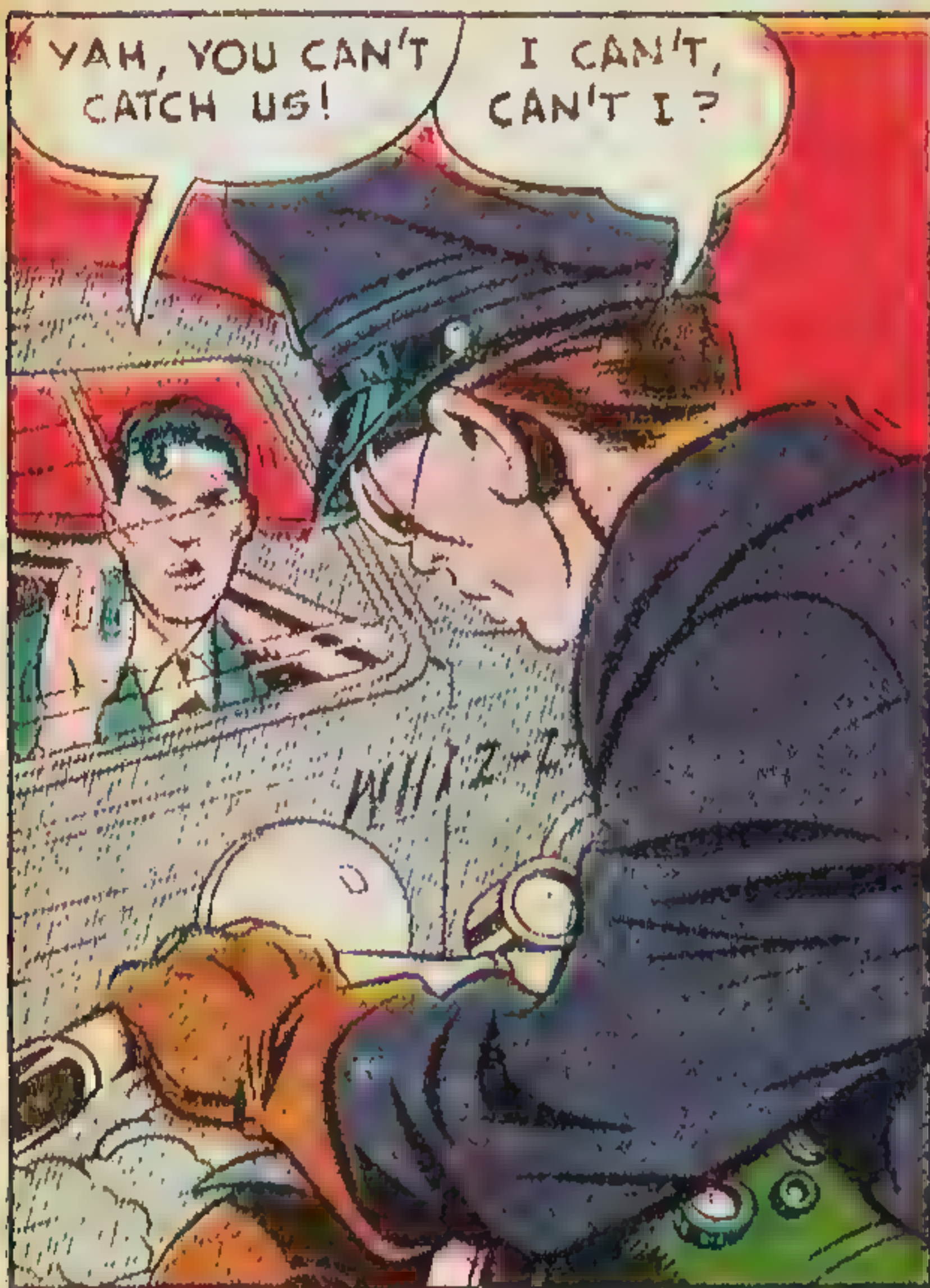












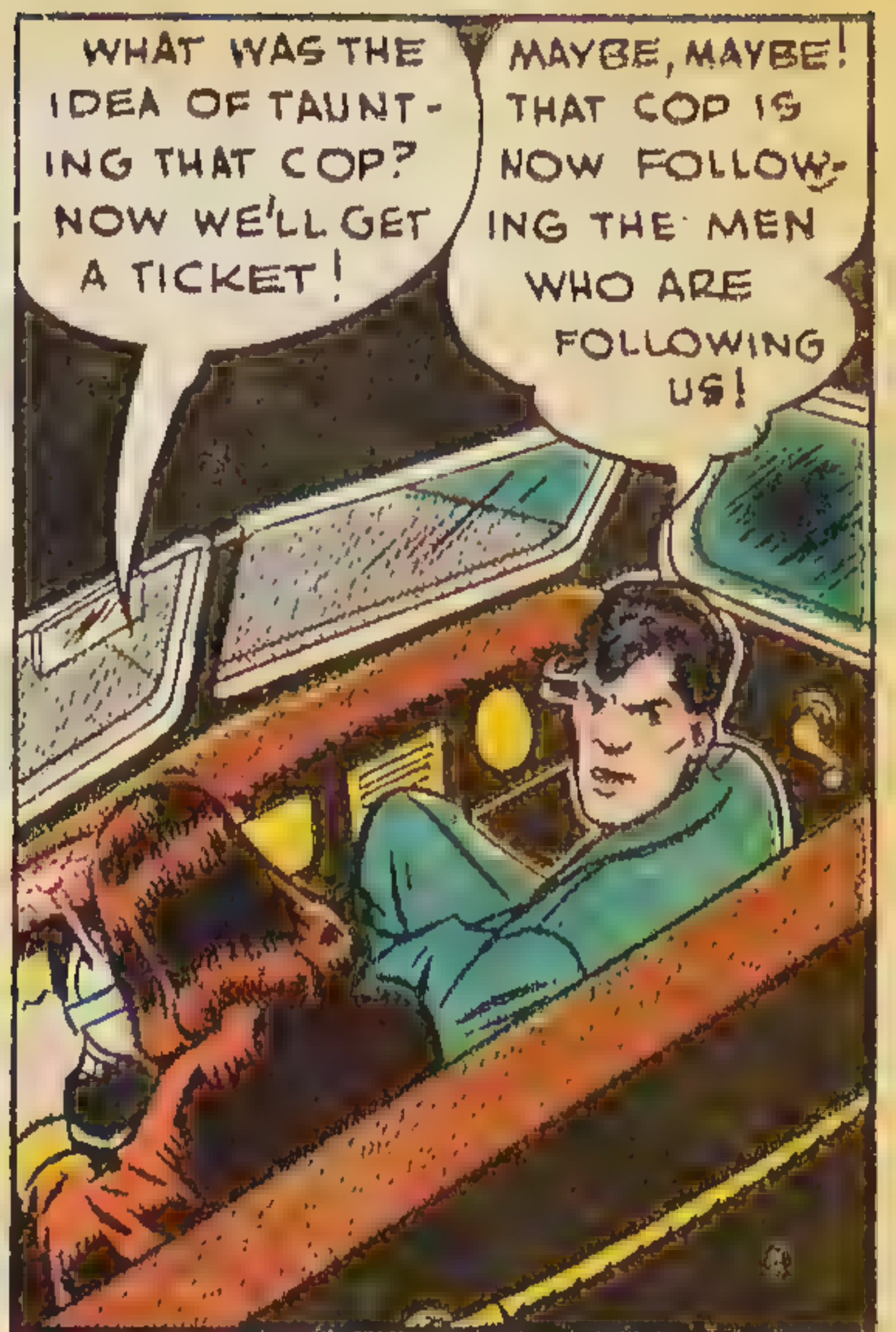
YAH, YOU CAN'T CATCH US!

I CAN'T, CAN'T I?



AS THE OFFICER STEPS ON HIS STARTER, TWO MOTORCYCLES ROAR PAST HIM!

WHAT IS THIS - NATIONAL SPEED DAY?



WHAT WAS THE IDEA OF TAUNTING THAT COP? NOW WE'LL GET A TICKET!

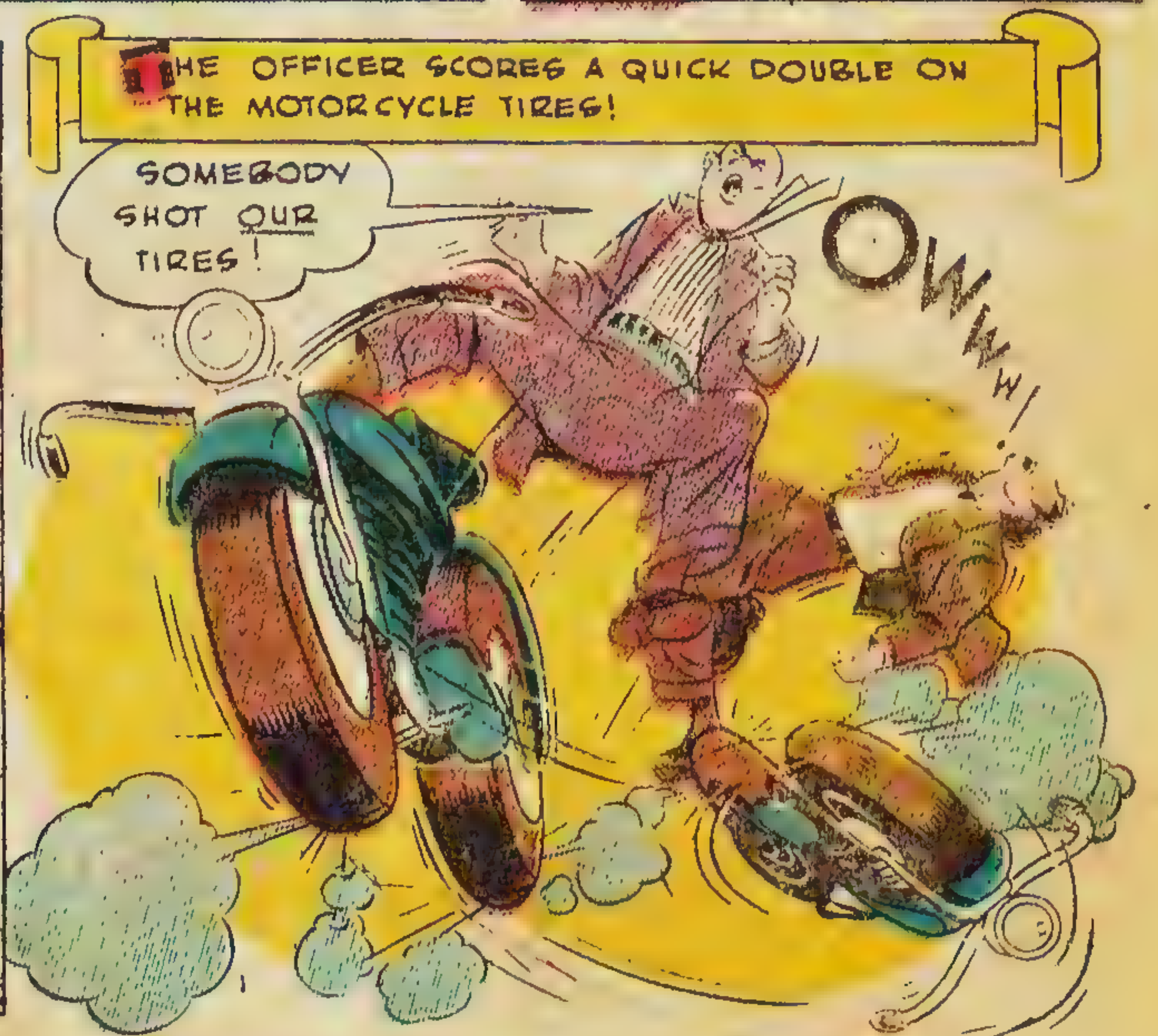
MAYBE, MAYBE! THAT COP IS NOW FOLLOWING THE MEN WHO ARE FOLLOWING US!



SHOOT THEIR TIRES! THAT'LL STOP THEM!

WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO DO IT FROM HERE!

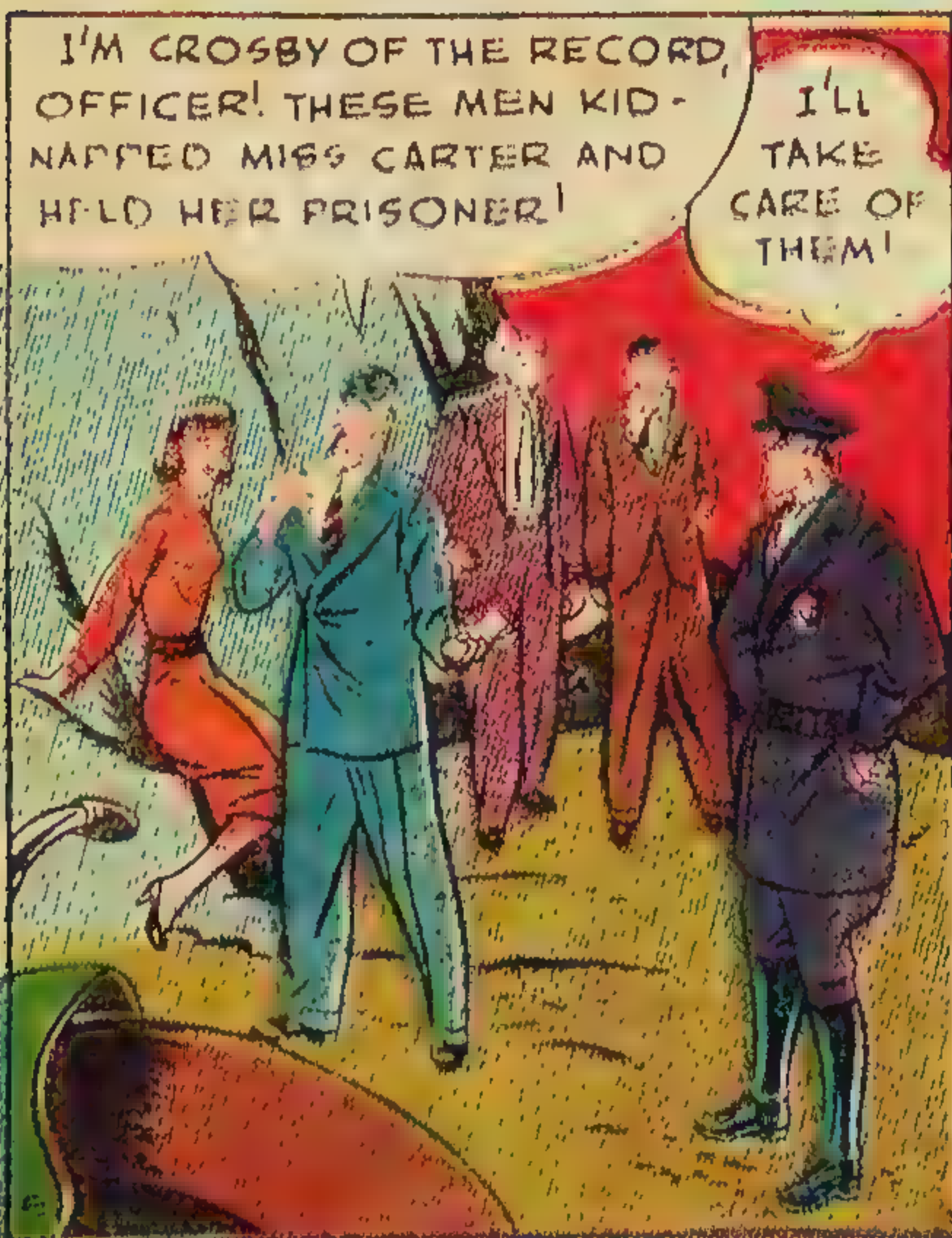
THEY'RE FIRING! NOW I KNOW WHY THAT GUY YELLED AT ME!



THE OFFICER SCORES A QUICK DOUBLE ON THE MOTORCYCLE TIRES!

SOMEBODY SHOT OUR TIRES!

OWWWW!



I'M CROSBY OF THE RECORD OFFICER! THESE MEN KIDNAPPED MISS CARTER AND HELD HER PRISONER!

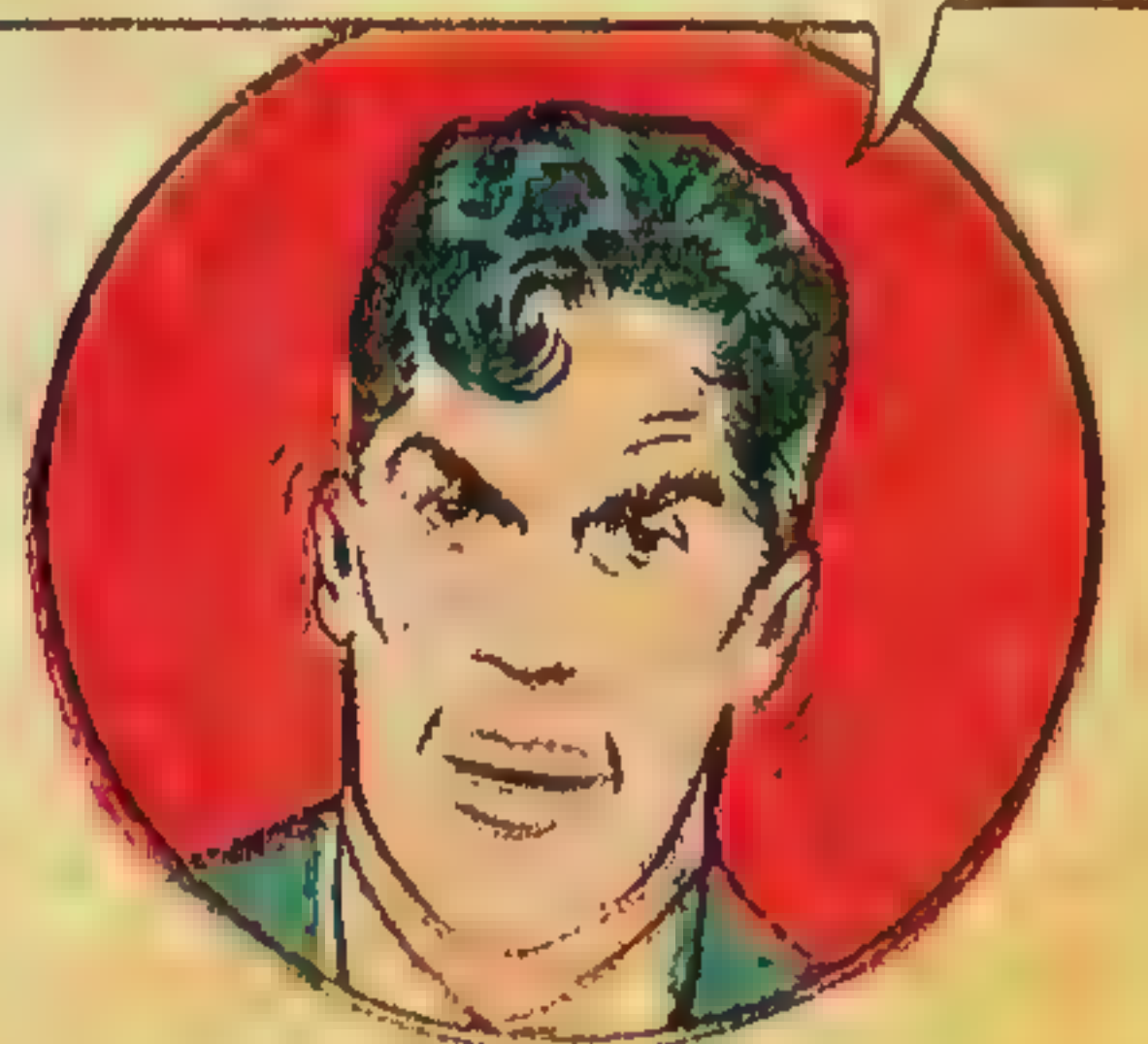
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM!



A LITTLE LATER IN THE RECORD OFFICE-

HIS MOTIVE WAS TO ESTABLISH A MONOPOLY ON SPIDER WEBS THEY ARE BELIEVE IT OR NOT VERY VALUABLE FOR CERTAIN TYPES OF SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS MISS CARTER WAS THE ONLY EXPERT IN THE COUNTRY ON GATHERING THE WEBS.

THAT SPIDER BOOK OF MINE TOLD ME ONE THING THAT THE "PLANT" FOR MISS CARTER DIDN'T KNOW - THAT HOUSE SPIDERS ARE NO GOOD FOR THAT TYPE OF WORK THE WEB IS TOO FINE. IT BREAKS EASILY THAT SHOWED ME THE GUY WASN'T MISS CARTER! I SET OUT TO FIND THE REAL SPIDER GIZL AND LUCKILY I DID!





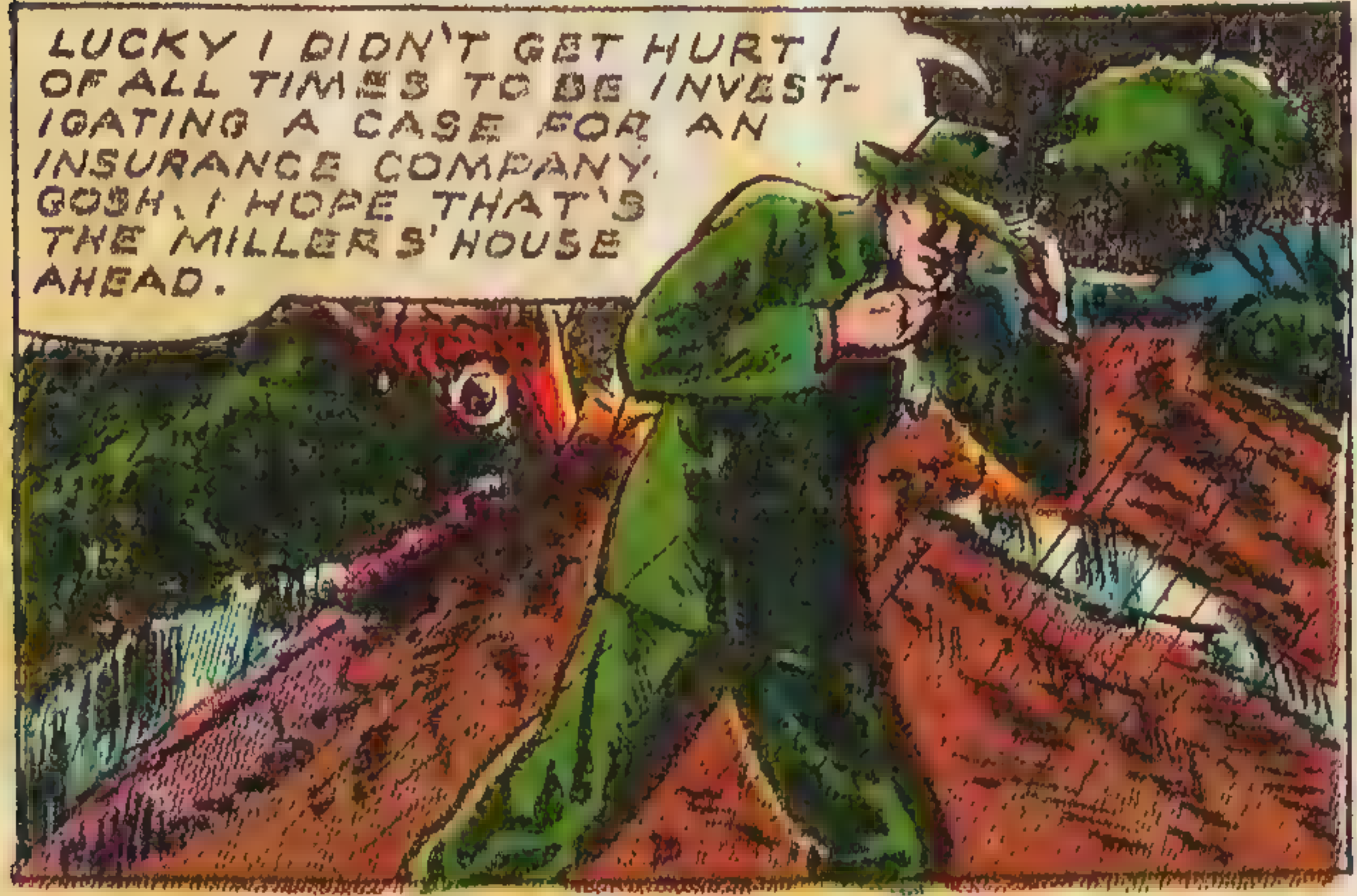
# LARRY STEELE

THE CASE OF DOUBLE TROUBLE

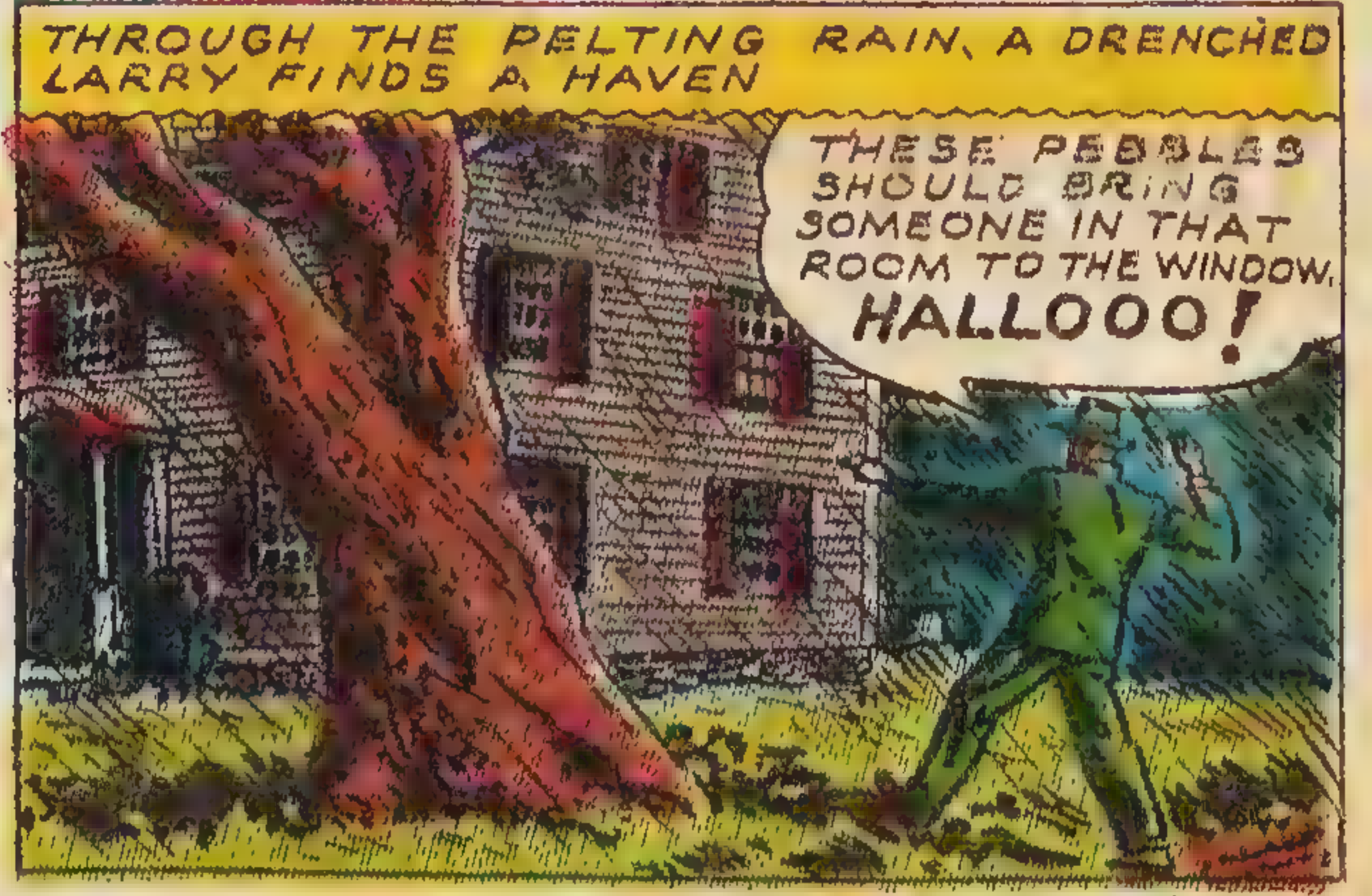


CLIFF-YOUNG

ALONG A LONELY, RAIN-SWEPT ROAD A SPEEDING CAR GOES OUT OF CONTROL . . . . .

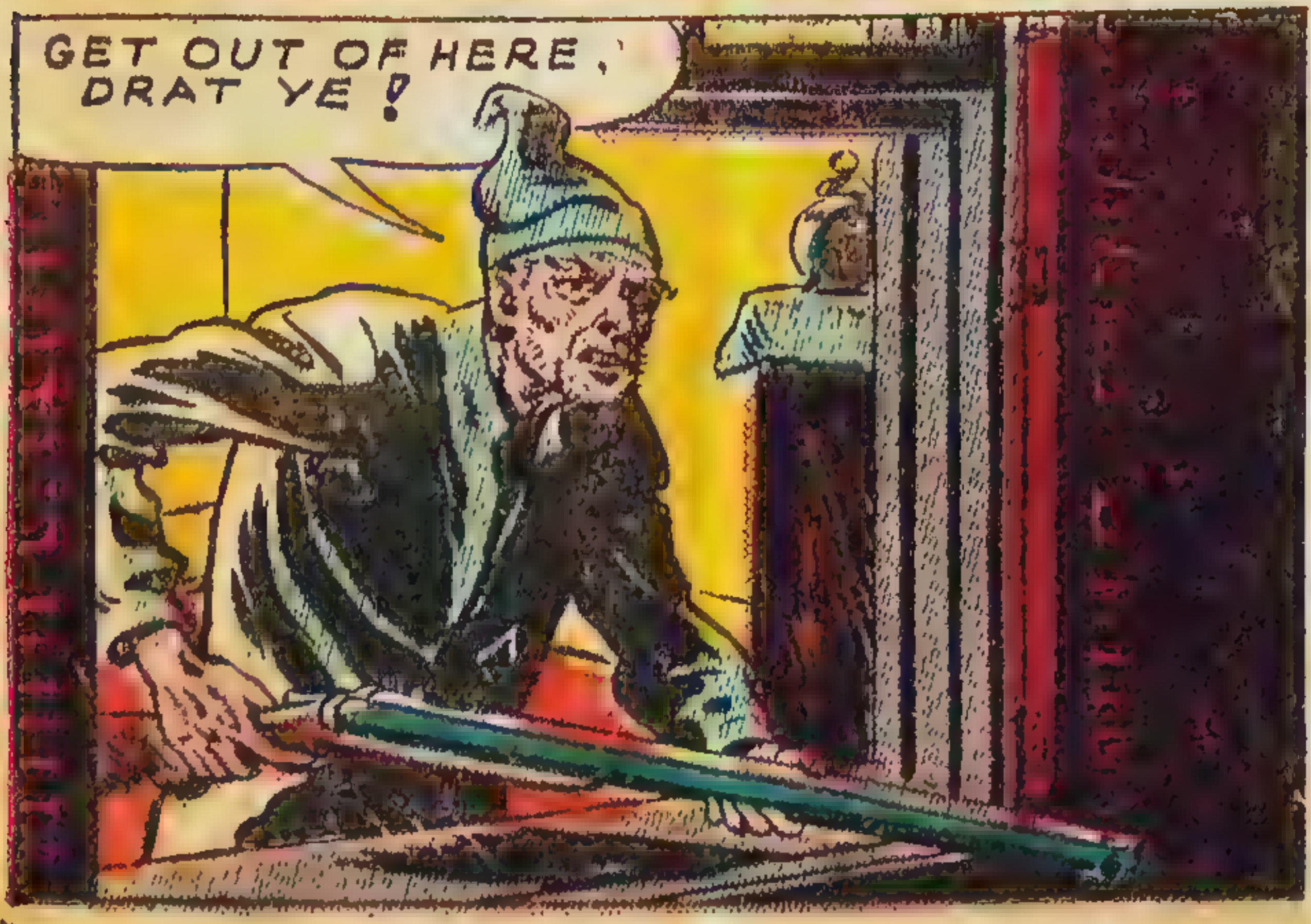


LUCKY I DIDN'T GET HURT! OF ALL TIMES TO BE INVESTIGATING A CASE FOR AN INSURANCE COMPANY. GOSH, I HOPE THAT'S THE MILLER'S HOUSE AHEAD.

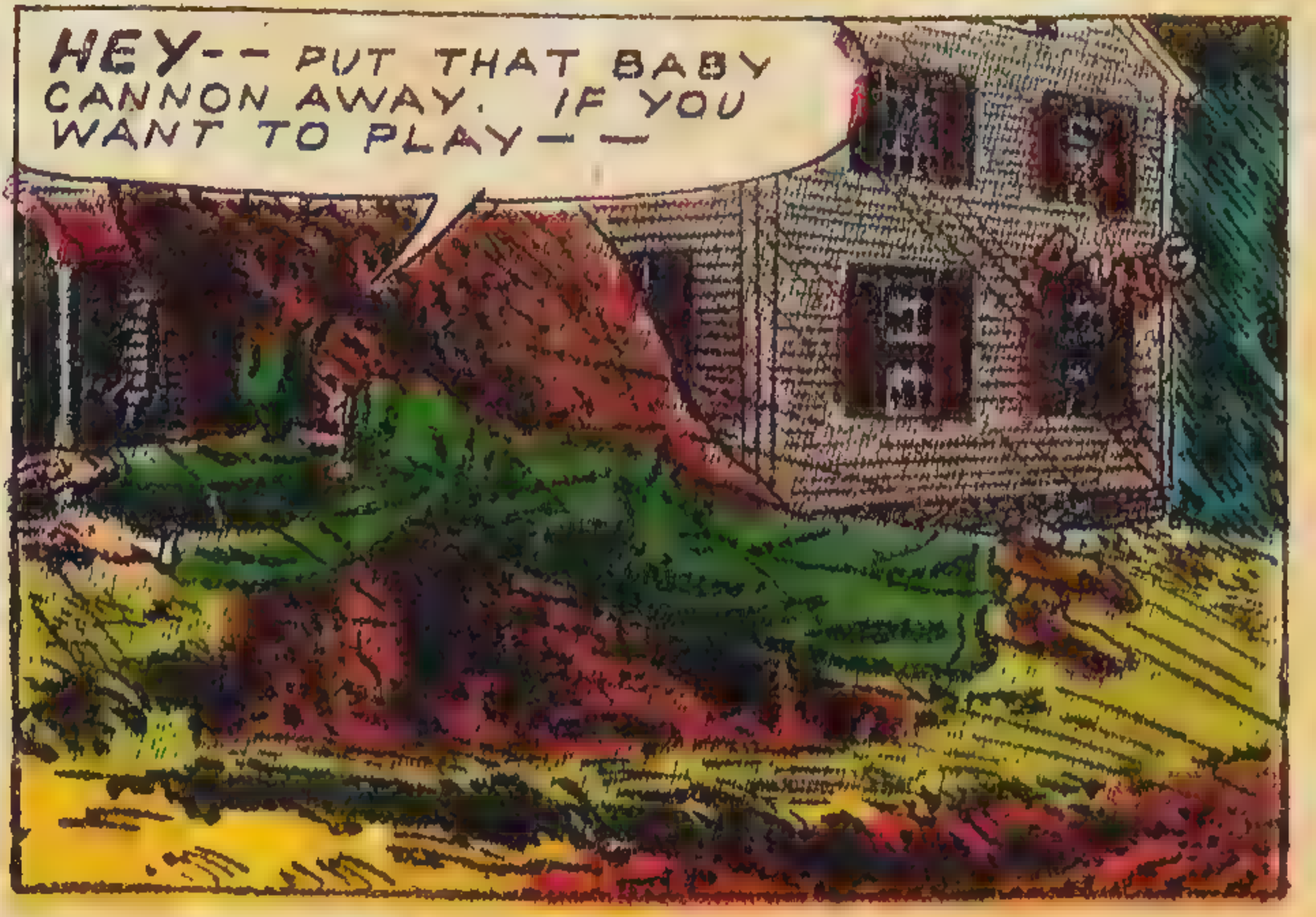


THROUGH THE PELTING RAIN, A DRENCHED LARRY FINDS A HAVEN

THESE PEBBLES SHOULD BRING SOMEONE IN THAT ROOM TO THE WINDOW. HALLOOO!



GET OUT OF HERE, DRAT YE!



HEY-- PUT THAT BABY CANNON AWAY. IF YOU WANT TO PLAY--



THINKING TO FRIGHTEN THE MAN INTO HOLDING HIS FIRE, LARRY FIRES.



OOH, MY NIGHTCAP! I'LL LARN YE -- JIST WAIT'LL I LOAD UP AGIN!



BUT BEFORE THE BATTLE CAN ASSUME TOO WARLIKE AN ASPECT --

HERE! HERE! STOP THIS INSTANTLY! REP -- PUT UP THAT GUN!



BOY, AM I GLAD YOU SHOWED UP. MY NAME'S STEELE AND I --



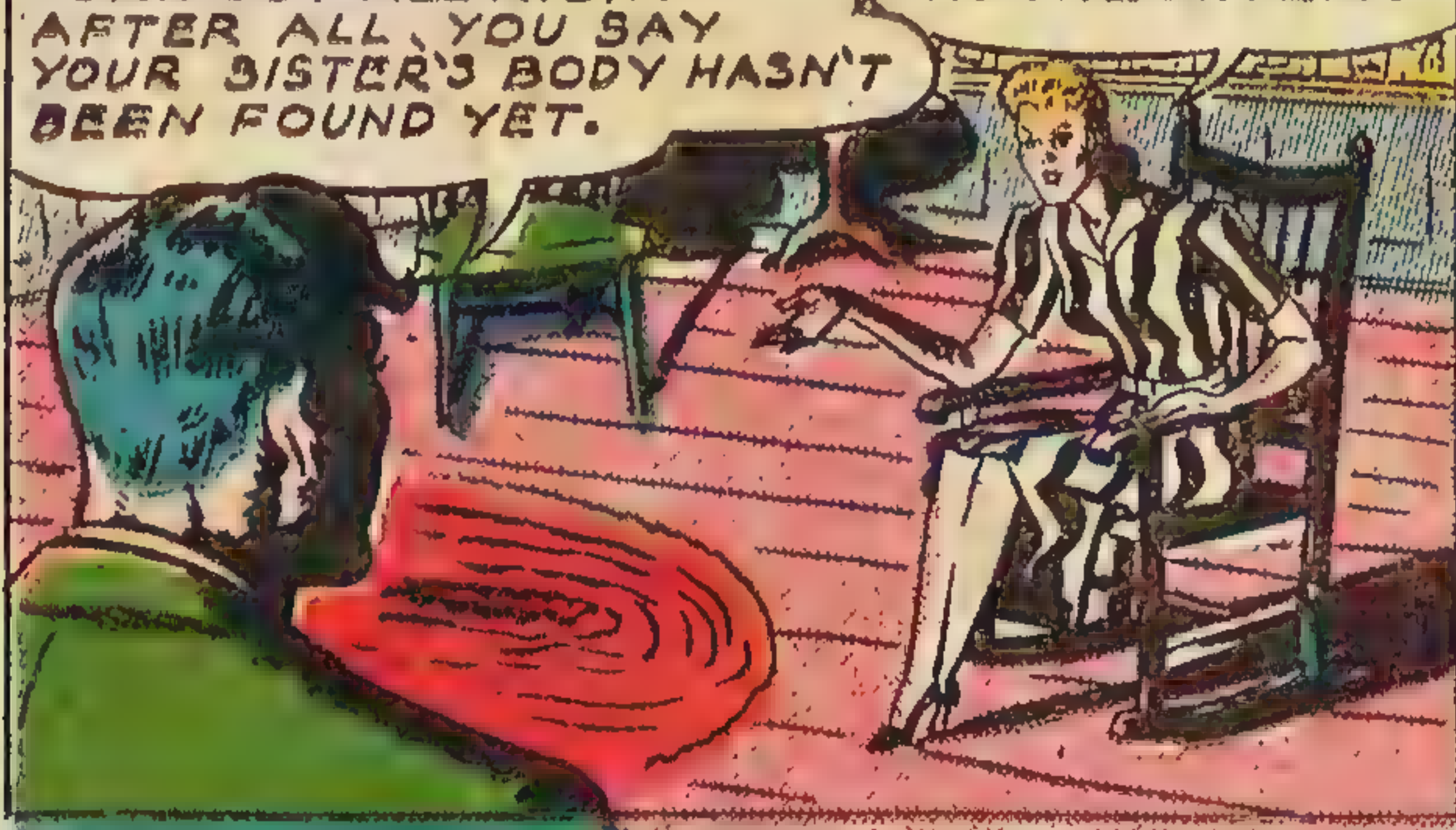
LARRY STEELE? SO YOU'RE THE ONE. I'M HELEN MILLER. COME IN.

I NEEDN'T EXPRESS MY DISPLEASURE OVER THE INSURANCE COMPANY'S FAILURE TO PAY ME AFTER THE DEATH OF MY POOR SISTER -- AND NOW HAVING THE NERVE TO TELL ME THEY ARE SENDING AN INVESTIGATOR!



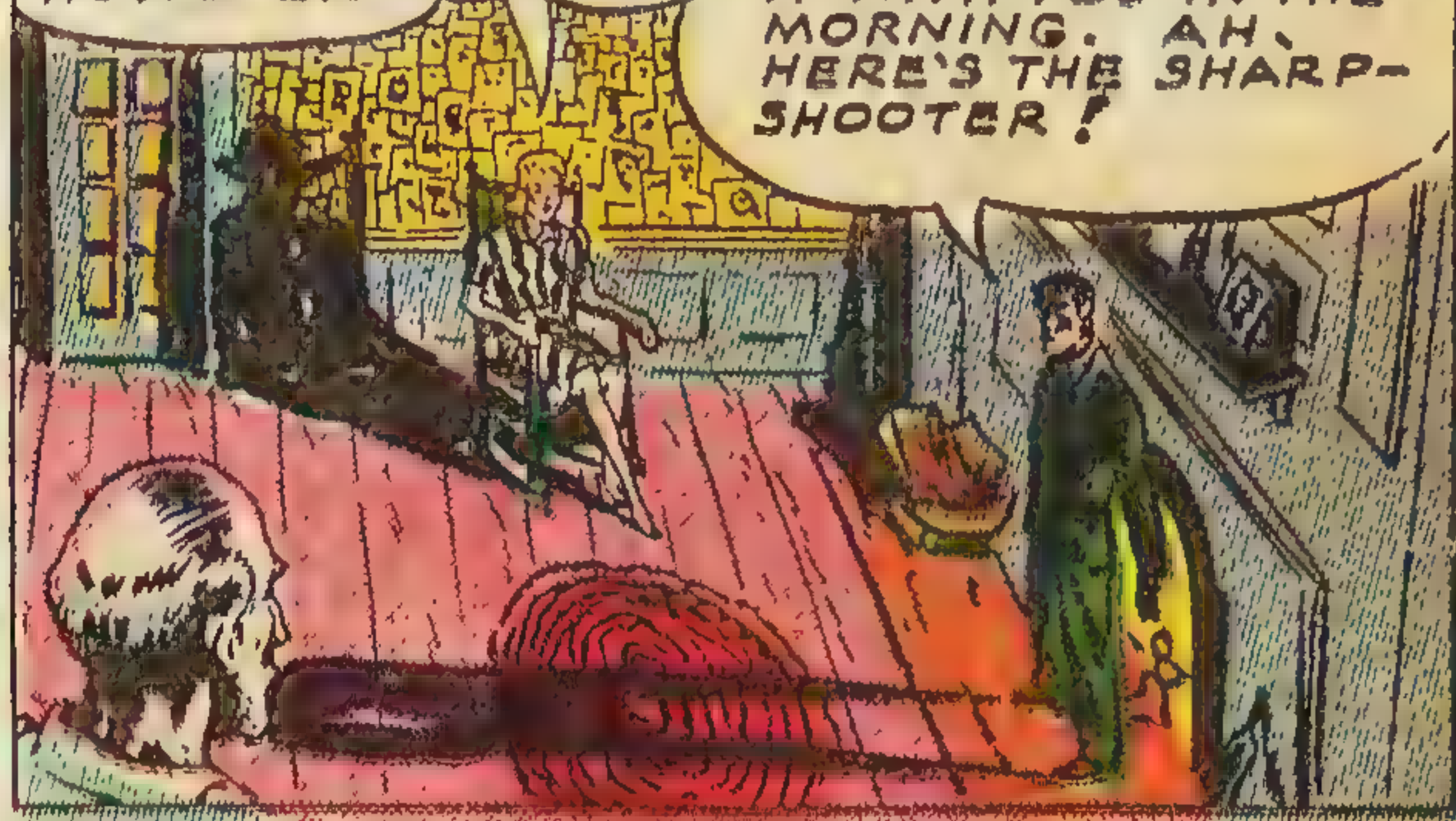
JUST ROUTINE, MISS MILLER. I'M SURE EVERYTHING WILL TURN OUT ALL RIGHT. AFTER ALL, YOU SAY YOUR SISTER'S BODY HASN'T BEEN FOUND YET.

NO. BUT I'M SURE SHE FELL IN THE RIVER.



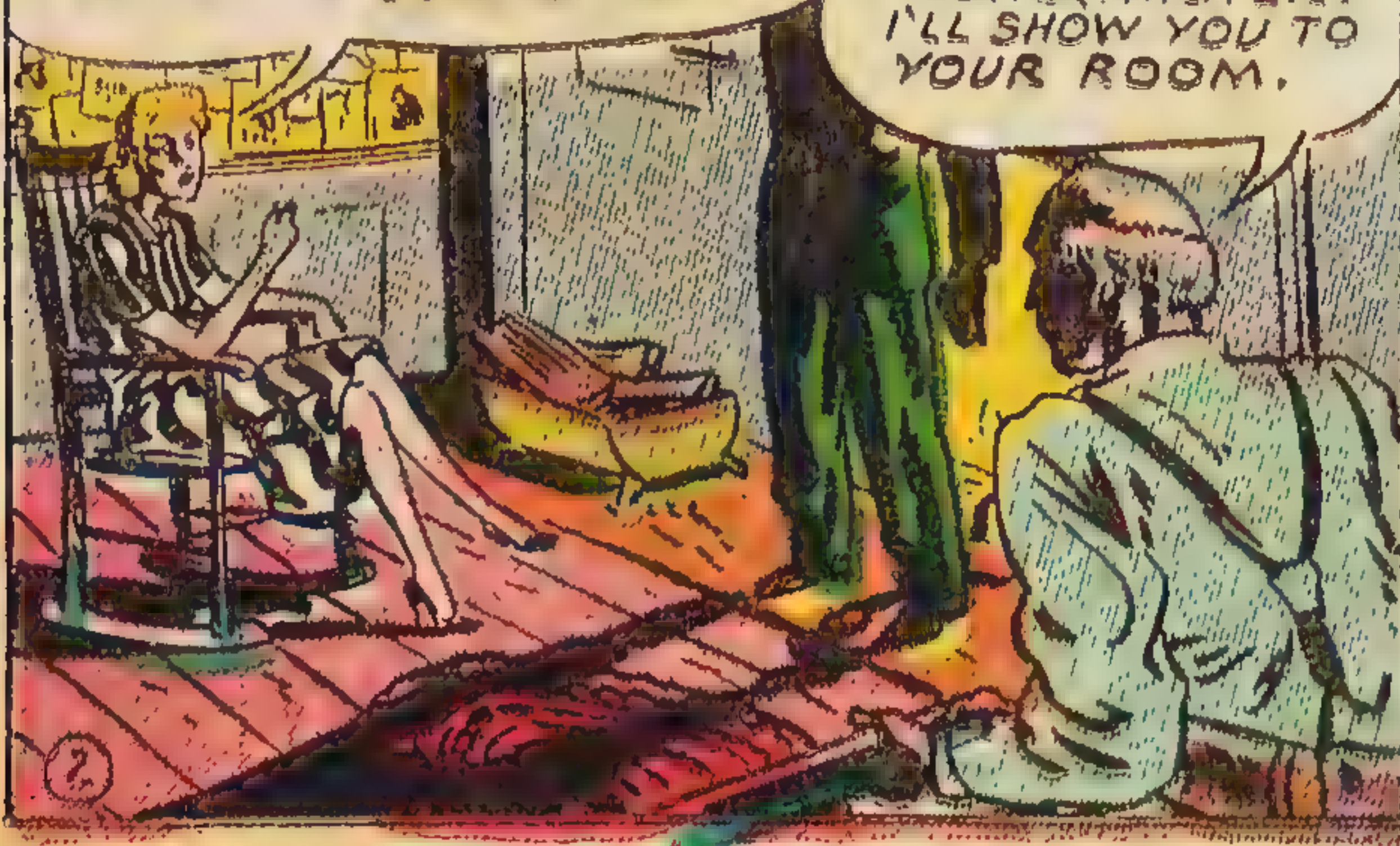
WE DID FIND HER SCARF AND A SHOE, HOWEVER.

WELL, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'LL DISCUSS IT WITH YOU IN THE MORNING. AH, HERE'S THE SHARP-SHOOTER!



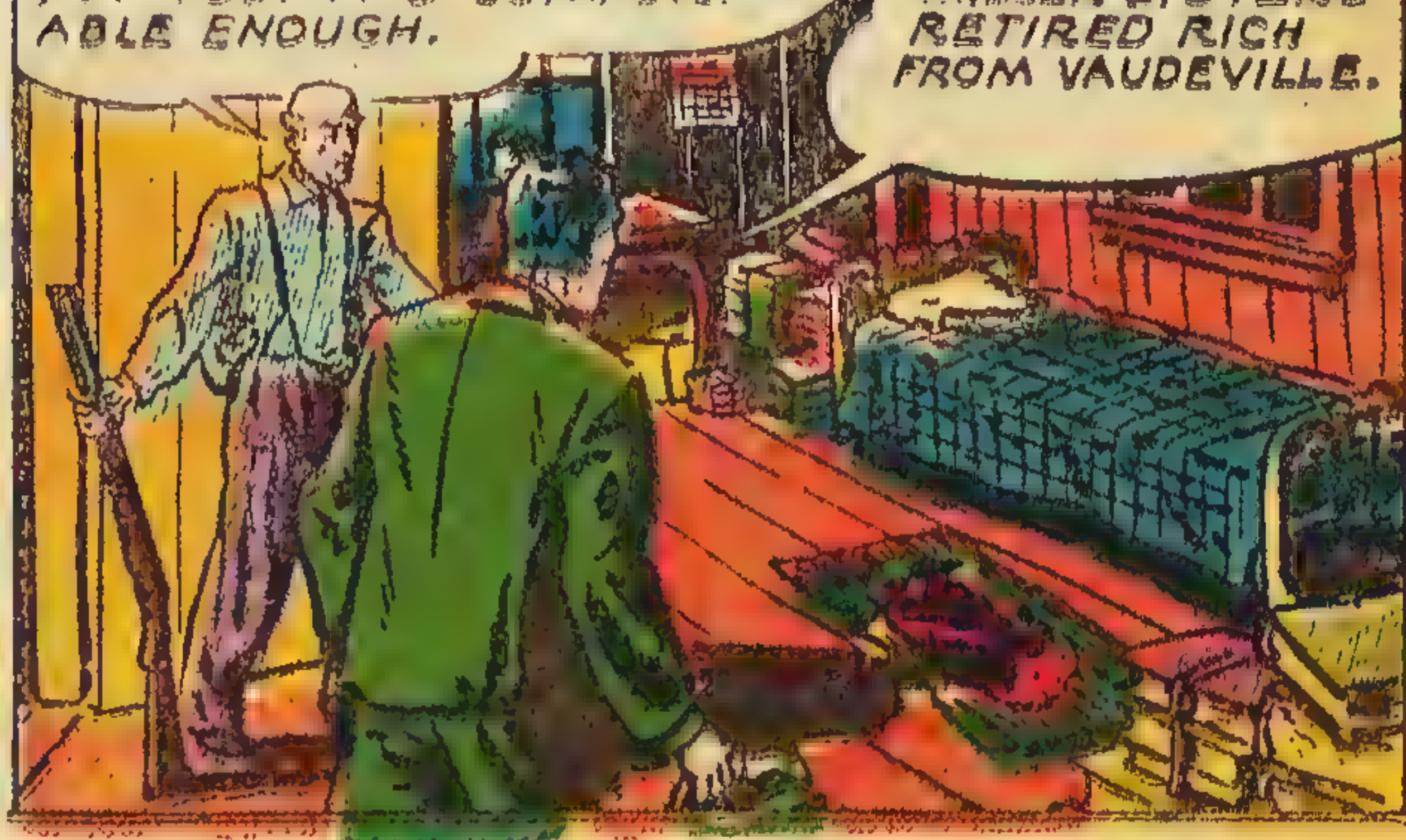
REB IS OUR HANDYMAN. HE MUST HAVE MISTAKEN YOU FOR A BURGLAR.

HE SURE LOOKS LIKE ONE. COME ALONG, MISTER. I'LL SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM.



THIS OLD STORE ROOM'S THE ONLY PLACE WE CAN PUT YOU. IT'S COMFORTABLE ENOUGH.

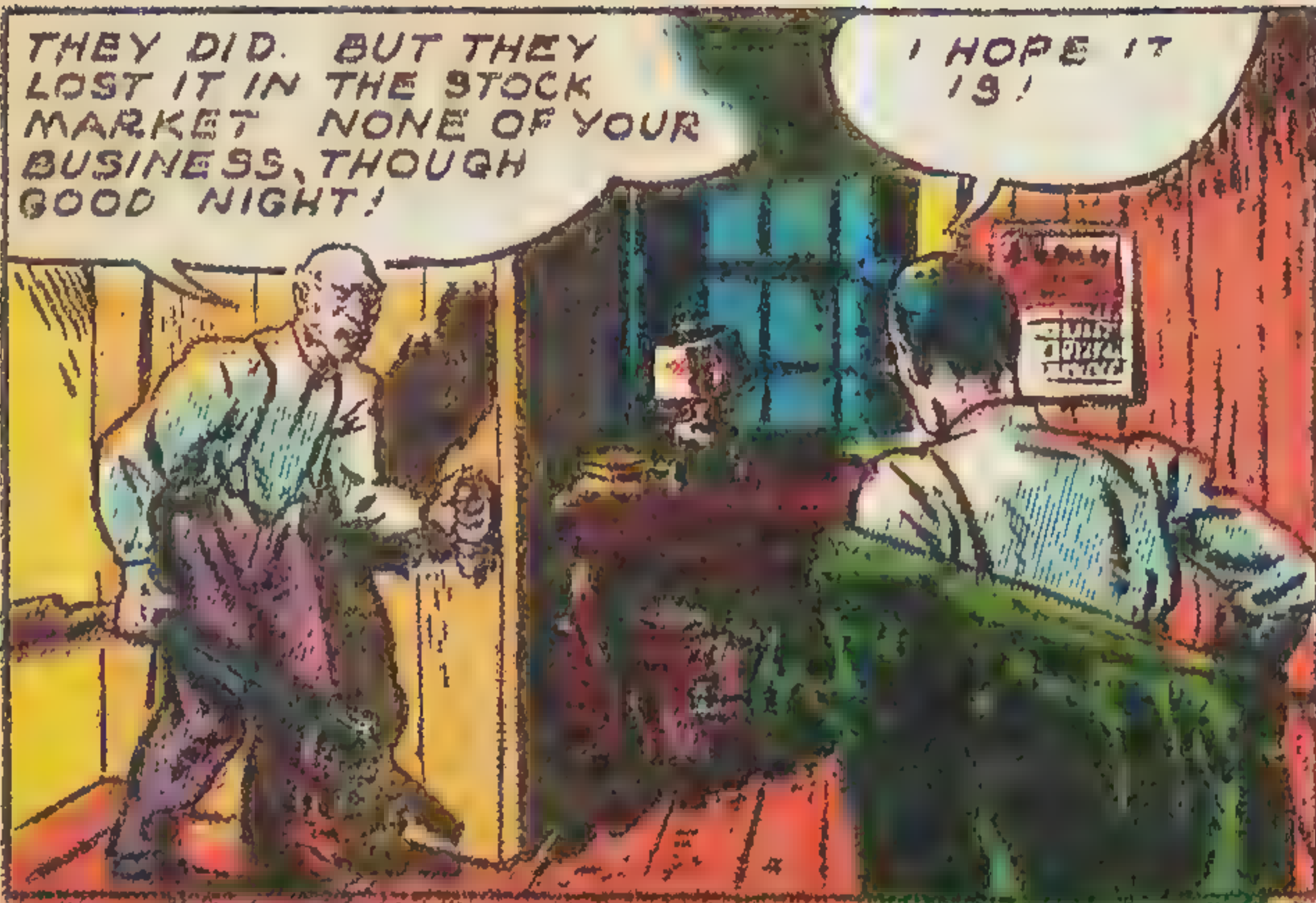
IT'LL DO, BUT I THOUGHT THE MILLER SISTERS RETIRED RICH FROM VAUDEVILLE.





THEY DID. BUT THEY  
LOST IT IN THE STOCK  
MARKET. NONE OF YOUR  
BUSINESS, THOUGH  
GOOD NIGHT!

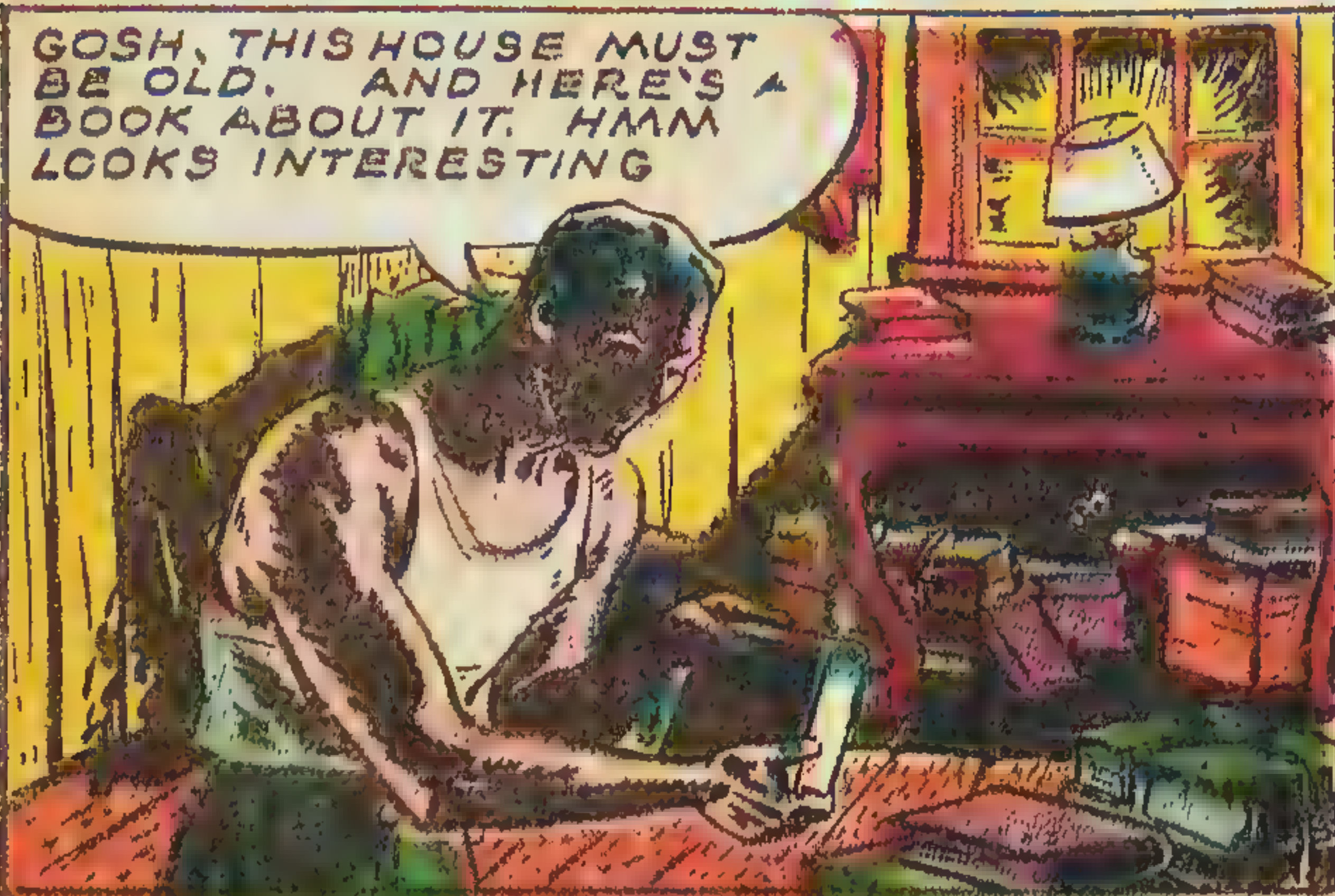
I HOPE IT  
IS!



FUNNY OLD GEEZER. WELL,  
THIS IS CERTAINLY A LIBRARY  
COLLECTION.



GOSH, THIS HOUSE MUST  
BE OLD. AND HERE'S A  
BOOK ABOUT IT. HMM  
LOOKS INTERESTING



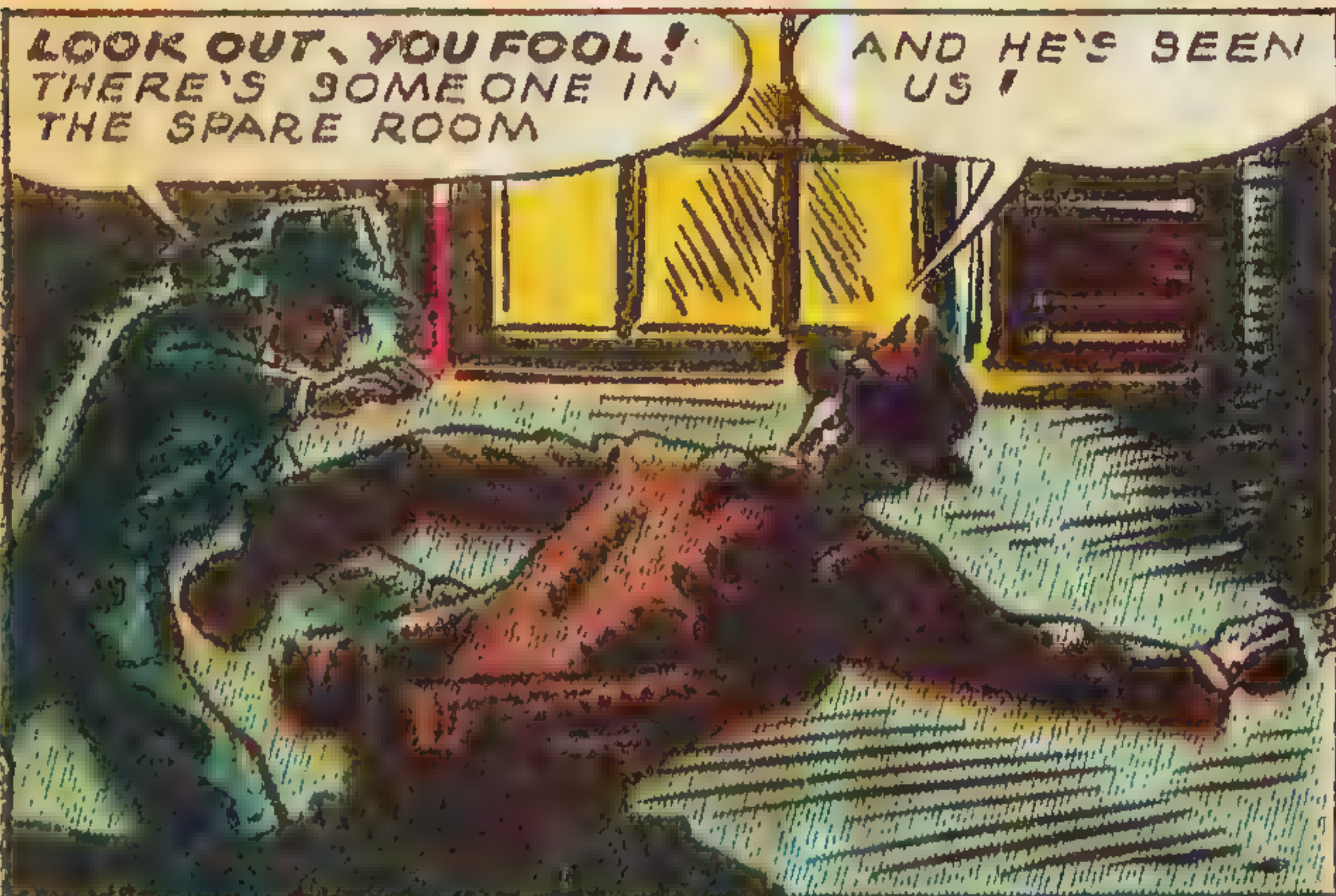
AS LARRY CARRIES THE BOOK TO THE  
LIGHT, A FIGURE OUTSIDE THE  
WINDOW CATCHES HIS EYE

SAY, LOOKS LIKE A  
COUPLE OF INTRUDERS!



LOOK OUT, YOU FOOL!  
THERE'S SOMEONE IN  
THE SPARE ROOM

AND HE'S SEEN  
US!

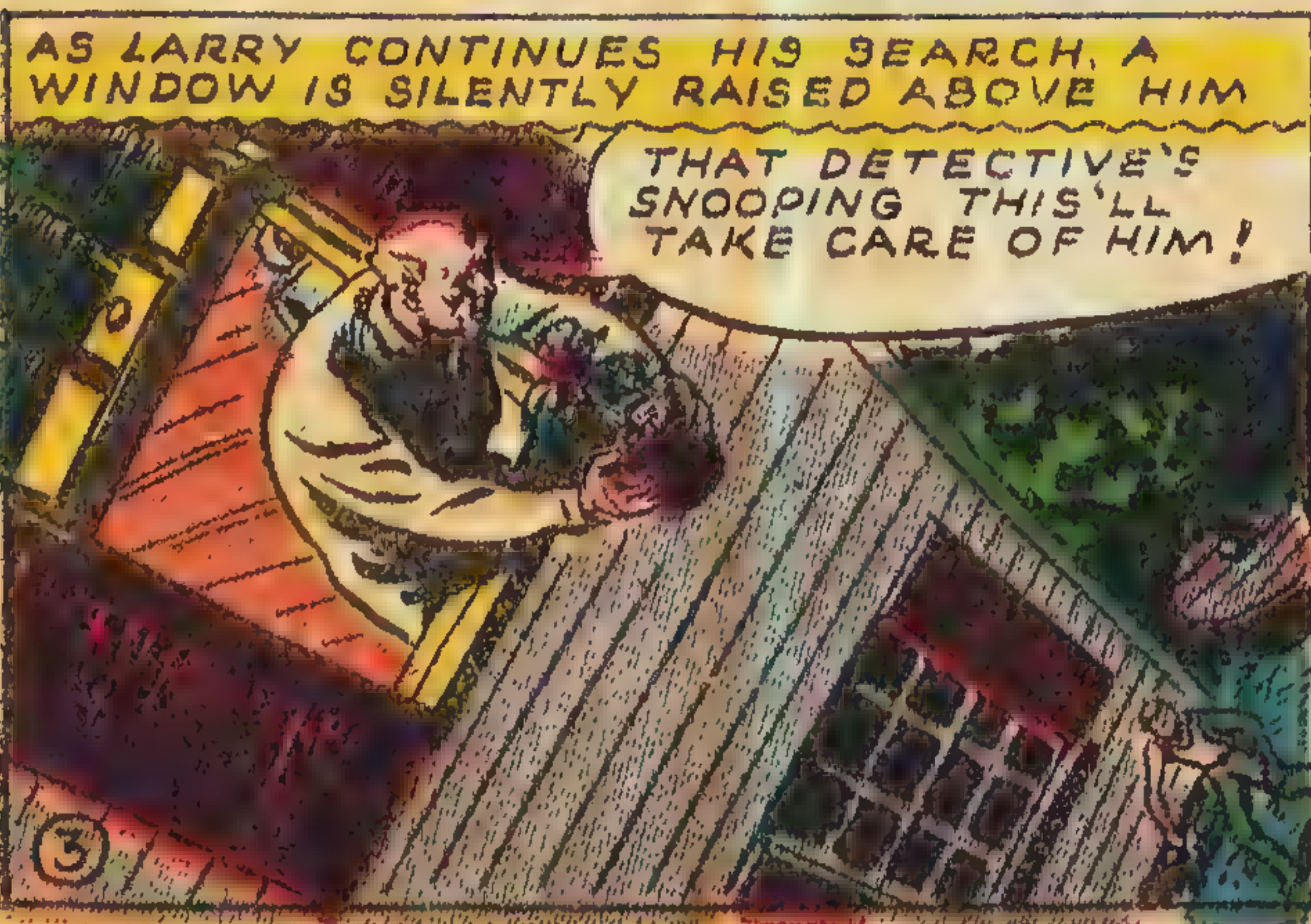


THERE'S SOME MISCHIEF  
GOING ON NOW WHERE'D  
THAT PAIR GO?

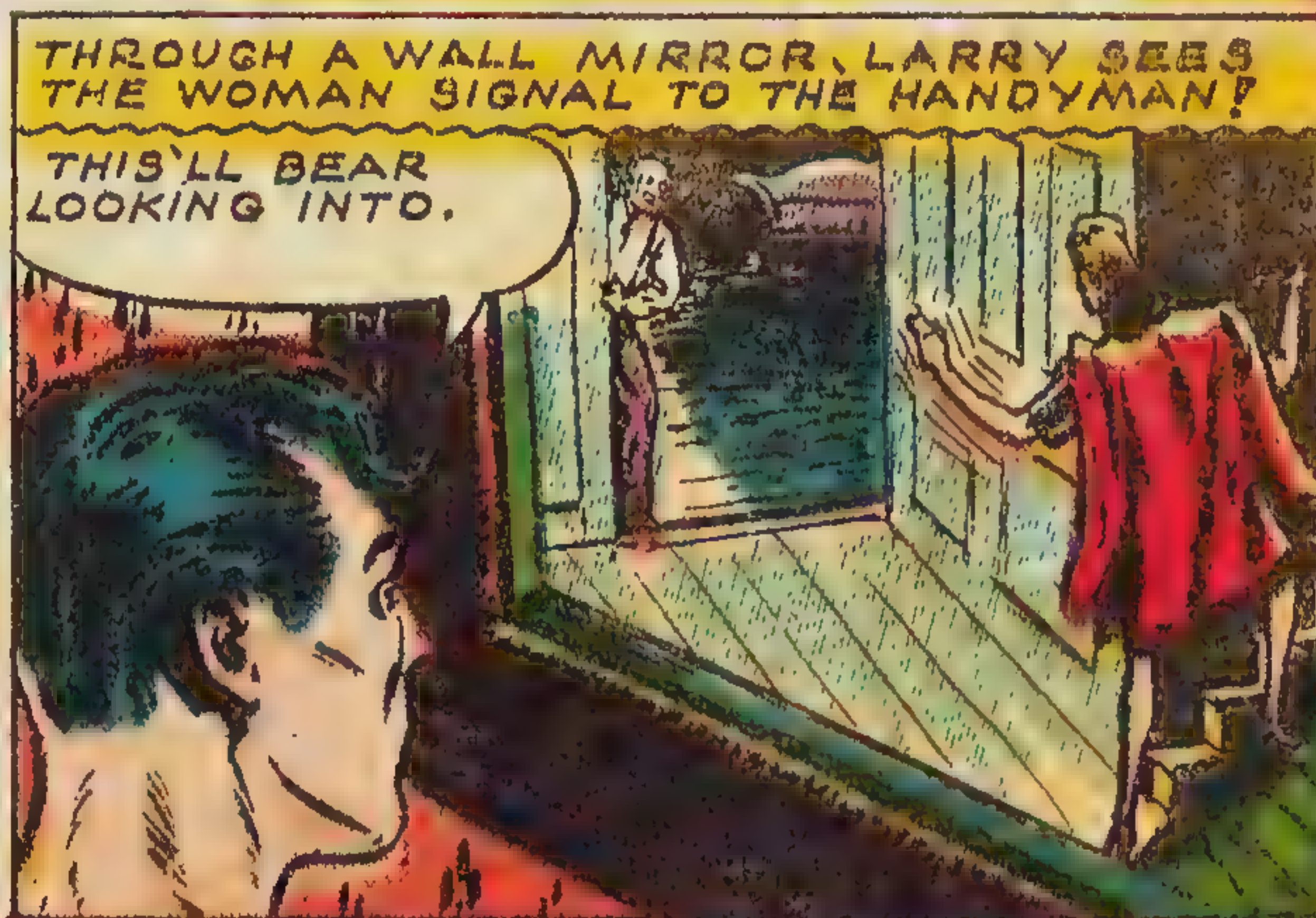
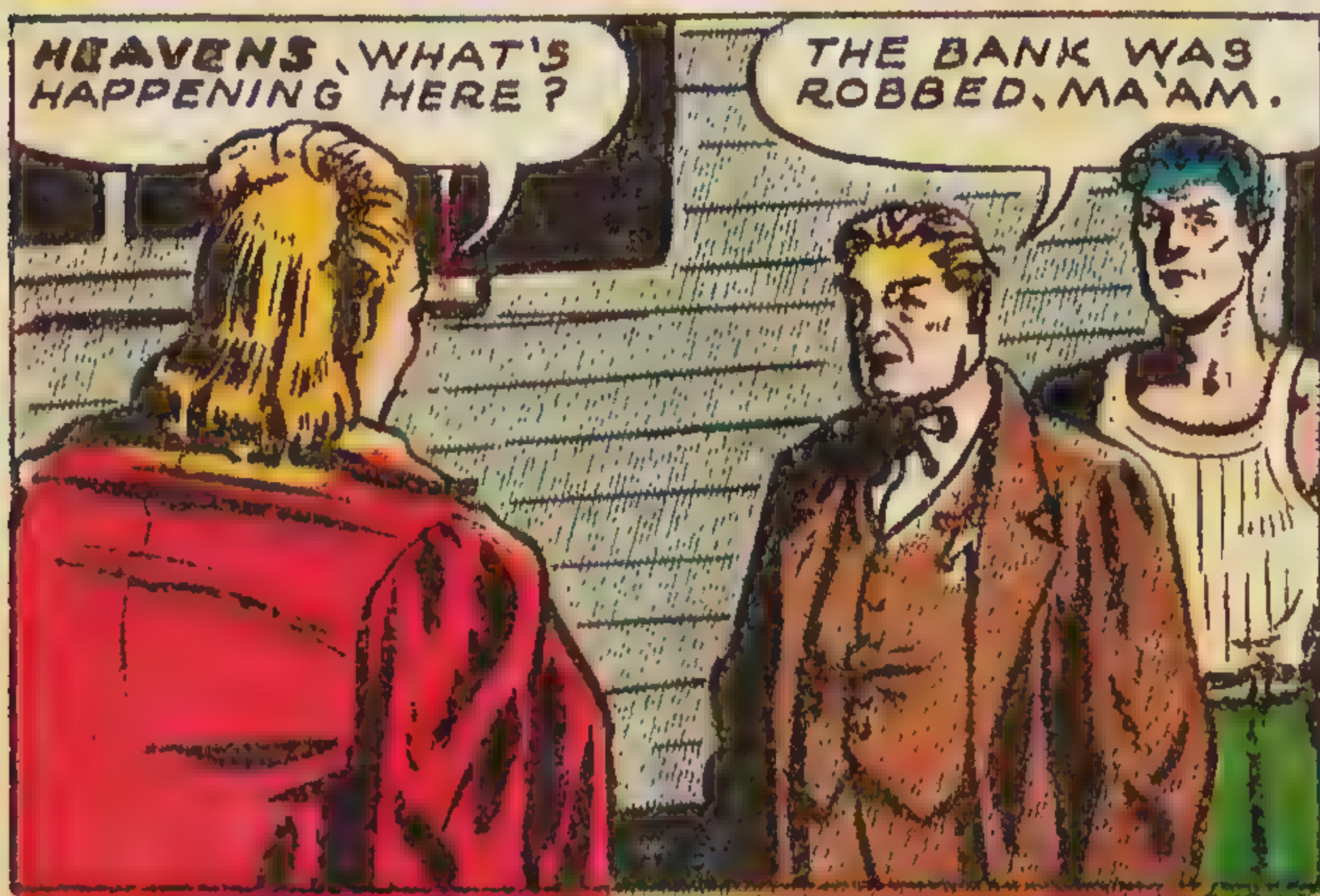
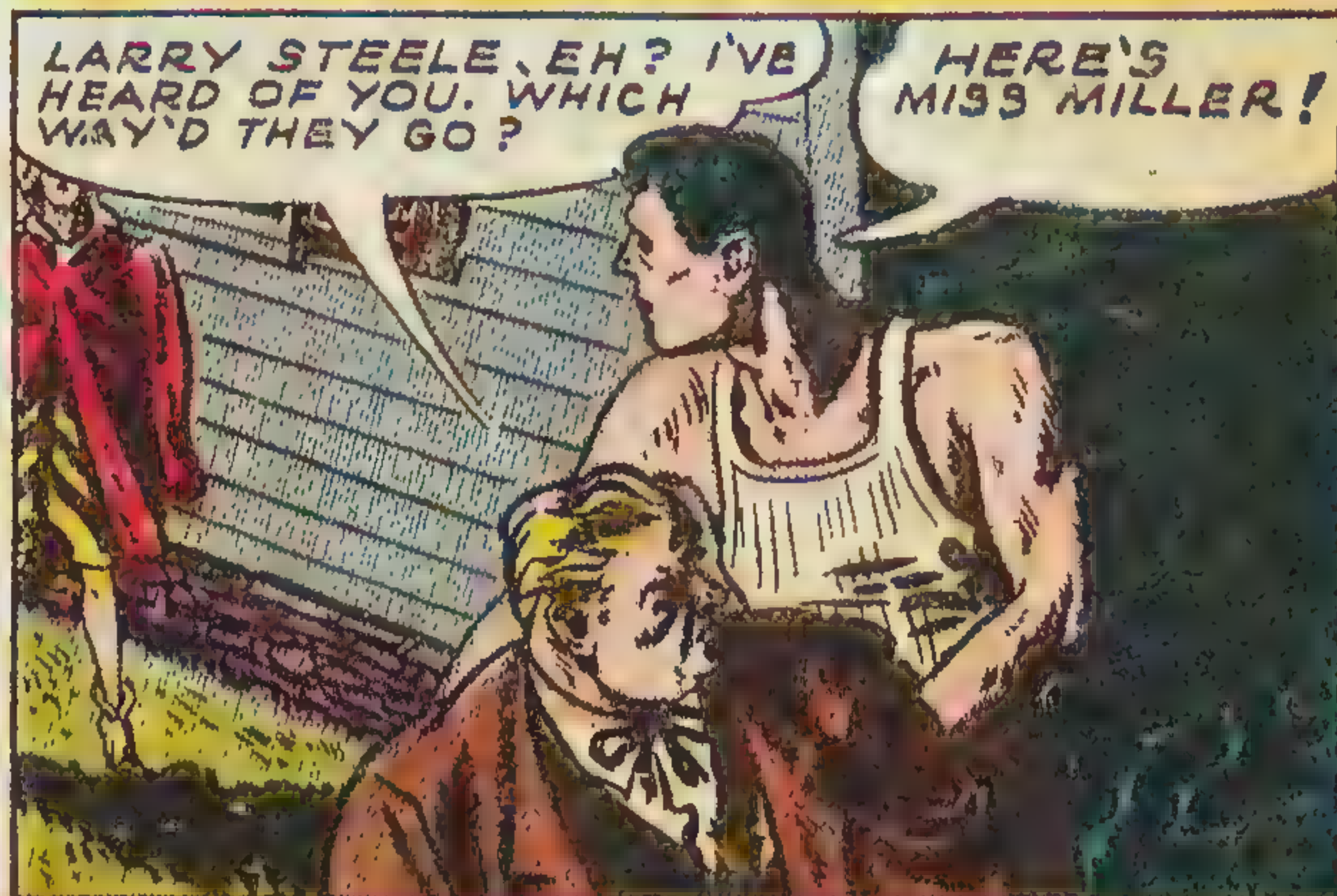
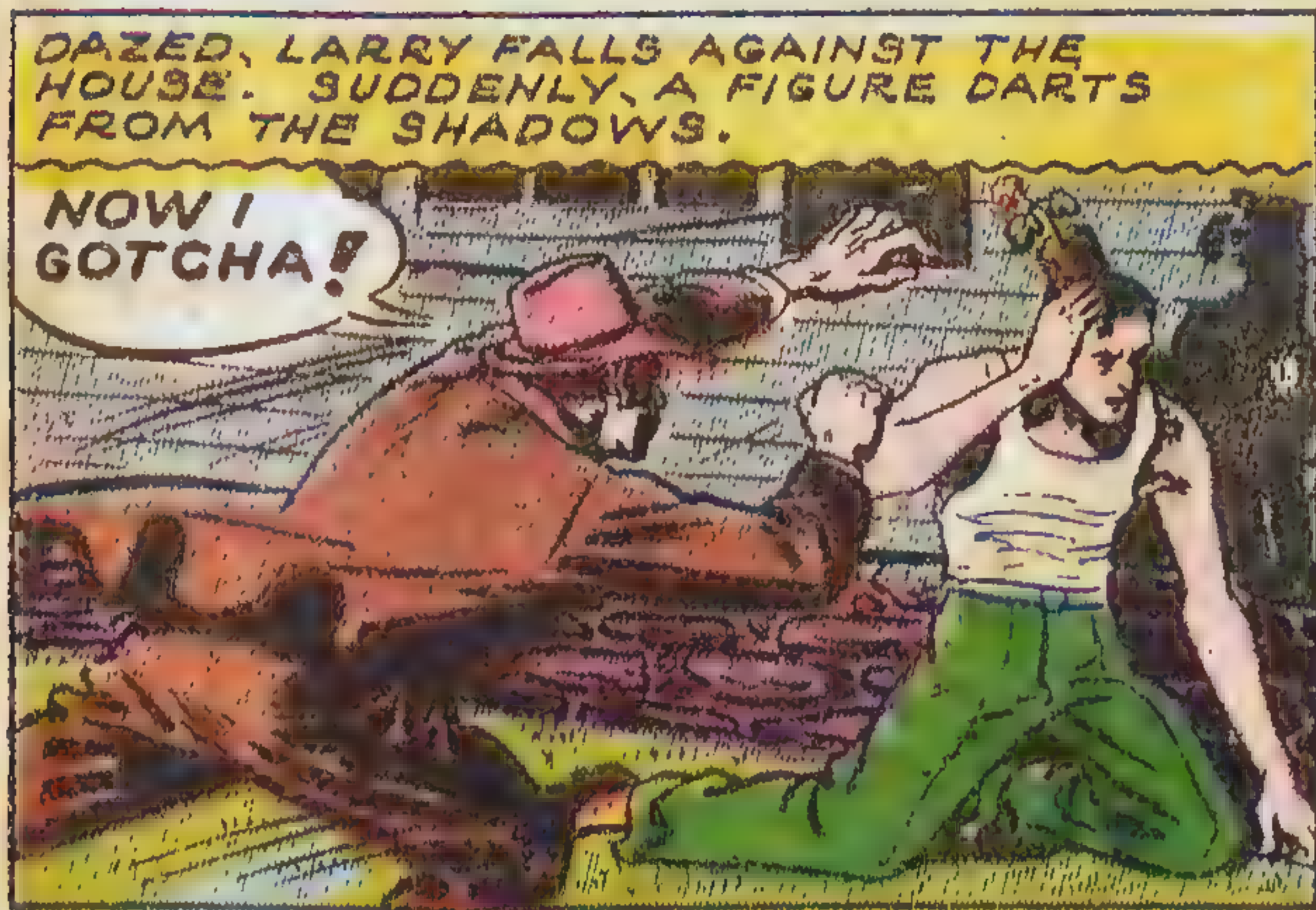


AS LARRY CONTINUES HIS SEARCH, A  
WINDOW IS SILENTLY RAISED ABOVE HIM

THAT DETECTIVE'S  
SNOOPING THIS'LL  
TAKE CARE OF HIM!



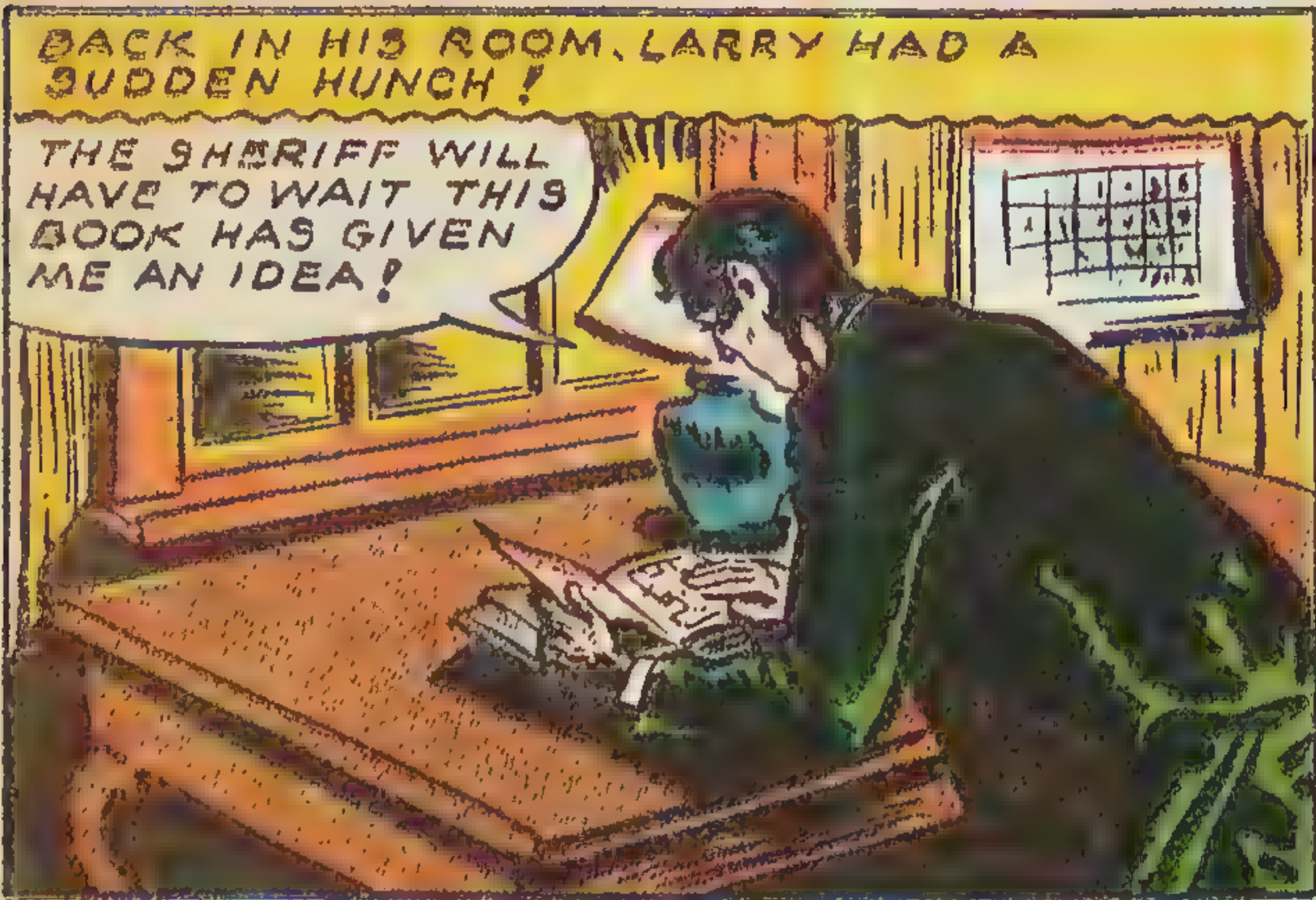






BACK IN HIS ROOM, LARRY HAD A  
SUDDEN HUNCH!

THE SHERIFF WILL  
HAVE TO WAIT THIS  
BOOK HAS GIVEN  
ME AN IDEA!



MAYBE I'M WRONG  
- BUT - NO. HERE  
IT IS!



TO LARRY'S ASTONISHMENT, A SECRET  
PASSAGEWAY, HUNDREDS OF YEARS OLD,  
SWINGS INTO VIEW!

HERE I COME --  
WHEREVER  
YOU ARE!

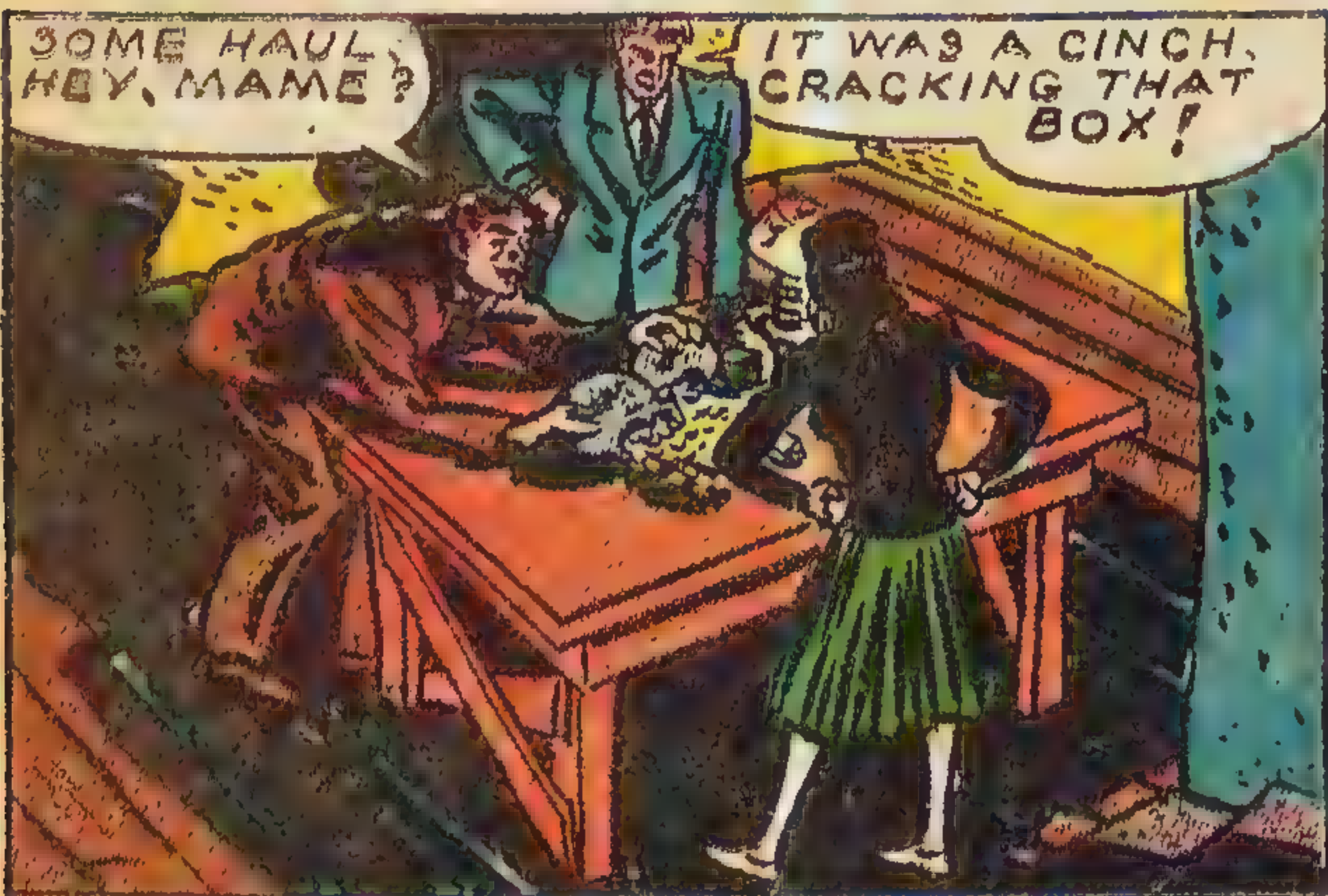


WELL, WILL YOU  
LOOK AT THAT?



SOME HAUL,  
HEY, MAME?

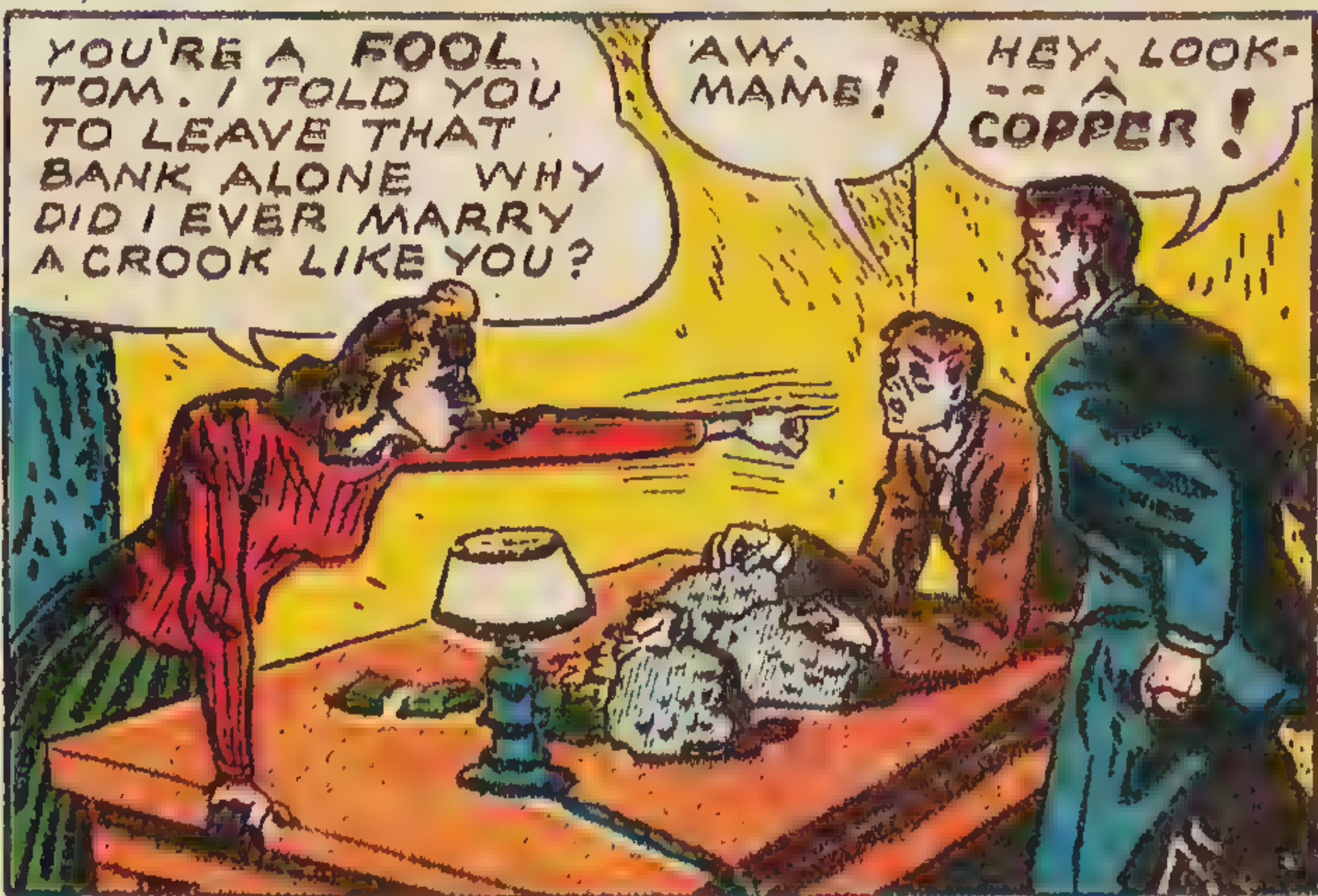
IT WAS A CINCH,  
CRACKING THAT  
BOX!



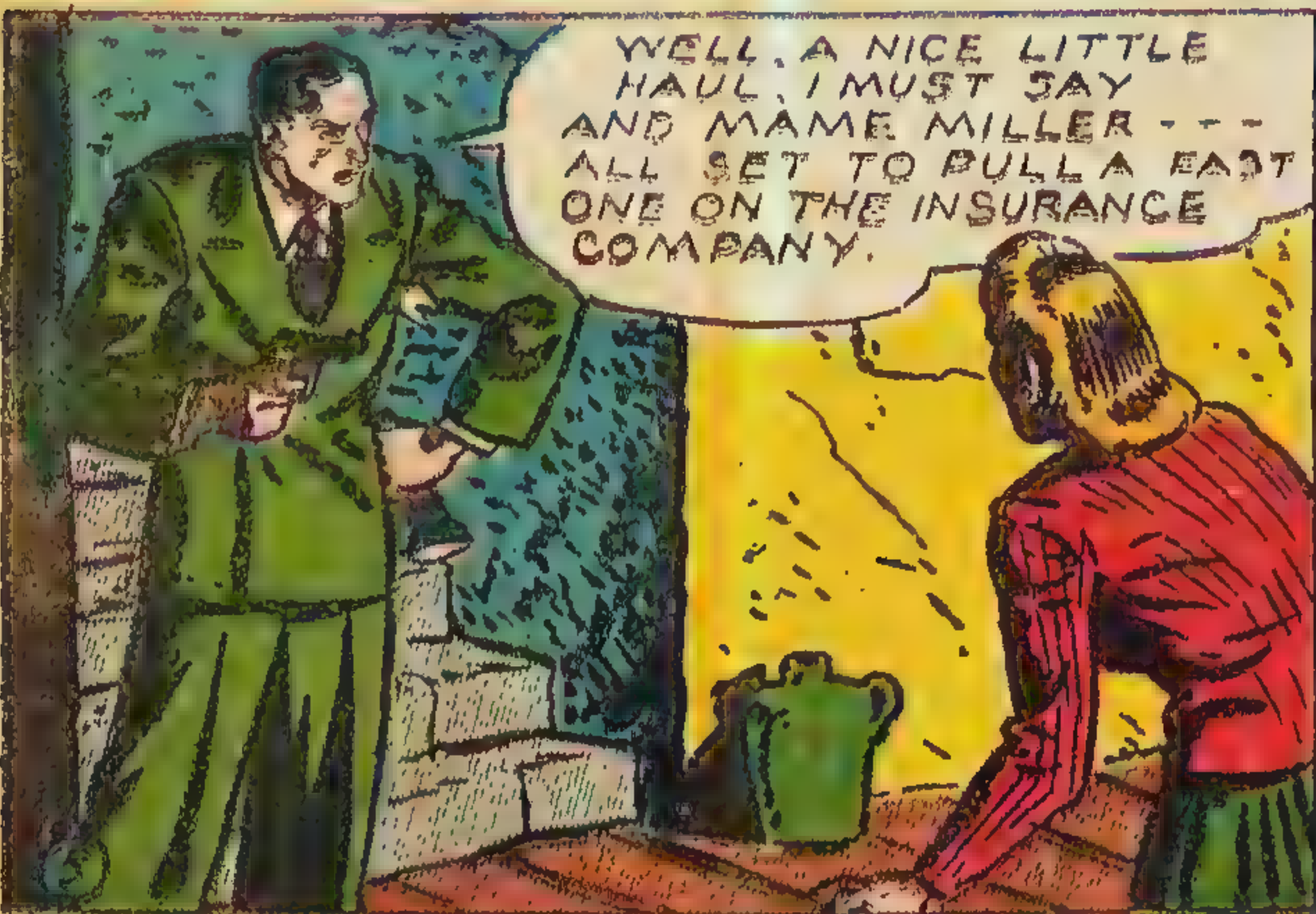
YOU'RE A FOOL,  
TOM. I TOLD YOU  
TO LEAVE THAT  
BANK ALONE WHY  
DID I EVER MARRY  
A CROOK LIKE YOU?

AW,  
MAME!

HEY, LOOK--  
A  
COPPER!



WELL, A NICE LITTLE  
HAUL, I MUST SAY  
AND MAME MILLER --  
ALL SET TO PULL A FAST  
ONE ON THE INSURANCE  
COMPANY.

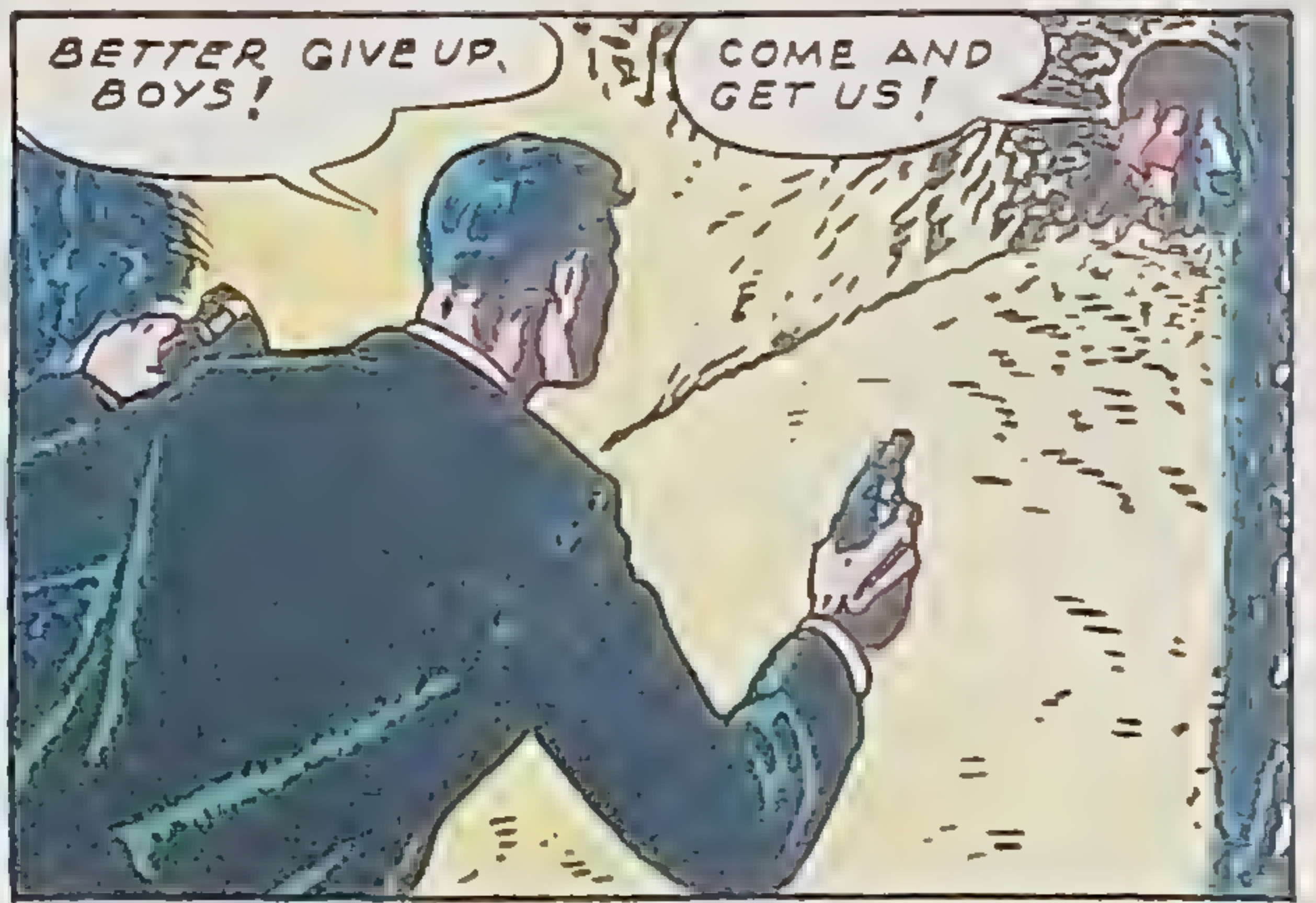
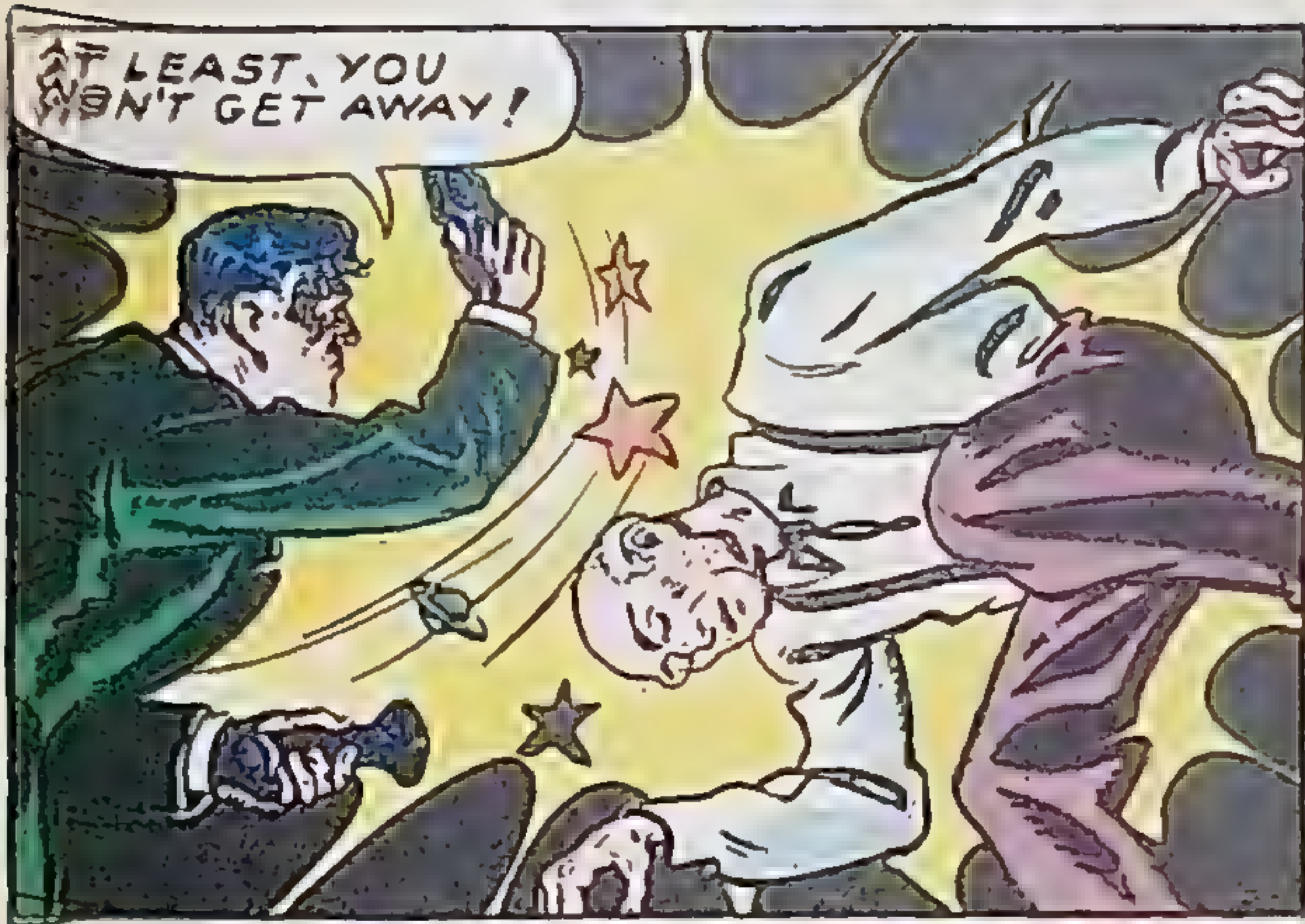


FROM A SIDEDOOR, THE HANDYMAN  
SUDDENLY EMERGES HIS EYES TAKE  
IN THE SITUATION AND ---

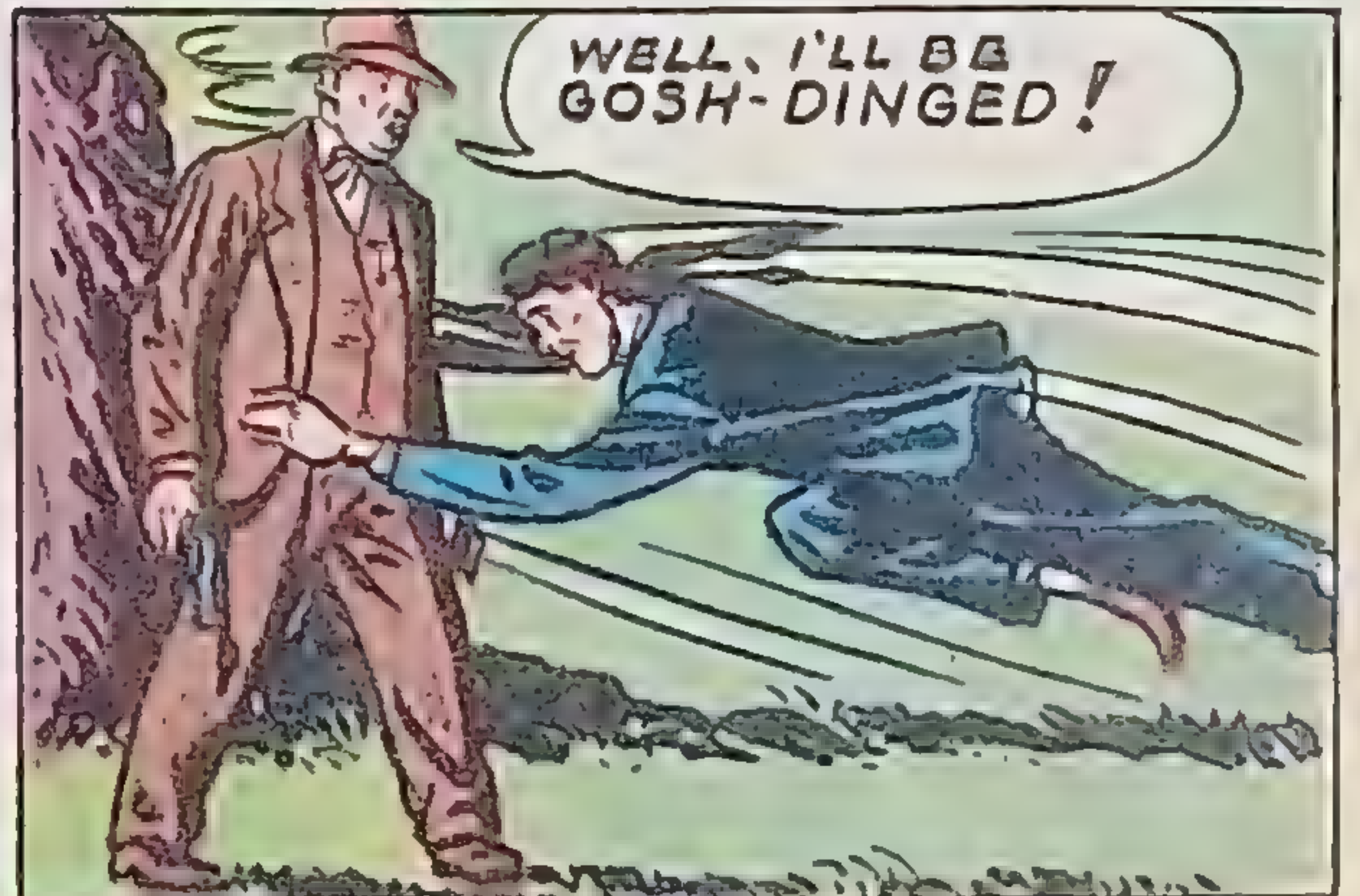
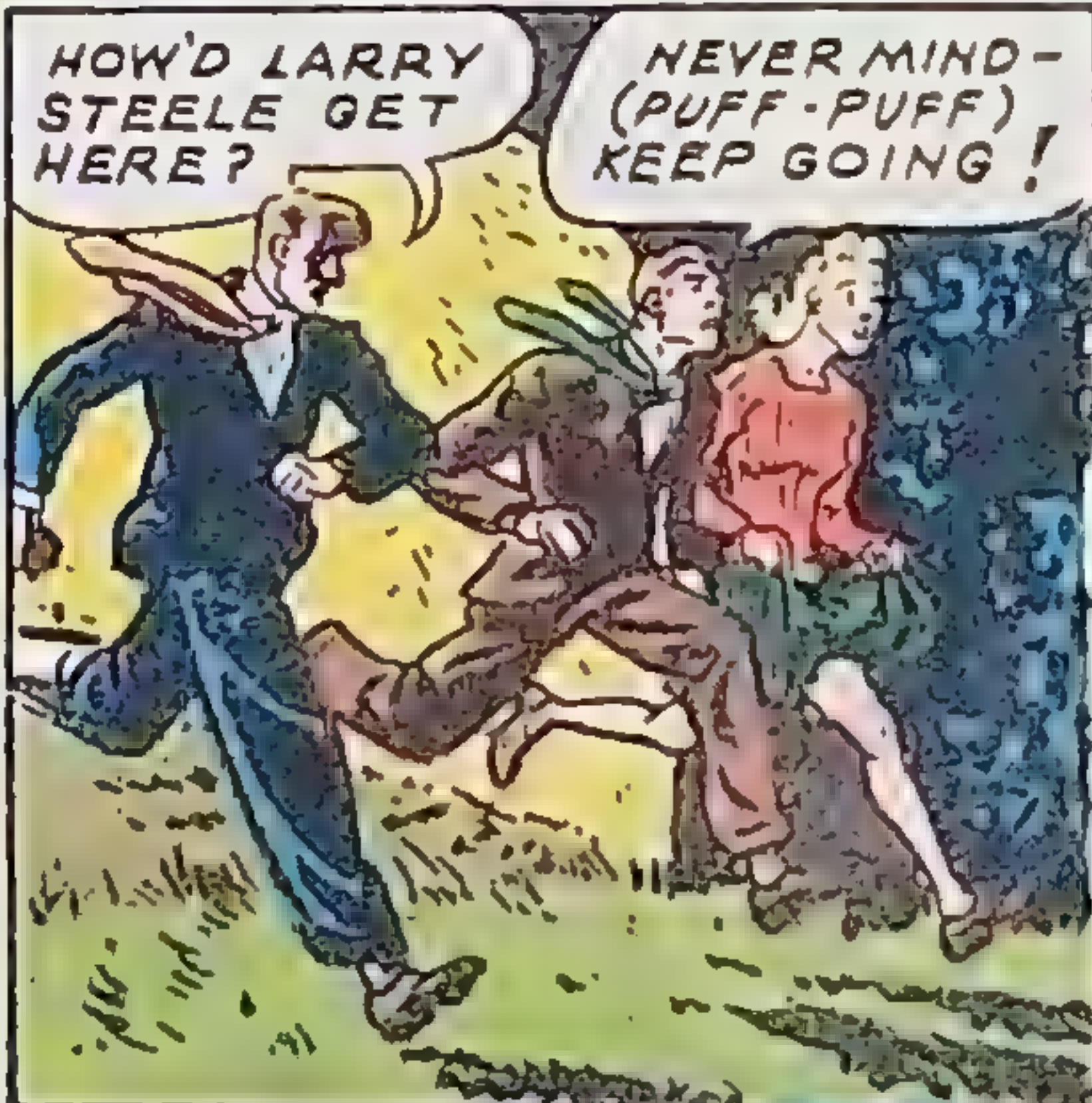
SCRAM!  
OUT THE SECRET  
WAY!



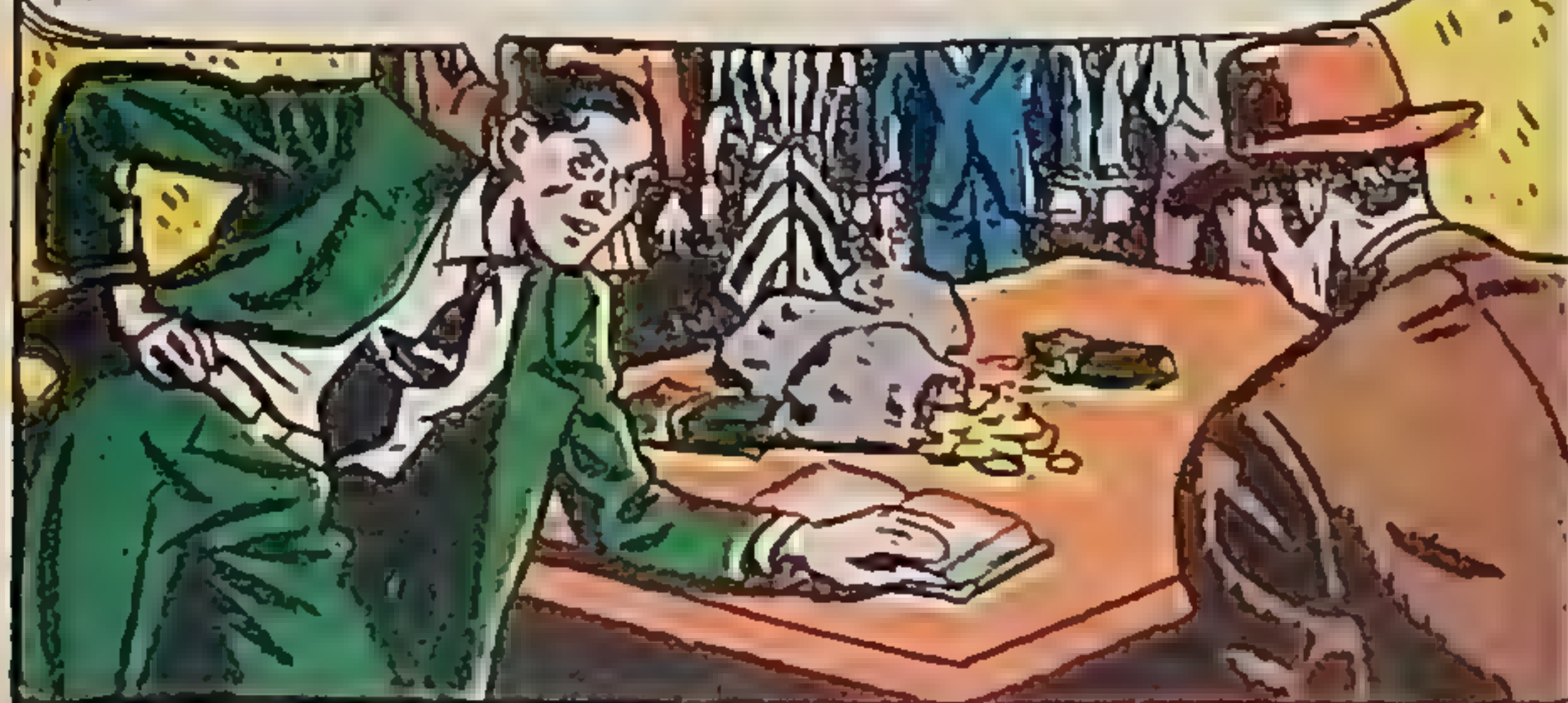




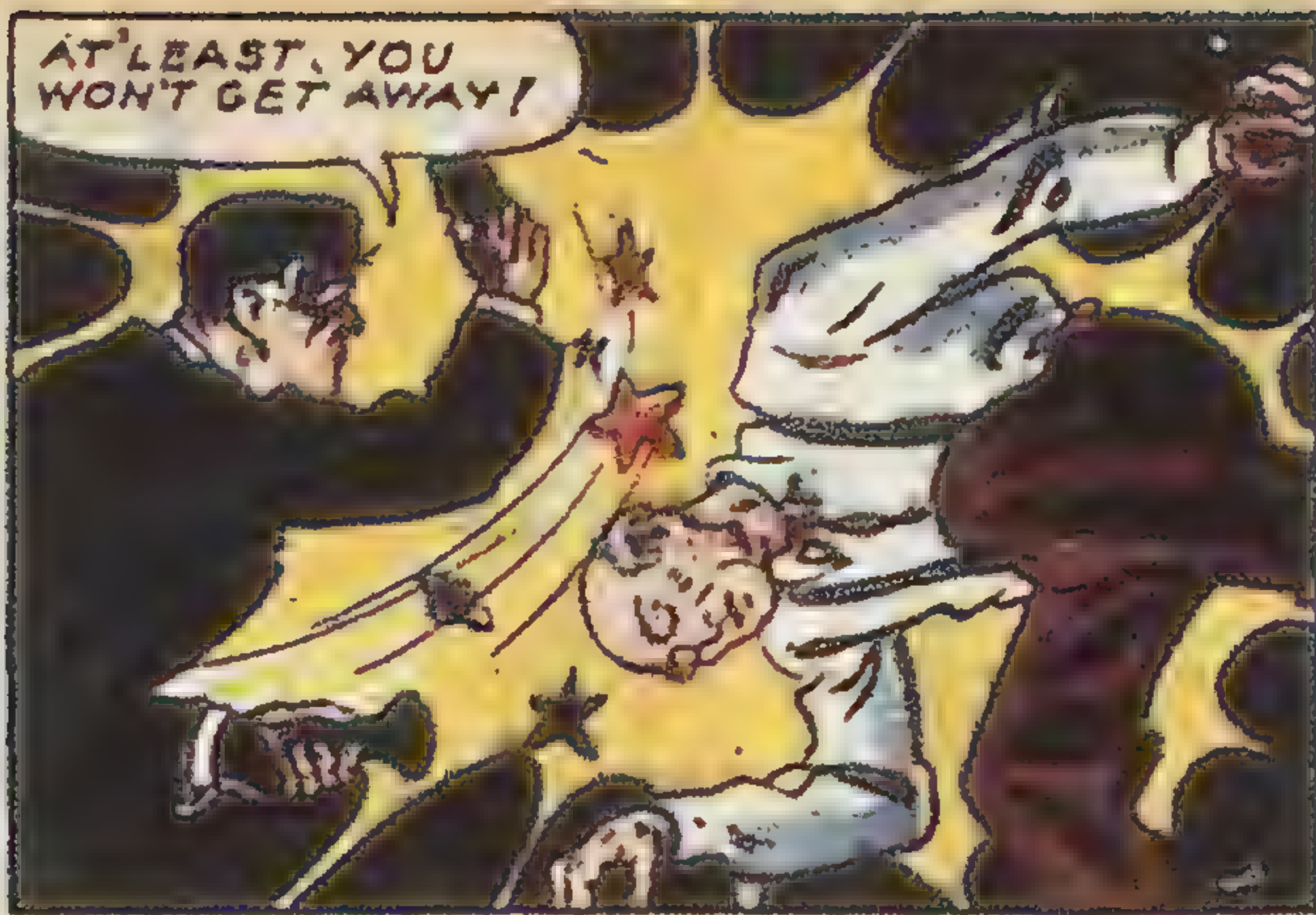
DESPERATION  
ADDING  
WINGS  
TO THEIR  
FLIGHT,  
THE  
FUGITIVES  
MAKE THEIR  
WAY OUT.



THIS BOOK REVEALED SECRET PASSAGEWAYS USED IN REVOLUTIONARY DAYS IN THIS HOUSE. HELEN MILLER HID HER SISTER MAME, AND MAME'S CROOKED HUSBAND HERE. THE IDEA WAS TO GET INSURANCE ON MAME'S FAKED DROWNING, BUT TOM'S ITCHING FINGERS SPOILED ALL THAT.



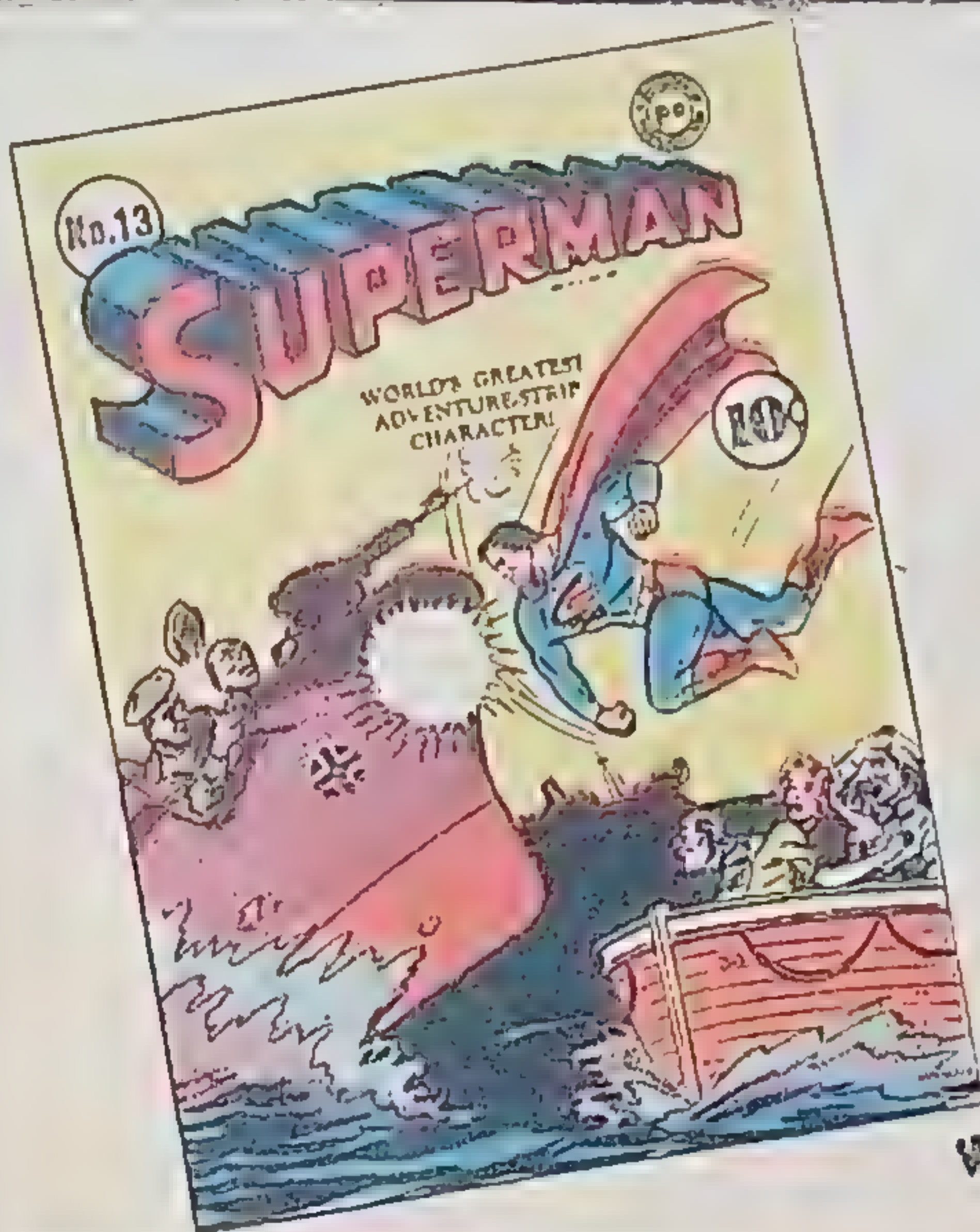




DESPERATION  
ADDING  
WINGS  
TO THEIR  
FLIGHT.  
THE  
FUGITIVES  
MAKE THEIR  
WAY OUT.



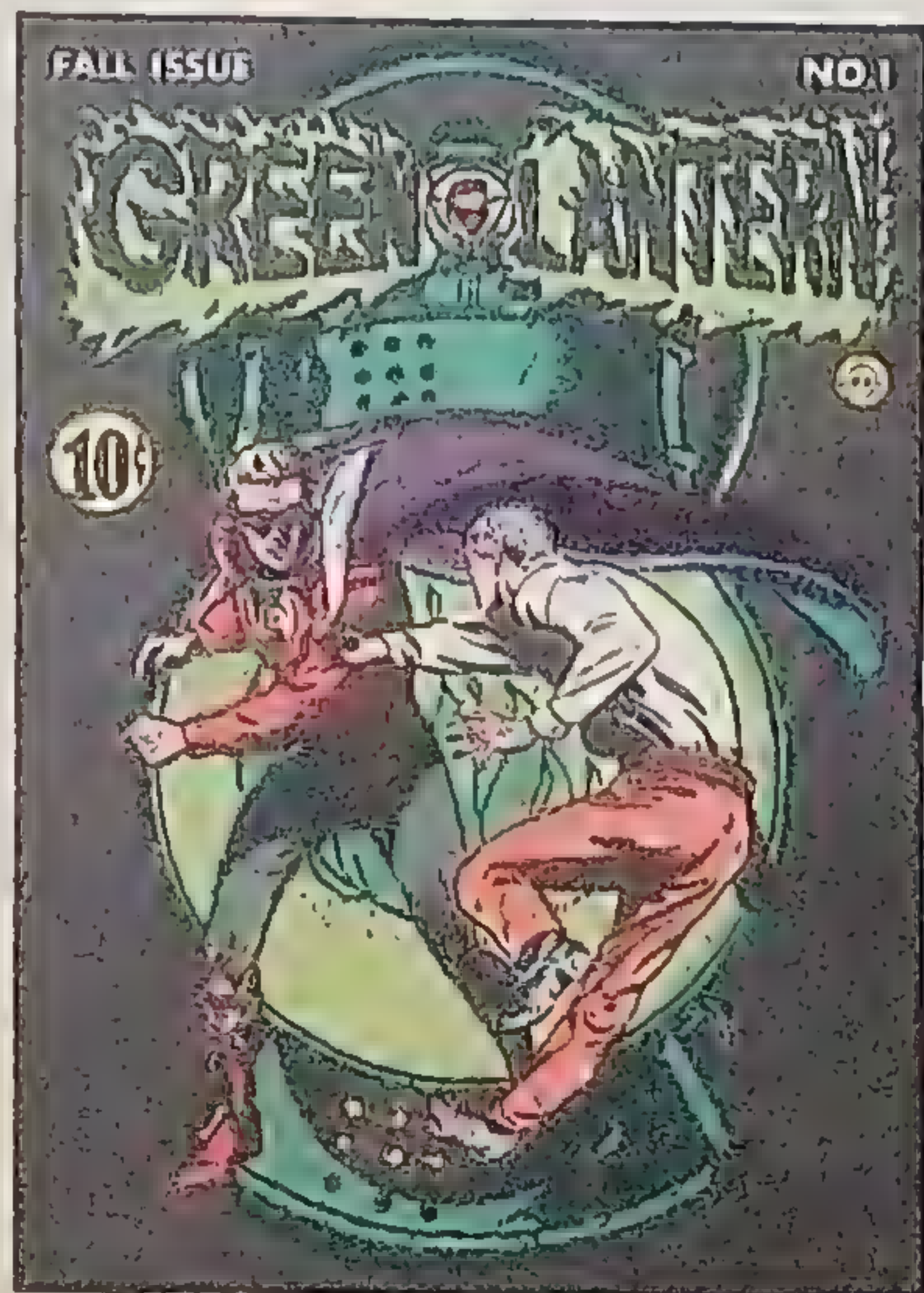




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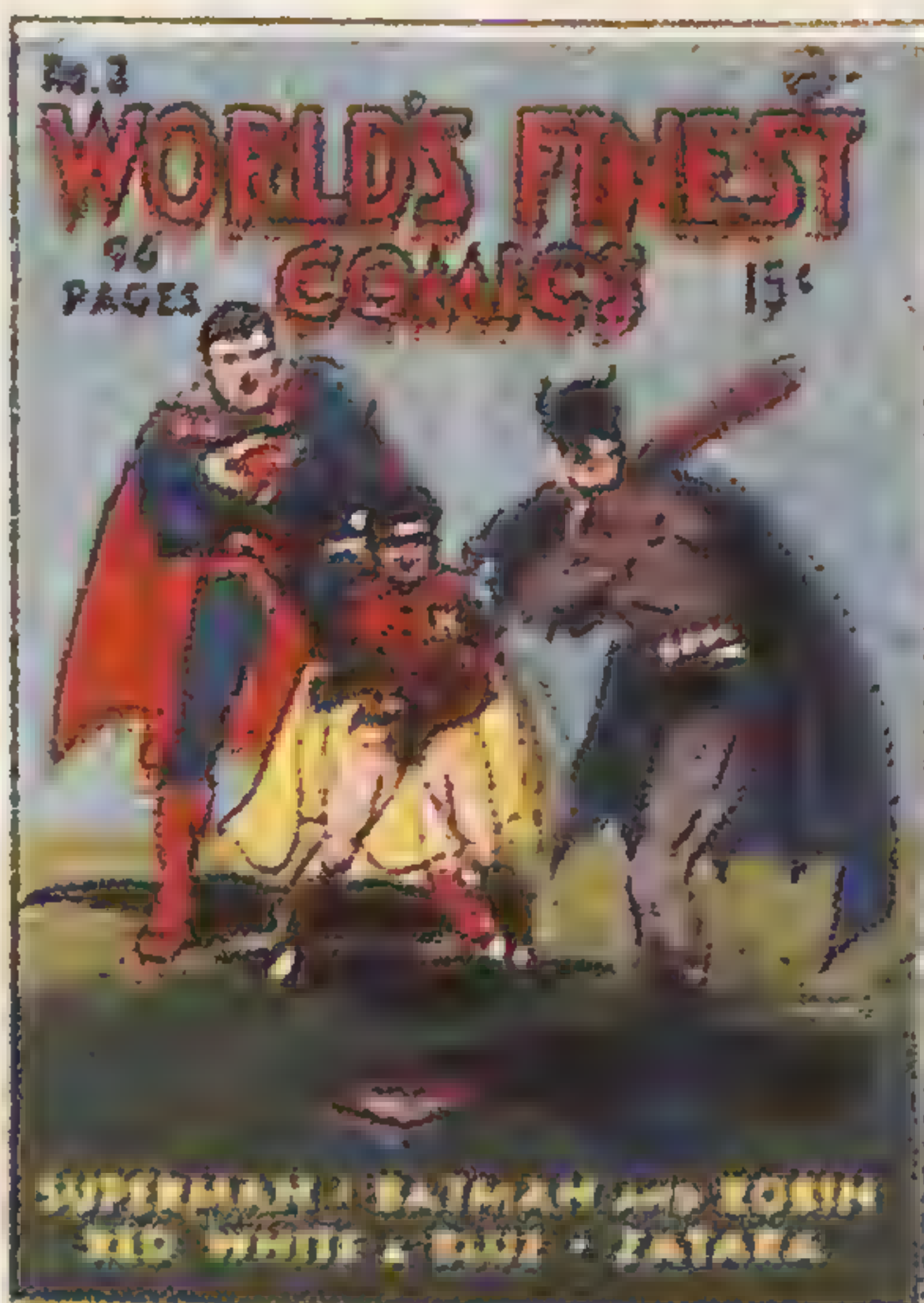




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# SPEED SAUNDERS

"ACE INVESTIGATOR"  
IN  
"MURDER IN THE TROPICS"

ON THE SAFARI, DEEP IN DARKEST AFRICA, WHILE ENJOYING A VACATION, SPEED IS CONFRONTED WITH THE USUAL TASK-- THAT OF SEEKING OUT A CLEVER MURDERER.



UPON HIS ARRIVAL AT THE LION HUNT CLUB, SPEED MEETS JIM.

WELL, WELL, GLAD TO SEE YOU, SPEED. HAVE A SAFE TRIP?

YES, THANKS, JIM. SAY, HOW HAS YOUR DIAMOND MINE BEEN? ALSO, GRANT YOUR PARTNER?

GRANT WORRIES ME, SPEED. HE'S A WEALTHY MAN, BUT HE'S ALWAYS IN DEBT. I THINK HE GAMBLES! ALL HIS INCOME AWAY OVER AT THE GREEN TABLE.

AND I SUPPOSE HE OBJECTS TO ANY ADVICE YOU GIVE HIM?

EXACTLY! BUT I'M NOT GOING TO TALK ABOUT HIM. INVITED YOU HERE FOR A REST!

YOU HAVE OTHER GUESTS TOO, JIM?

YES, D'ATOINE, A FRENCH WORLD TRAVELER, ED CORSON, ANOTHER MINE OWNER, AND GRANT, MAYBE GRANT'S DAUGHTER DUE IN FROM CAIRO TODAY.

SOUNDS LIKE QUITE A WEEKEND--I'M IN NEED OF EXCITEMENT!

AT JIM HAWKINS' MAIN LODGE ---

D'ATOINE AND CORSON--I WANT YOU TO KNOW SPEED SAUNDERS.

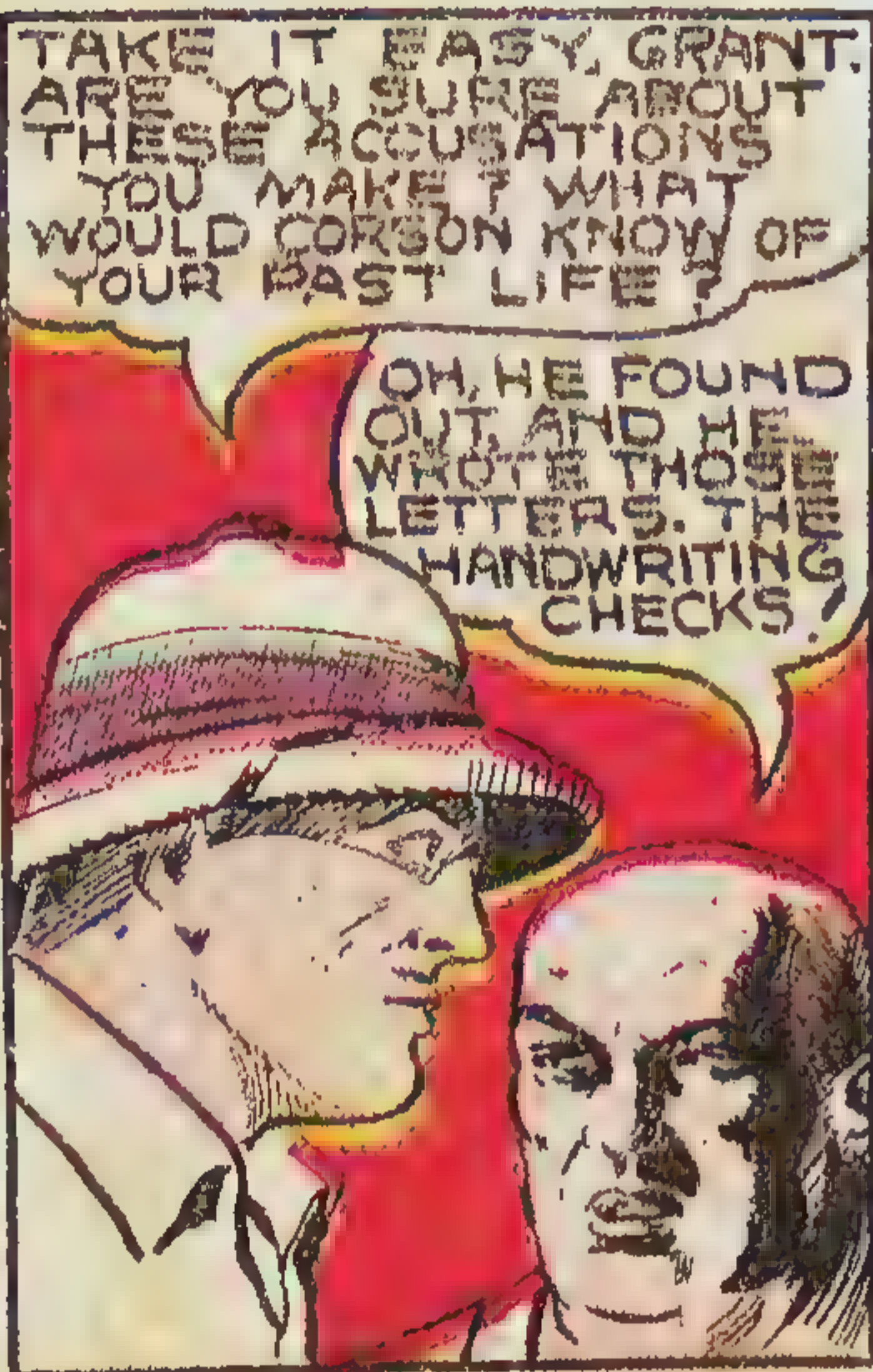
WHY, HERE COMES GRANT NOW, WITH HIS DAUGHTER. HE LOOKS MIGHTY BEEVED ABOUT SOMETHING. EXCUSE ME A MOMENT. I'LL GO BRING THEM IN.





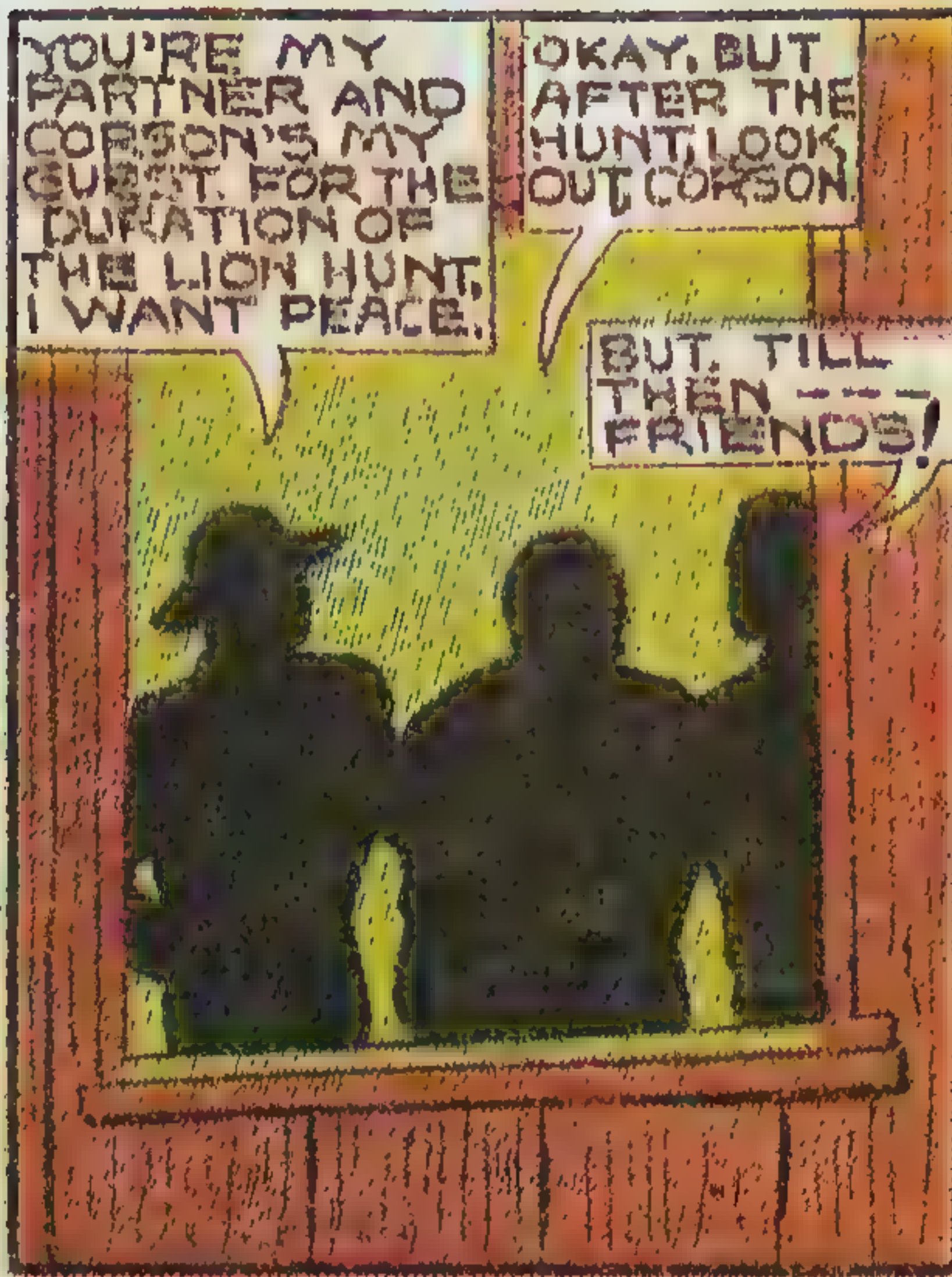
SAY WHAT IS THIS, GRANT?

YOU SCHEMING FOOL! YOU DISCOVERED THAT I'M AN EX-CONVICT. YOU MADE GUEN'S LIFE IN ENGLAND IMPOSSIBLE BY SENDING THOSE LETTERS. I'LL KILL YOU!



TAKE IT EASY, GRANT. ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THESE ACCUSATIONS YOU MAKE? WHAT WOULD CORSON KNOW OF YOUR PAST LIFE?

OH, HE FOUND OUT. AND HE WROTE THOSE LETTERS. THEN HANDWRITING CHECKS!



YOU'RE MY PARTNER AND CORSON'S MY GUEST. FOR THE DURATION OF THE LION HUNT, I WANT PEACE.

OKAY, BUT AFTER THE HUNT, LOOK OUT CORSON.

BUT, TILL THEN --- FRIENDS!



IT IS IN A VERY STRAINED SILENCE THAT DINNER IS EATEN.

AFTER DINNER, AND I WANT DAD SPEED, I WANT TO SHOW YOU THE LARGE DIAMOND MY COLLECTION OF WEAPONS. HE JUST FOUND.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE PARTNERS. YOU DON'T SHARE GEMS.

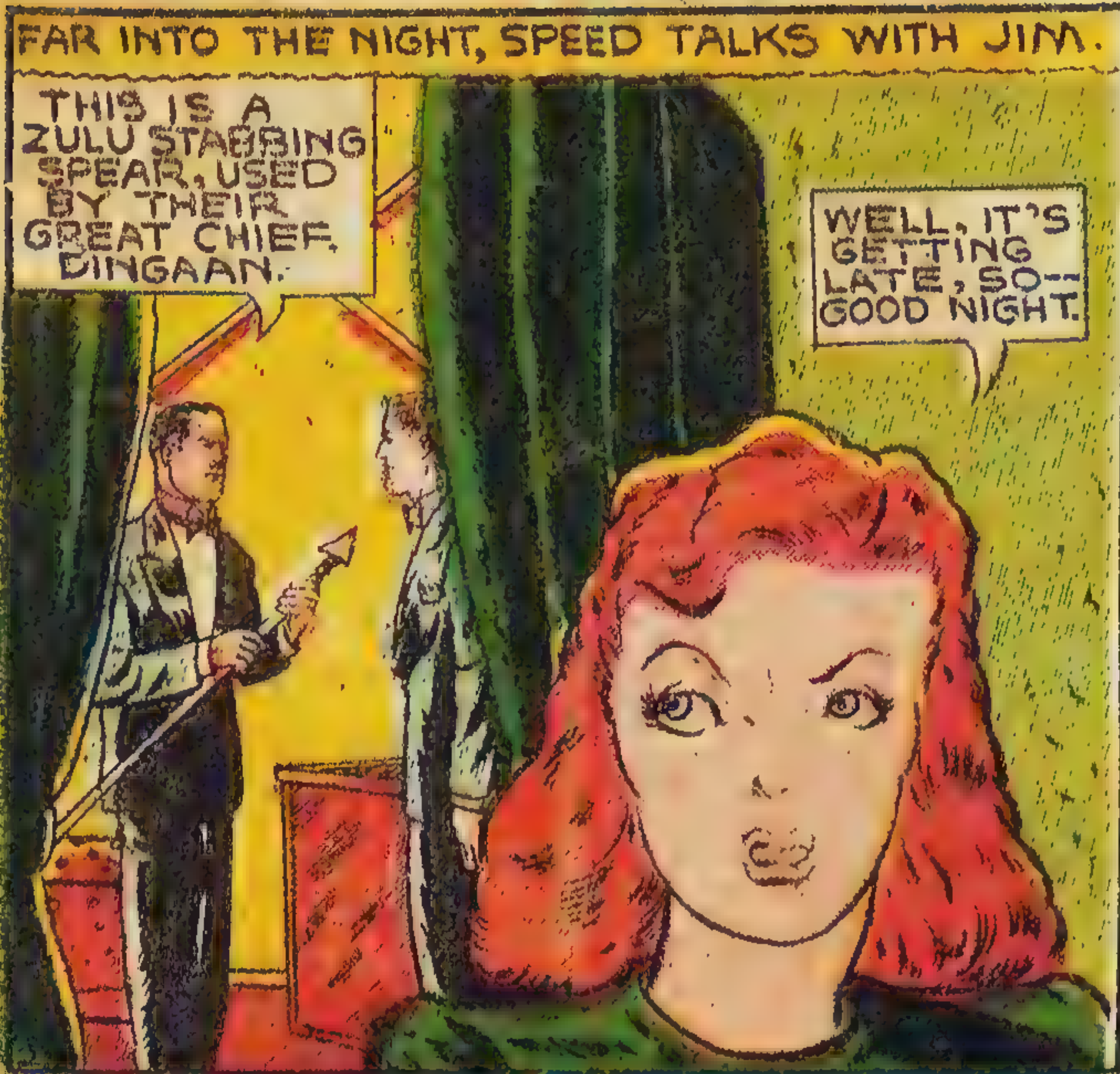


YES, WE'RE PARTNERS IN THAT WE SHARE THE EXPENSES. HE WORKS ONE SIDE OF THE CLAIM, I WORK THE OTHER. WE EACH CAN KEEP THREE STONES --- SORT OF GAMBLER'S LUCK, WHO TURNS UP A GOOD GEM!



HERE'S A TRINKET THE THUGGIES WORE WHEN THEY WANTED A MAN TO LOOK AS THOUGH HE HAD BEEN KILLED BY A LION!

HM-M-M, THAT IS SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.



FAR INTO THE NIGHT, SPEED TALKS WITH JIM.

THIS IS A ZULU STABBING SPEAR, USED BY THEIR GREAT CHIEF, DINGAAN.

WELL, IT'S GETTING LATE, SO--- GOOD NIGHT.



THIS CERTAINLY WAS A FULL DAY---GUESS I WILL TURN IN AND TRY TO GET SOME SLEEP ---HELLO. WHAT'S THAT?



OH, MR. SAUNDERS,  
I'M SORRY TO  
BOTHER YOU,  
BUT DO COME--  
DAD IS DEAD!



COULD YOU  
TELL, MISS  
GRANT, WAS  
YOUR FATHER  
KILLED, OR  
WAS IT-----



A NATURAL  
DEATH? NO.  
A LION  
MUST HAVE  
CAUGHT HIM  
UNAWARES!

CLAWED TO  
DEATH--ALL  
RIGHT--BUT  
THE BLOOD,  
THE WOUNDS!



WHAT'S SO  
ODD ABOUT  
THAT? A  
LION  
WOULD DO  
JUST THAT!

YES, BUT--A LION DOESN'T  
KILL THAT WAY. USUALLY  
HE HITS A MAN WITH A PAW,  
BREAKING HIS NECK, OR  
CRUSHING HIS SKULL. I AM  
AFRAID THIS IS MURDER!



THERE'S NOT A  
POLICEMAN OR  
SOLDIER WITHIN  
FIFTY MILES. WE  
MUST SOLVE THIS  
CASE QUICKLY.



YES, FOR  
IF WE  
DON'T, THE  
KILLER  
WILL ESCAPE.  
BUT WHO  
COULD IT BE?

WELL, I KNOW  
WHERE TO BEGIN,  
AT ANY RATE.  
COME INTO THE  
TROPHY ROOM  
WITH ME!



DO YOU RECALL THE  
CLAW-MIT THAT WAS IN  
HERE? WELL--IT'S  
GONE! AND LOOK!  
THE LOCK HAS BEEN  
FORCED BY THE  
THIEF AND KILLER!



YOU  
SAID YOU  
WOULD  
REMEMBER  
THEM, AND  
NOW--OH-H-

BUSY OVER THE CASE, NEITHER HEARS THE  
DOOR BEHIND THEM OPENING-----

THERE, THERE, I  
KNOW YOU FEEL  
PRETTY BADLY  
ABOUT ALL THIS--  
YOU BETTER GET  
SOME REST!

OH--IT'S  
SO AWFUL!  
POOR DAD!







OH, JIM, COME ON IN!

PUT 'EM UP -- OH SPEED, GUEN! I HEARD THE NOISE AND THOUGHT OF THIEVES! WHAT'S UP?



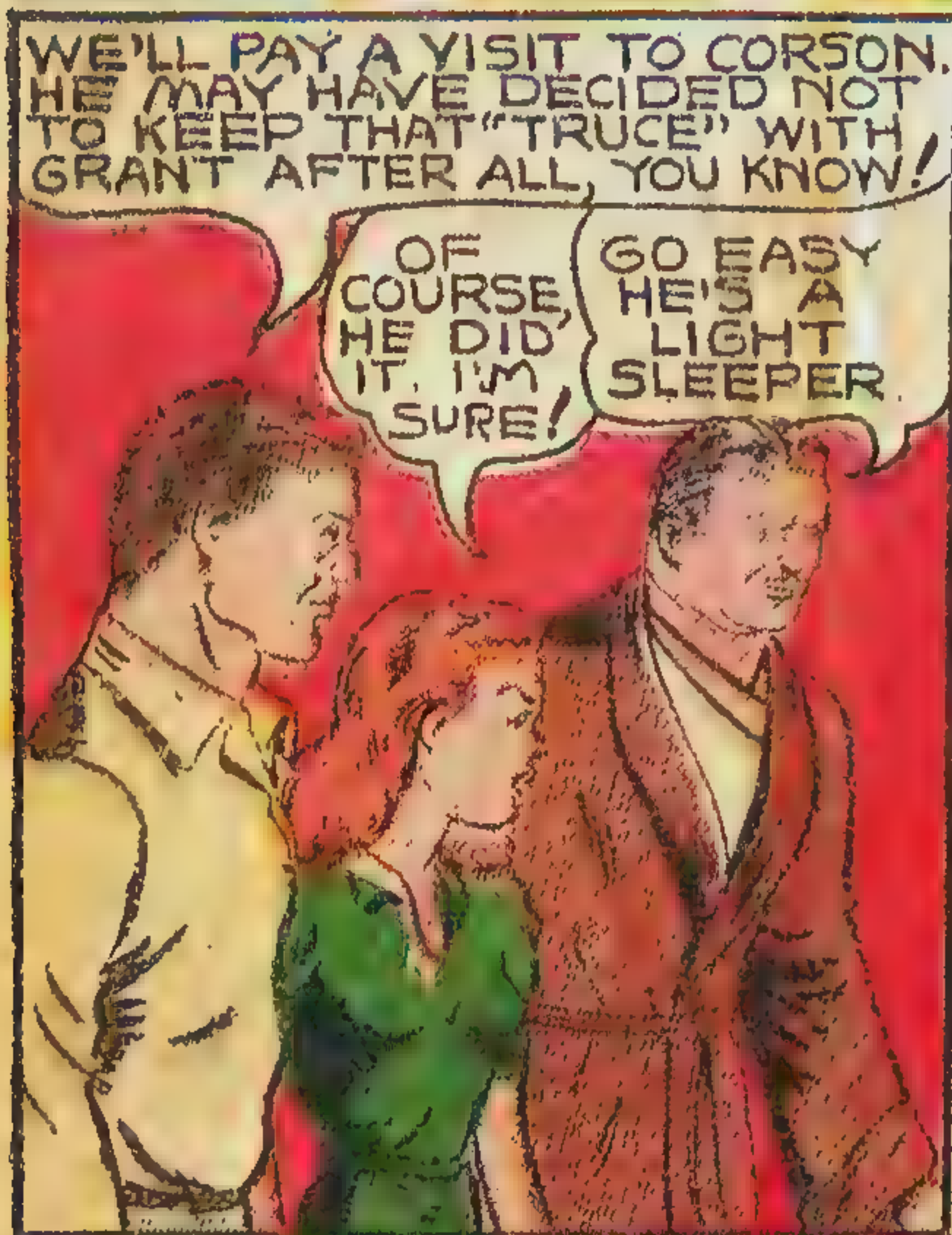
LET ME ASK YOU ONE QUESTION, JIM. YOU AND I WERE UP QUITE LATE. WHAT TIME DID YOU GO TO BED?

WHY, AS SOON AS YOU LEFT. I FELL ASLEEP AS SOON AS I TOUCHED THE PILLOW!



WHO KNEW THE CLAWS WERE IN THIS BOX, JIM? YOU SEE, THEY ARE GONE!

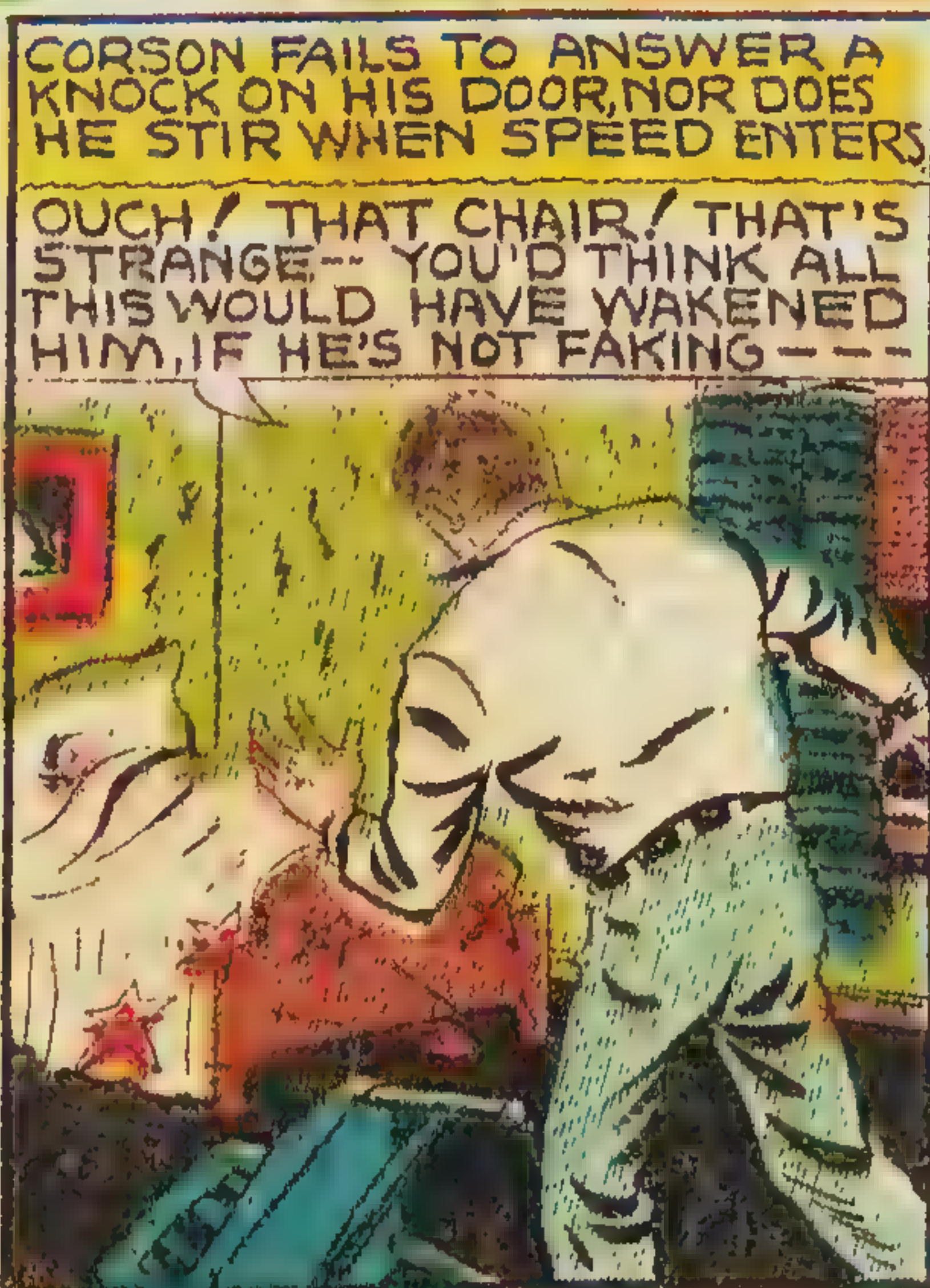
GONE! WHY, TONIGHT IS THE ONLY TIME I'VE SHOWN THEM TO ANYONE!



WE'LL PAY A VISIT TO CORSON. HE MAY HAVE DECIDED NOT TO KEEP THAT "TRUCE" WITH GRANT AFTER ALL, YOU KNOW!

OF COURSE, HE DID IT, I'M SURE!

GO EASY HE'S A LIGHT SLEEPER.



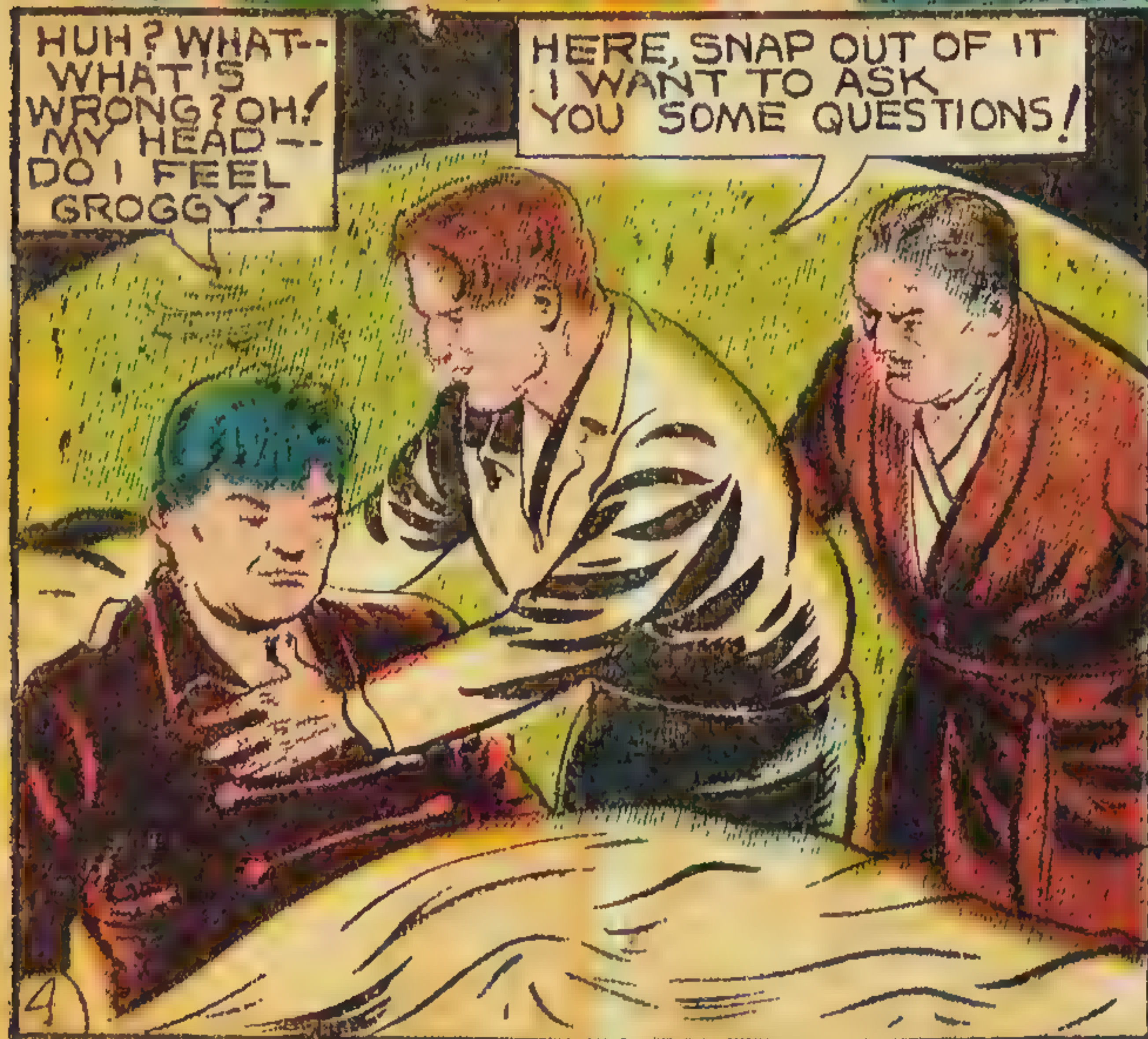
CORSON FAILS TO ANSWER A KNOCK ON HIS DOOR, NOR DOES HE STIR WHEN SPEED ENTERS

OUCH! THAT CHAIR! THAT'S STRANGE -- YOU'D THINK ALL THIS WOULD HAVE WAKENED HIM, IF HE'S NOT FAKING --



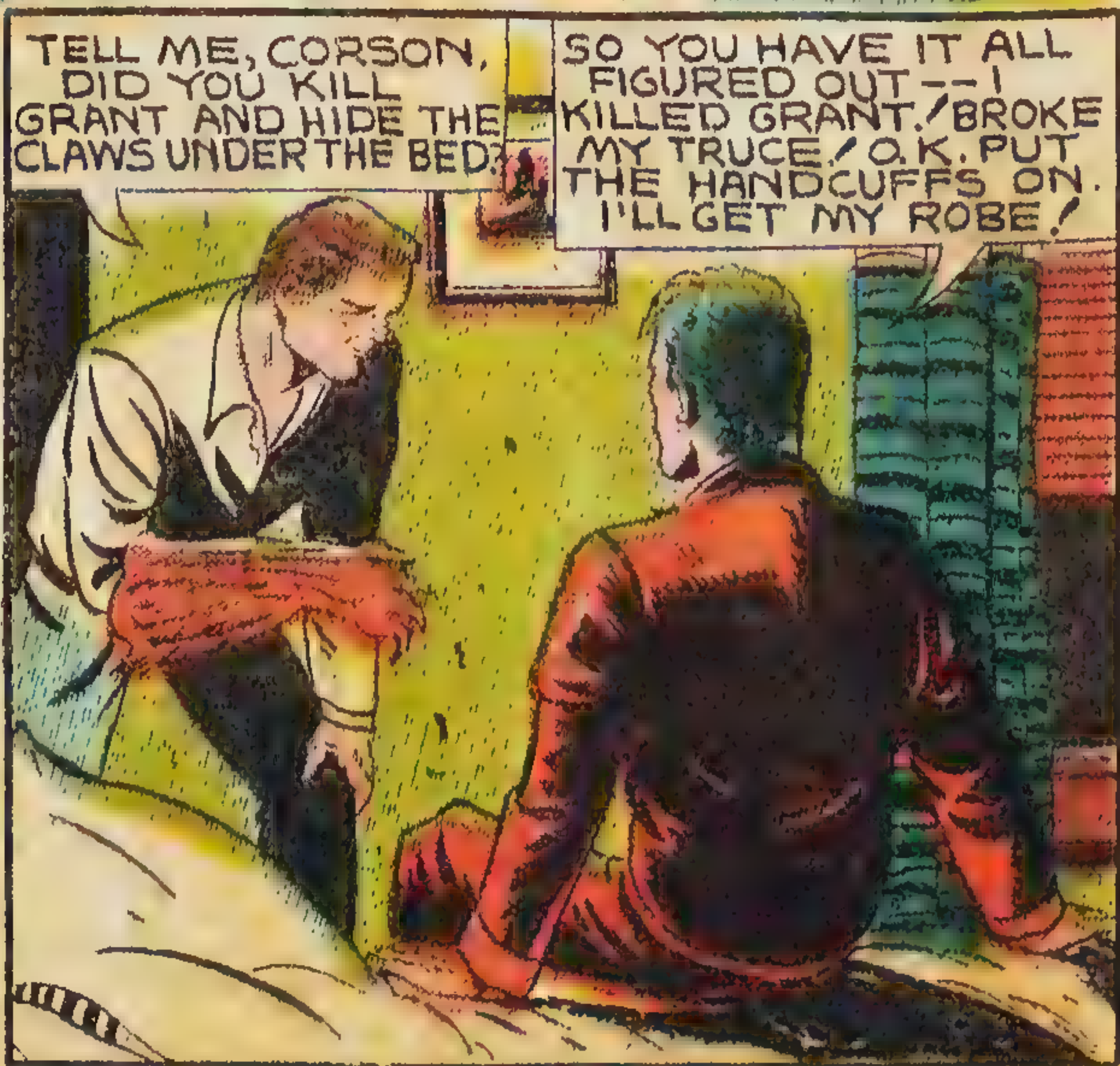
LOOK! THE CLAWS!

I WAS RIGHT! CORSON IS THE MURDERER AFTER ALL!



HUH? WHAT? WHAT'S WRONG? OH! MY HEAD -- DO I FEEL GROGGY?

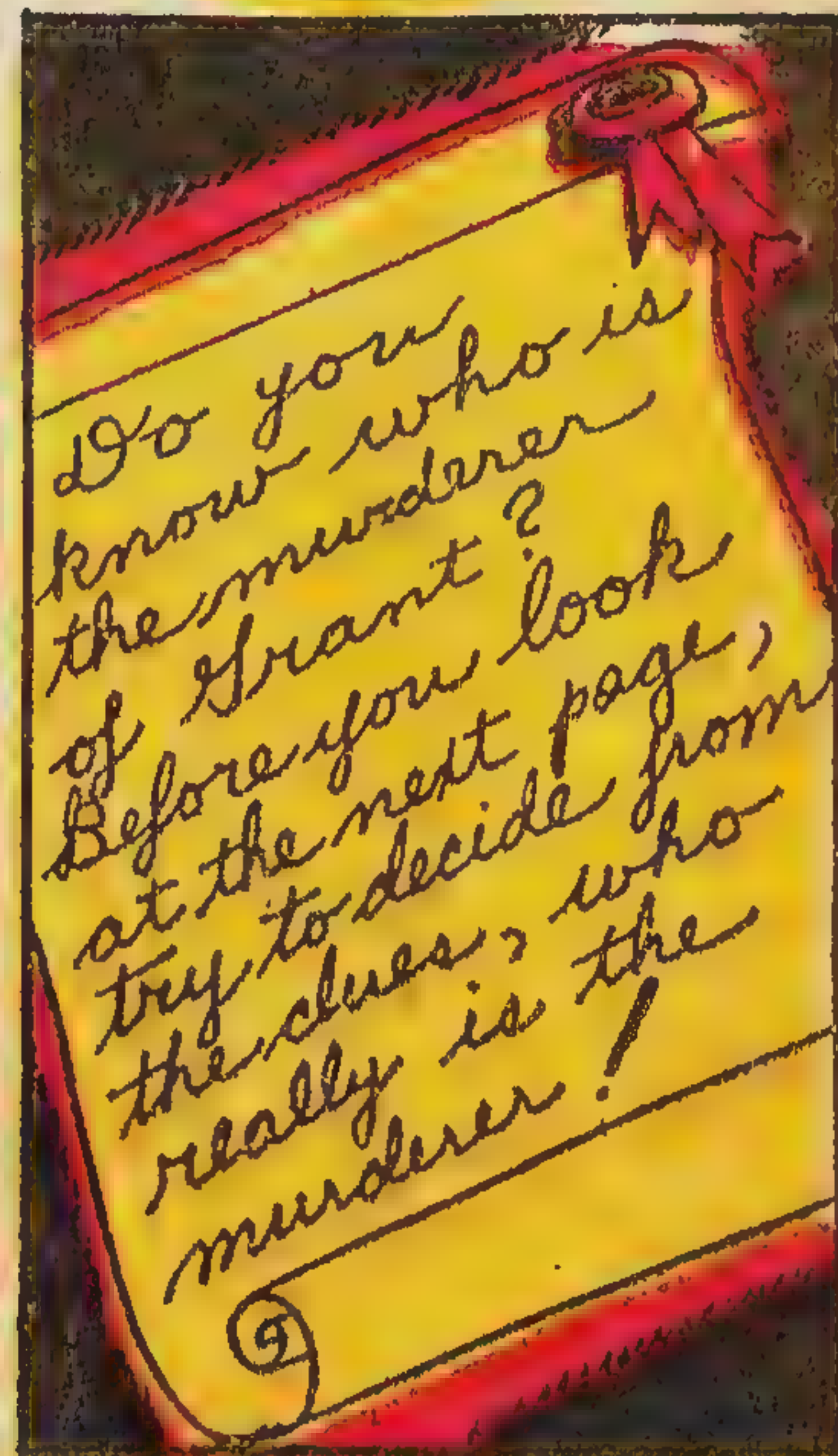
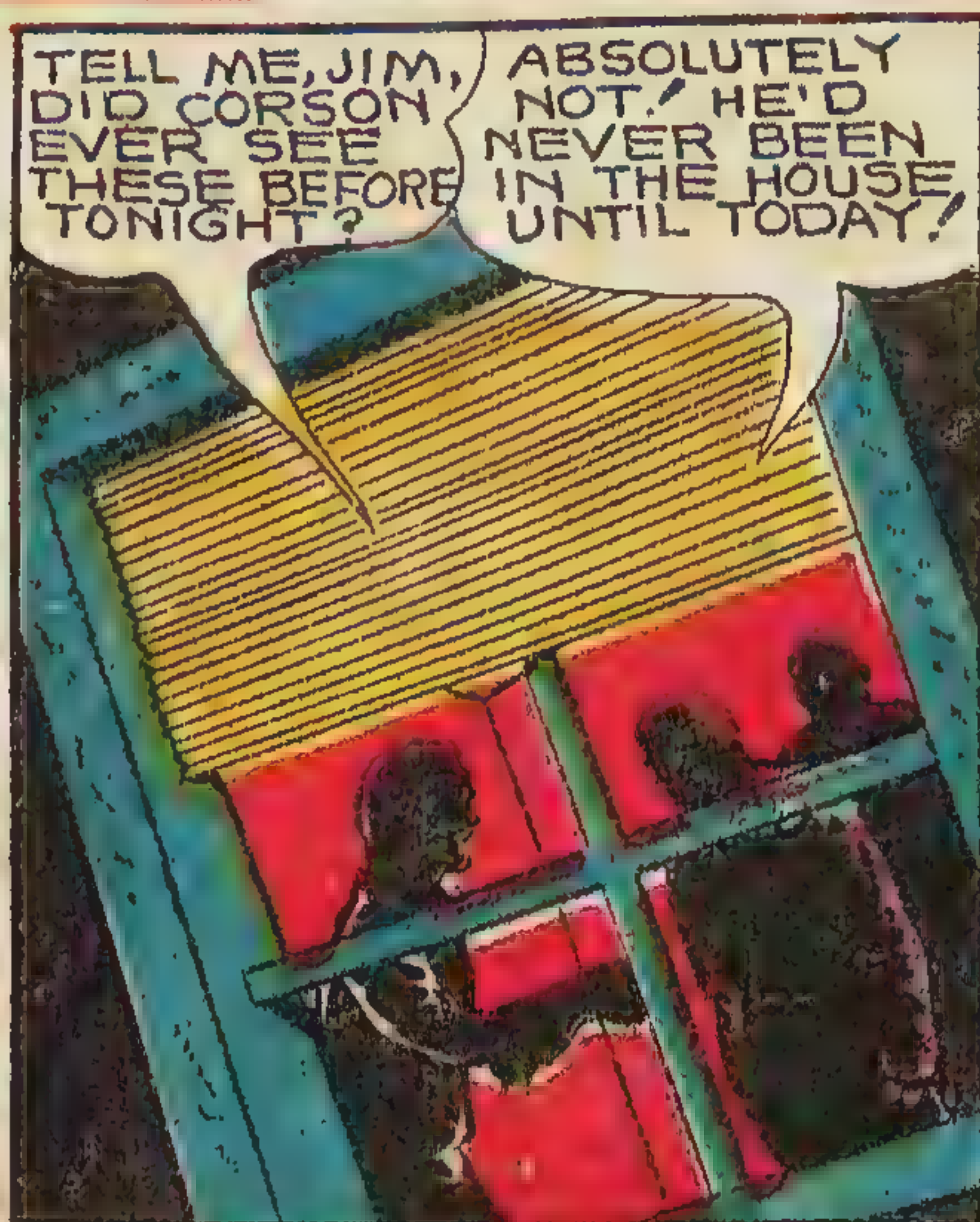
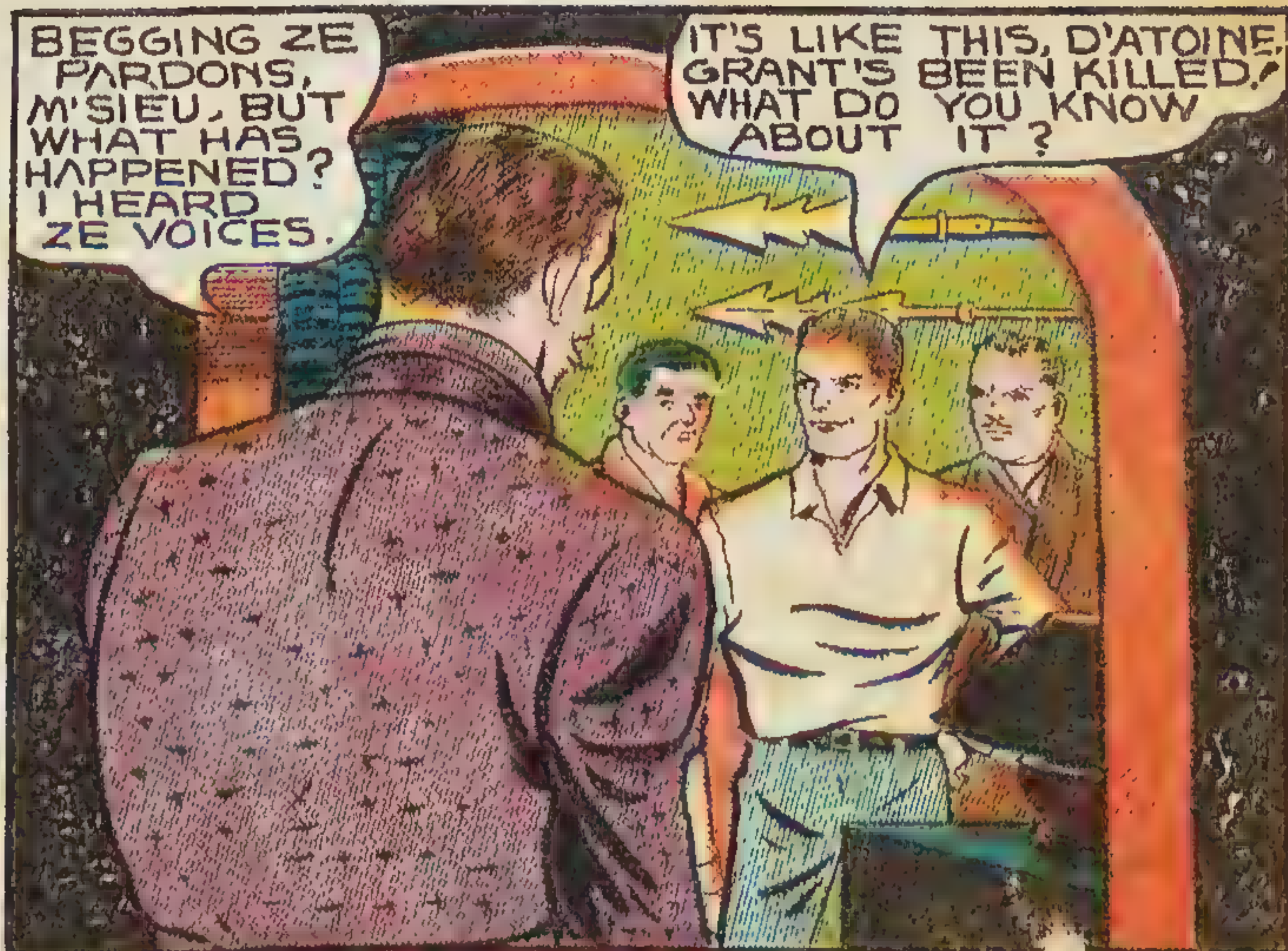
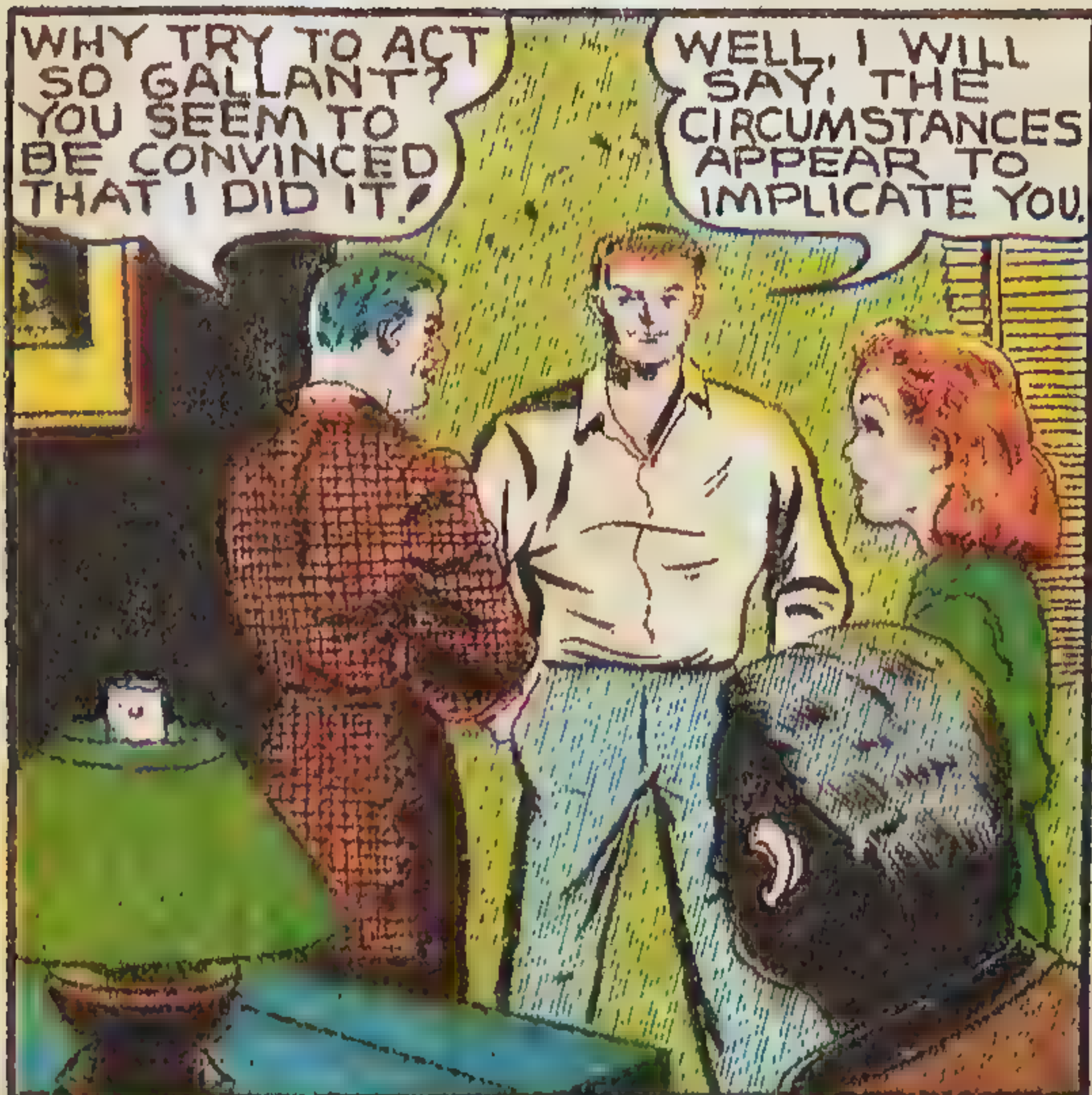
HERE, SNAP OUT OF IT I WANT TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS!



TELL ME, CORSON, DID YOU KILL GRANT AND HIDE THE CLAWS UNDER THE BED?

SO YOU HAVE IT ALL FIGURED OUT -- I KILLED GRANT. BROKE MY TRUCE! O.K. PUT THE HANDCUFFS ON. I'LL GET MY ROBE!







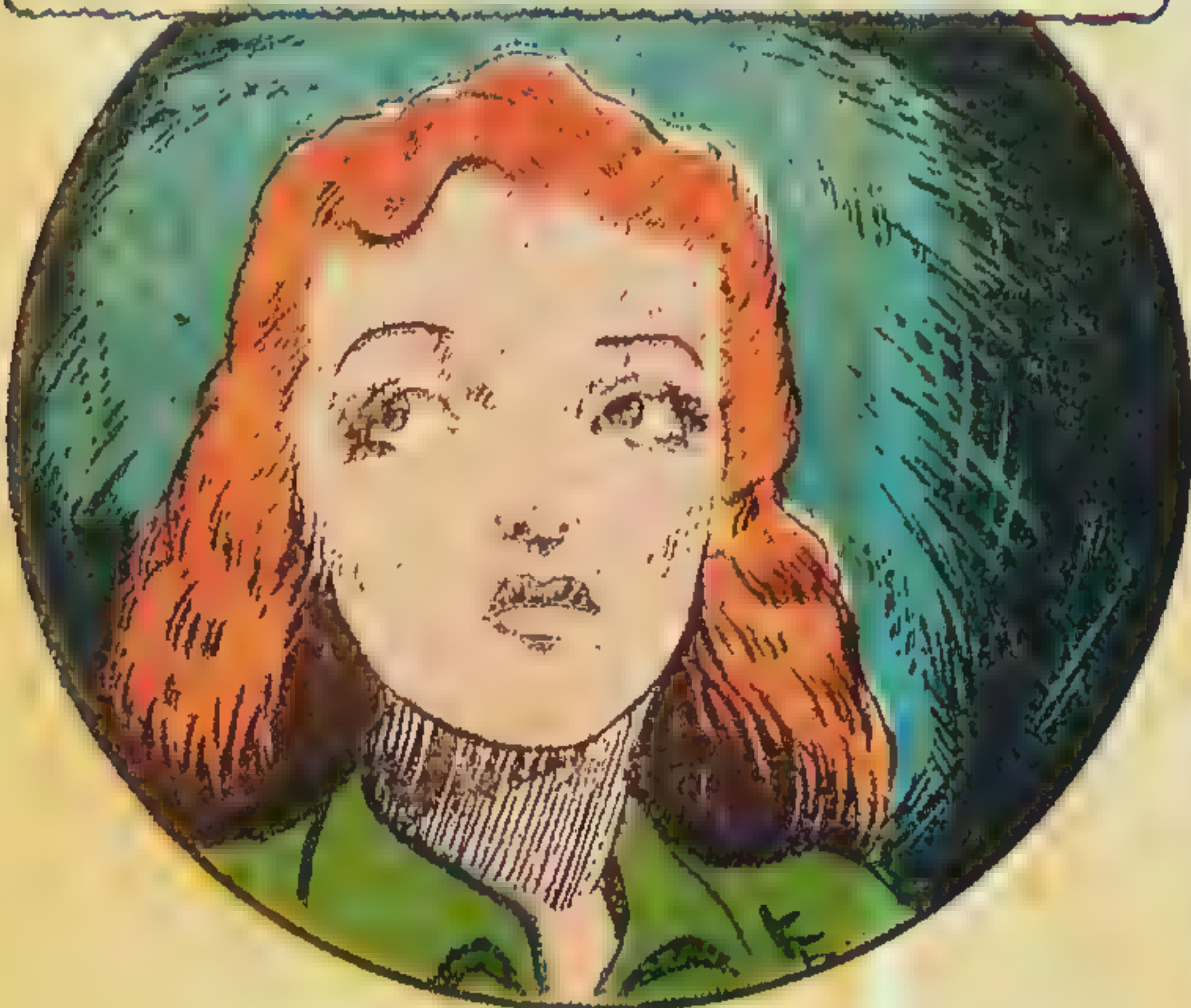
ED CORSON, I'VE ALREADY ELIMINATED YOU AS A POSSIBILITY YOU ARE NOT A STUPID MAN, AND ONLY A STUPID MAN WOULD LEAVE THOSE CLAWS IN HIS ROOM, IF HE HAD JUST MURDERED A MAN WITH 'EM!



NO, CORSON, I DON'T BELIEVE YOU EVEN EVER SAW THIS CLAW-MIT! YOU LEFT BEFORE JIM SHOWED US HIS WEAPONS, AND ALSO-- YOU WOULD SCARCELY HAVE DRUGGED YOURSELF AFTER KILLING GRANT. NO, SOMEONE ELSE KILLED HIM, DRUGGED YOU, AND PUT THE CLAW-MIT UNDER YOUR BED!



OF COURSE, GUEN, YOU COULD HAVE KILLED YOUR FATHER, BUT YOU WEREN'T SHAMMING THAT HORROR WHEN YOU CALLED ME. FURTHERMORE, THAT MURDER NEEDED A MAN'S STRENGTH.



JIM, YOU OWNED THOSE CLAWS. AS HOST, YOU HAD A CHANCE TO KILL GRANT, TAKING HIM OUT ON THE PRETEXT OF A LATE STROLL, AND--



KILLED HIM --- EXCEPT FOR ONE THING! YOU VALUE YOUR EXHIBIT-- YOU WOULDN'T HAVE SMASHED THAT GLASS CASE TO GET THE CLAWS -- YOU WOULD HAVE USED YOUR KEY!



YOU, D'ATOINE, ARE THE REAL MURDERER! ELIMINATING CORSON, HAWKINS AND GUEN, YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE LEFT. BUT NOW, WHY WOULD YOU KILL HIM?



WHY, YOU--YOU!

YOU SAW GRANT'S DIAMONDS. THE TEMPTATION WAS TOO GREAT FOR YOU-- YOU STOLE THE GEMS, BUT GRANT FOLLOWED YOU, SO YOU KILLED HIM! GLAD I HAVE THESE HANDCUFFS ALONG WITH ME!



Don't forget!  
**M**atch  
your  
detective  
abilities  
with  
**SPEED  
SAUNDERS**  
every  
month in  
**DETECTIVE  
COMICS!**



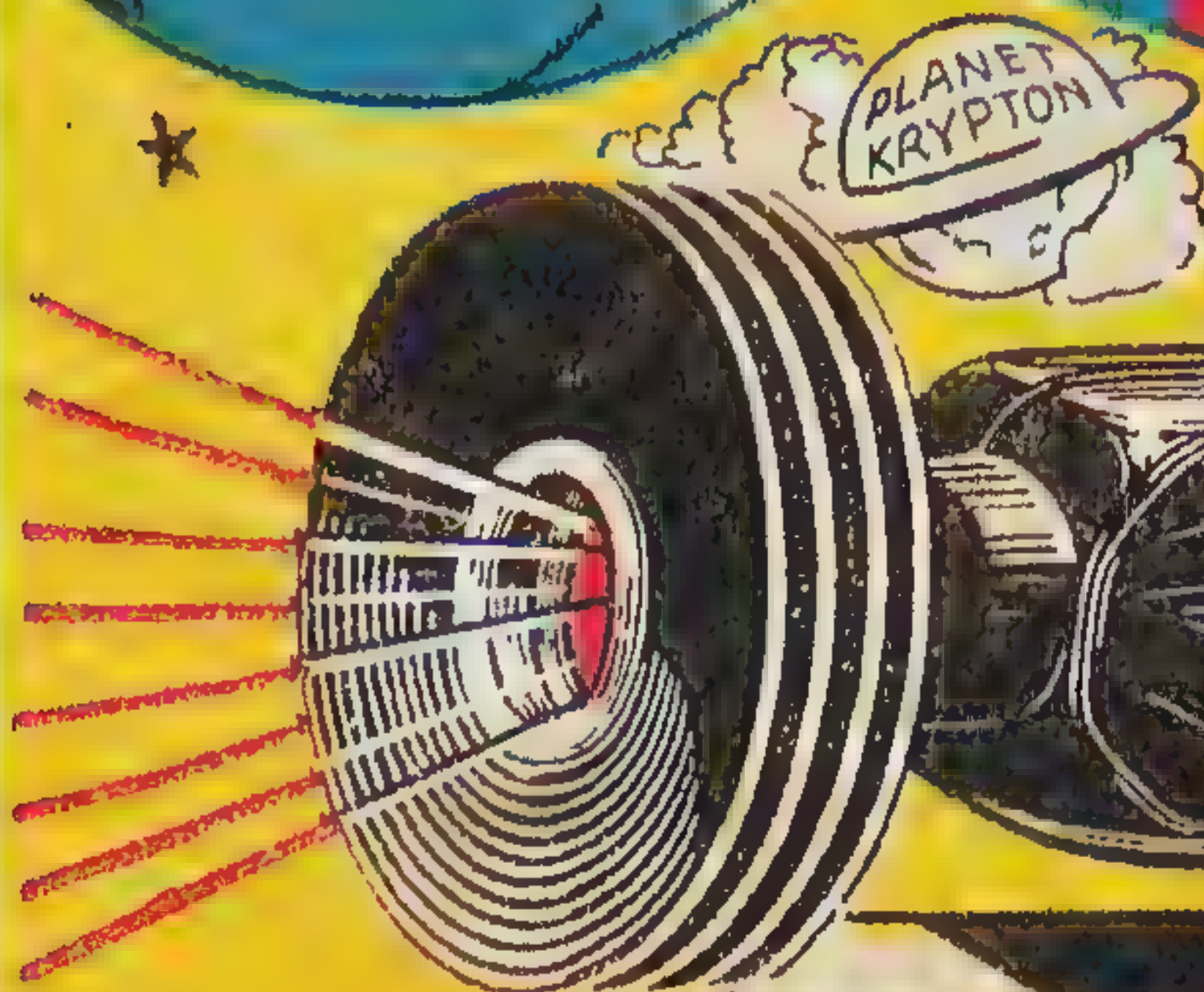


I WANT EVERY BOY AND GIRL  
TO GET MY OFFICIAL NEW

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OUTFIT



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Now ready for you—the one and only OFFICIAL SUPERMAN KRYPTO-RAYGUN—the new kind of safe fun pistol that flashes a thrilling scene from a 28-picture Superman Adventure Story on the wall each time you pull the trigger! Looks exactly like the KRYPTO RAYGUN Superman himself uses in his fight against crime. Superman's name, picture "engraved" on each genuine KRYPTO-RAYGUN. Absolutely harmless. (NOT a camera).

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Colored carton holds wonderful OFFICIAL Superman Krypto-Raygun, bulb, battery, real lenses, one thrilling 28-frame Superman Film Adventure—all ready for projection. Complete outfit only . . . . . 50c

**NO. 96 CINEMATIC PISTOL WITH SUPERMAN FILM**  
Carry your own pocket "theater". This peep-show pistol needs no bulb nor battery. "Peek" thru rear, SEE show inside day or night! Pistol, packed with one 28-frame Superman film ready for showing . . . . . 25c

NO.  
94

WRITE  
FOR  
**FREE**  
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## NEW DAISY PICTURE PISTOLS READY!



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**NO. 92**—This Daisy Cinematic Pistol has same "peek" action as No. 96. Use night or day. See show inside pistol! Pistol comes with one 28-view film, only . . . . . 25c

See Our Ad Elsewhere in This Magazine for Complete Listing of Daisy's New Film Cartoon Subjects Fitting All Pistols Shown Above.

**On  
Sale at your  
DEPARTMENT  
STORE!**

**ASK FOR THE OFFICIAL SUPERMAN KRYPTO-RAYGUN—MADE  
ONLY BY DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., 6811 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.**



# RETRIBUTION

*By Norman Goss*

FATE always seems to have a way of catching up with a man. Take the case of Ed Dunham who lives in our town. Ed is the local junkman. Everyone in town knows him and grew to like him during the ten years he was with us. He came right after that famous Kingston murder that made all the big city papers and stayed ever since.

I guess the kids of the town liked Ed best. He always let them ride on his wagon behind the old black mare that plodded along slowly, and during the lazy summer afternoons you could hear the tinkle of the three bells on the wire behind his wagon-seat mixed with the yells of the young ones who dangled their feet over the edge of the wooden drop.

Ed was all the time lecturing those kids, telling them to behave themselves and grow up to be honest, and able to look a man in the eyes and know that no one could point to them and talk any scandal.

Ed was the soul of goodness. He was straight and honest, and the folks around town knew that if they threw out anything in their old clothes and junk barrels that was worth money, Ed would ring their back door-bells mighty soon and return it.

★ ★ ★

Two weeks ago Jonas Nevers, who is our town constable, was mighty surprised to learn something about Ed that didn't quite ring true. It happened when the grocer announced to a crowd of us around his store that it had been broken into the evening before. Robberies are mighty scarce in our town. Everyone was sure surprised to hear that the grocer suspected young Hank Glover, the farm boy who works up at Mill's farm.

"Hank's been hangin' 'round here of nights," said the grocer to Jonas Nevers. "I ain't accusin' the boy, mind you, but it might pay to keep an eye on him."

"Sure," said Jonas. "I'll watch him."

The next night Jonas caught young Hank halfway into the grocery window. He took him down to police headquarters just as a State trooper rode up on his motorbike. Jonas and the trooper looked pretty stern, and Hank got scared.

"I didn't want to do it. He—he made me! He told me he'd—he'd beat me if——"

"Who said that?" asked the trooper, and Hank shouted, "*Ed Dunham!* It was him, honest it was!"

"Bah!" said Jonas, but the State trooper looked severe. He didn't know Ed like we folks around town knew him.

"I'll drop around and pay this Dunham fellow a visit," said the trooper, climbing onto his motorbike, and Jonas said he'd join him. Folks in our town don't like strangers, even the State troopers, meddling too far.

Ed lived over this side of the railroad yards, in a little shack that nobody else would live in. Ed always said it suited him.

Ed was a mighty surprised man to learn what Hank said about him. Even the trooper admitted he looked surprised. Hank used to ride around town with Ed and listen to him when he'd tell the kids to behave themselves.

"I didn't tell Hank no such thing. But if you want, I'll come along with you to face him," said Ed.

The trooper took Ed's fingerprints when they got down to the police building. Matter of routine, he said. Then they took him in to see young Hank.

Hank hung his head sort of

guilty, but he kept saying, "He made me do it, I tell you. He made me!"

Ed didn't say anything, but he looked at Hank sort of funny, and followed Jonas out without a word.

"Have to lock you up overnight, Ed," apologized the constable. "Matter of form, like them fingerprints. Don't mean nothin'."

"Sure," said Ed.

Next morning there was quite some excitement in town. It seems the State trooper had wired those fingerprints down to Washington, and those F.B.I. fellows who have this sort of thing down to a science, said that Ed's prints matched the prints of a man found at the Kingston house at the time of the famous murder of old man Kingston!

Jonas looked mighty solemn when he told Ed that, standing in front of the barred cell. Ed sighed and looked down at his frayed shoes. A thin smile crept across his lips.

"Well, you've caught me at last," whispered Ed. "Sure, I killed the old guy. He was so mean to his daughter he killed her, didn't he? I—I loved his daughter. I went crazy for a while. Long enough to do the damage, I guess. I came out here to live. I got along all right until Hank said I told him to commit robbery! Well, I guess Fate was bound to catch me sooner or later!"

They took Ed Dunham away from our town. He's up at the big jail at the State Capitol.

Young Hank broke down and confessed he thought up that robbery all by himself, and blamed it on Ed because Ed had once thrashed him for hitting a little fellow, and that thrashing rankled.

He wanted to hurt Ed like Ed had hurt him. I guess he did, at that.



# the WHITE DEATH

By John Hilton



A HEAD of Lieutenant Pierre Fernald, ace trouble shooter of the French Foreign Legion lay the oasis camp of Abdul El Bey, cold and glittering in the Northern Sahara despite the two campfires that glowed before the tents.

Fernald had no idea how much longer it would take to catch The White Death which, within three weeks, had become a desert superstition and fear.

But until three days ago, no word of the deaths had reached the Foreign Office in Algiers. Then, Fernald had been assigned to the case.

Briefly, the tribesmen had put to death a desert brigand named Hamid Ra. He had sworn vengeance.

They had laughed then. But as two of them died by the knife, and only a day ago, another had gone, fear had taken possession of them, a superstitious fear. A tribesman had seen The White Death as they called it. It wore a long and flowing gown and left no footprints. That had been the most puzzling part of all. Those Arabs, adept at finding trails, could find not the slightest trace of one.

And so, acting on the belief that Abdul was also marked for death, Fernald decided to wait there.

Abdul greeted him as he entered the tent.

Midnight found Fernald nodding in the tent. Then, as his eyes opened, his blood froze. Standing over Abdul was a figure in flowing white, a knife held high.

Fernald fired. A cry of pain rang out, but before he could reach the figure it had fled from

a slitted tent side. Anxiously, Fernald spread his flashlight on the ground. There were no footprints. All around him excited voices chattered. Abdul, trembling, cried out: "Send the women back to bed." Fernald saw them huddled in their trailing white robes.

"Wait, Abdul," Fernald cried. "Have them unmask!"

"Unmask!" Abdul ordered. The women started to obey, all but one. It was this one Fernald watched and as she moved out of the line of light, he acted. His body hurtled through the air, just as a knife whistled in the night.

There was a grunt as Fernald's fist connected. His other hand grasped the veil. "Hamid Ra!" The terrified cry burst from Abdul's lips, as he saw the scorn-filled features of the desert brigand.

Fernald's handcuffs snapped on Hamid's wrists, which still bore the marks of the rope which had been intended to tie him to his doom. "Yes, Hamid," he said. "He managed to get away somehow." Fernald's hand indicated the long, sweeping cape which the bandit was wearing. "He was very clever, Abdul. By using a cape such as the women wear, which drags more than two feet on the ground, he managed to obliterate his footprints.

"I had forgotten until seeing your women tonight that among your superstitions are gowns, used to foil the devil who might be following them." Coldly, he looked at Hamid. "But this devil will find we have a special place for him." A smile played on Fernald's lips as he said softly, "Devil's Island."

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A booklet containing the opinions of famous doctors on this interesting subject will be sent FREE, while they last, to any reader writing to the Educational Division, 535 Fifth Ave., Dept. DG-7, New York, N. Y.

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STEVE MALONE,  
DISTRICT ATTORNEY

IN THESE DAYS WHEN SCIENCE HAS COME INTO EVERYMAN'S LIFE  
AND MADE IT SIMPLER, MORE COMFORTABLE, AND LONGER-SCIENCE  
ALSO HAS INVADDED THE CRIMINAL FIELD AND MADE ITSELF FELT IN  
THE APPREHENSION OF CRIMINALS.....

ONE DAY IN THE OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT  
ATTORNEY...

A YOUNG REPORTER  
FROM THE HIGH SCHOOL  
PAPER, MR. MALONE.

COME  
RIGHT  
IN.

I'M DOING AN ARTICLE ON FAMOUS  
GRADUATES, MR. MALONE. COULD YOU TELL  
ME ABOUT SOME OF YOUR CASES, PREFERA-  
BLY ONE WITH A  
SCIENTIFIC  
ANGLE?

ALL RIGHT,  
HERE GOES...

THE JONES CASE BEGAN RIGHT AFTER I WAS  
ELECTED D.A.-I WAS PETITIONING THE  
CITY FOR A GOOD LABORATORY, AND WASN'T  
GETTING ANYWHERE, BUT THE JONES CASE  
OPENED THE EYES OF THE CITY FATHERS...  
LISTEN - -

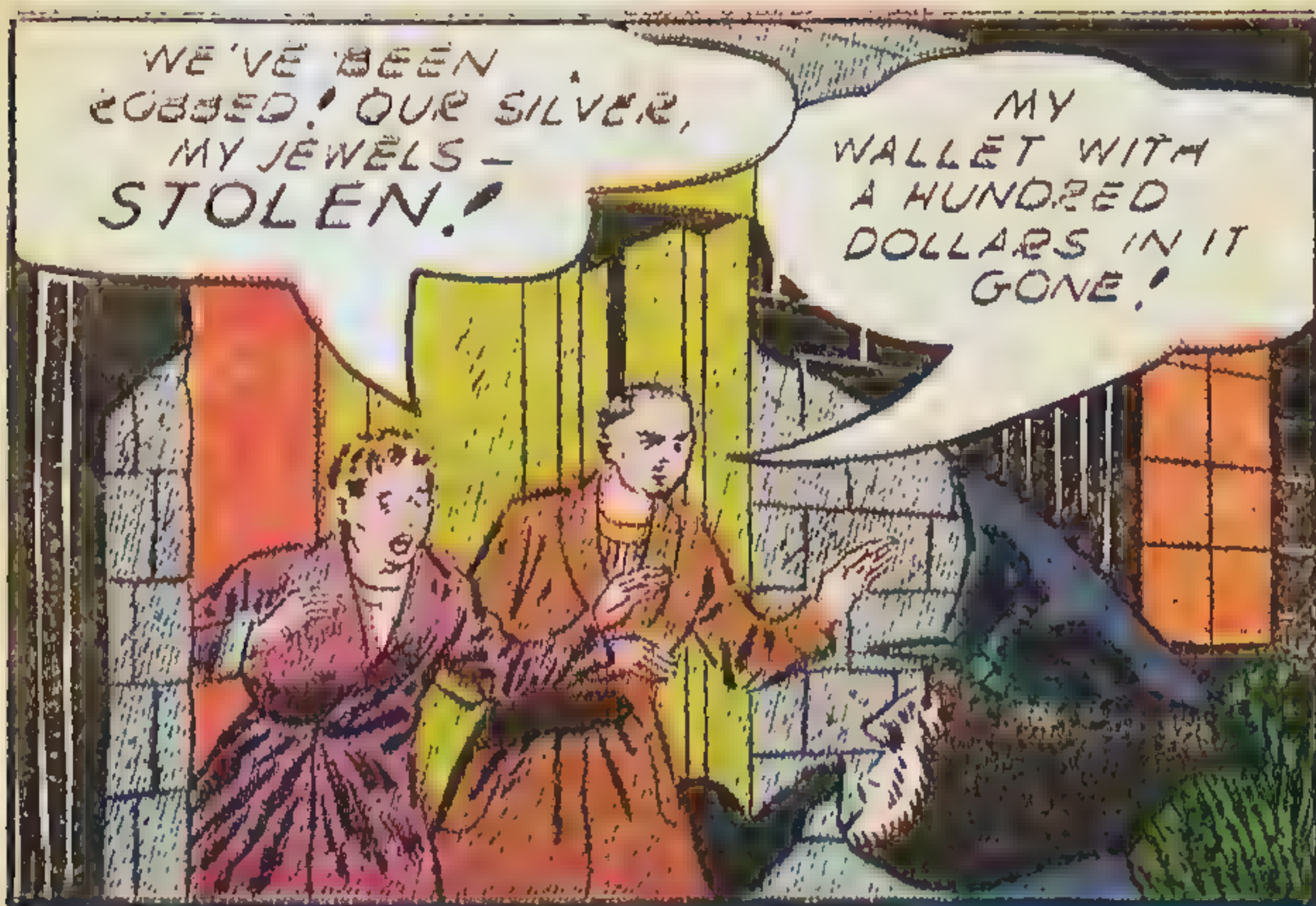
"IT BEGAN ONE WINTRY NIGHT WHEN A  
POLICEMAN HEARD A SUBURBAN HOUSE-  
WIFE SCREAM..."

HELP!  
HELP!

I'M COMING!  
I'M COMING!







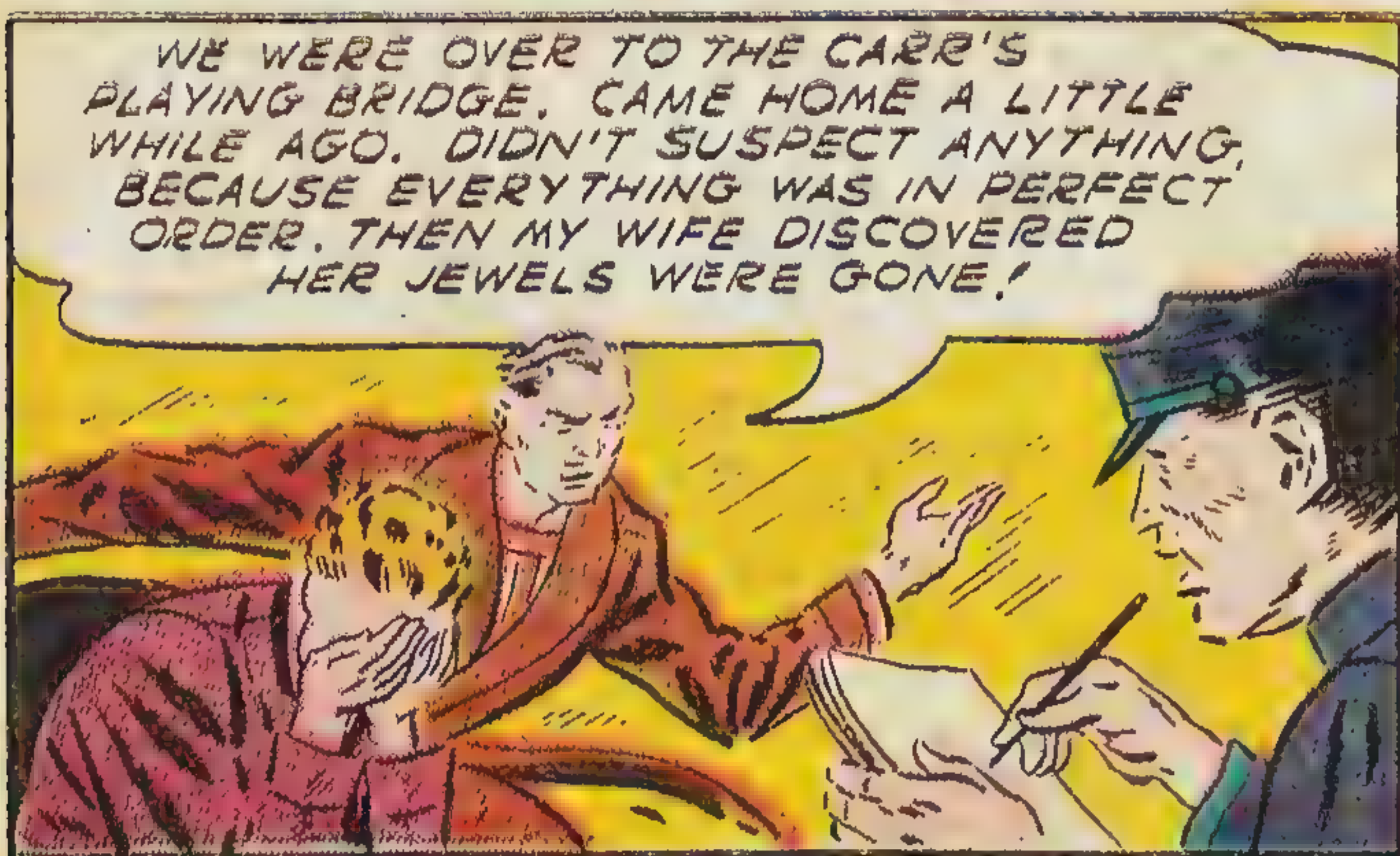
WE'VE BEEN  
ROBBED! OUR SILVER,  
MY JEWELS -  
STOLEN!

MY  
WALLET WITH  
A HUNDRED  
DOLLARS IN IT  
GONE!



EVERYTHING  
LOOKS ALL RIGHT  
TO ME! NOTHING  
DISTURBED!

THAT'S THE  
FIENDISHLY  
CLEVER PART  
OF IT! WHOEVER  
STOLE THIS STUFF  
KNEW JUST  
WHERE TO LOOK  
FOR IT!

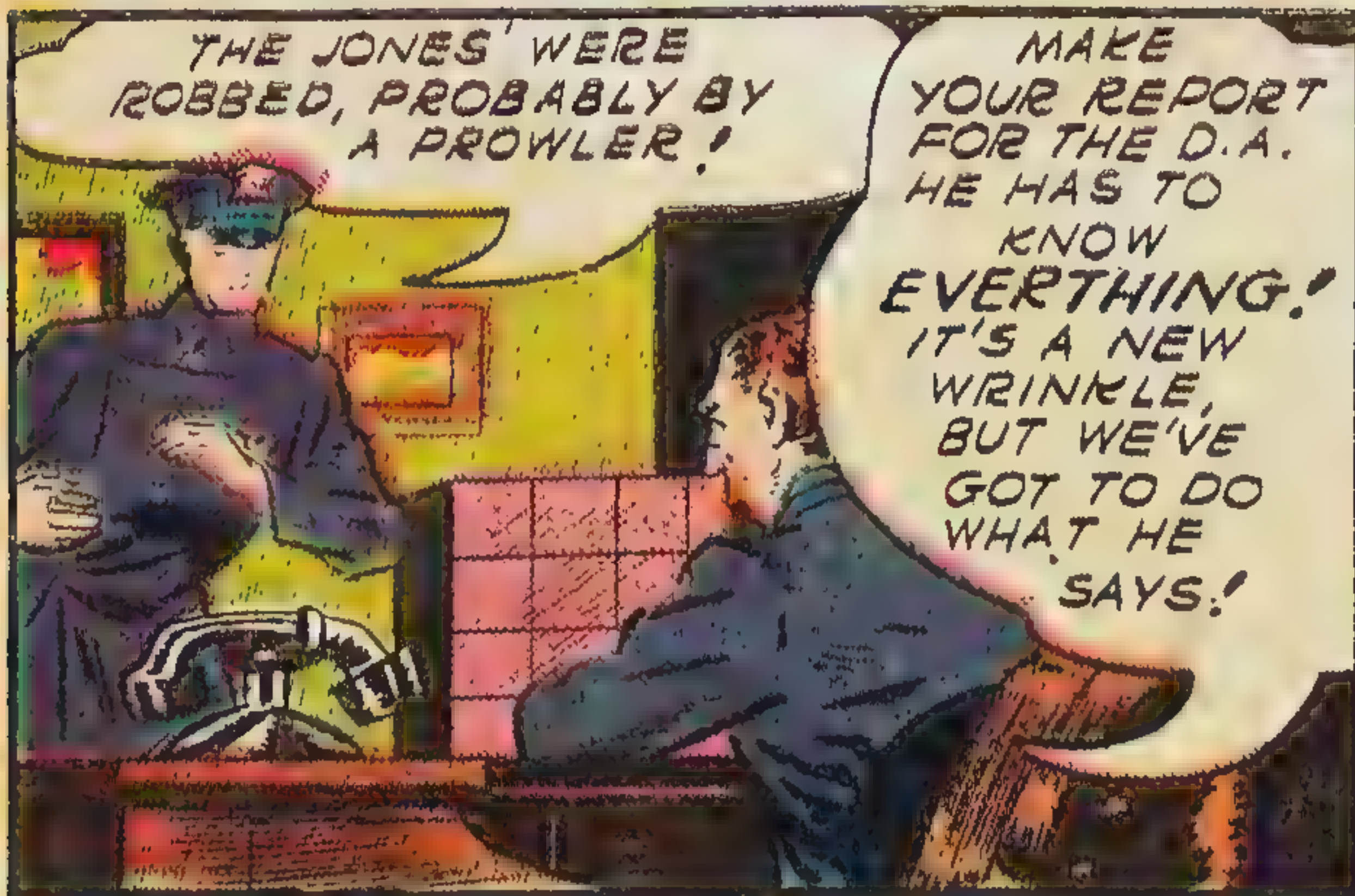


WE WERE OVER TO THE CARR'S  
PLAYING BRIDGE. CAME HOME A LITTLE  
WHILE AGO. DIDN'T SUSPECT ANYTHING,  
BECAUSE EVERYTHING WAS IN PERFECT  
ORDER. THEN MY WIFE DISCOVERED  
HER JEWELS WERE GONE!



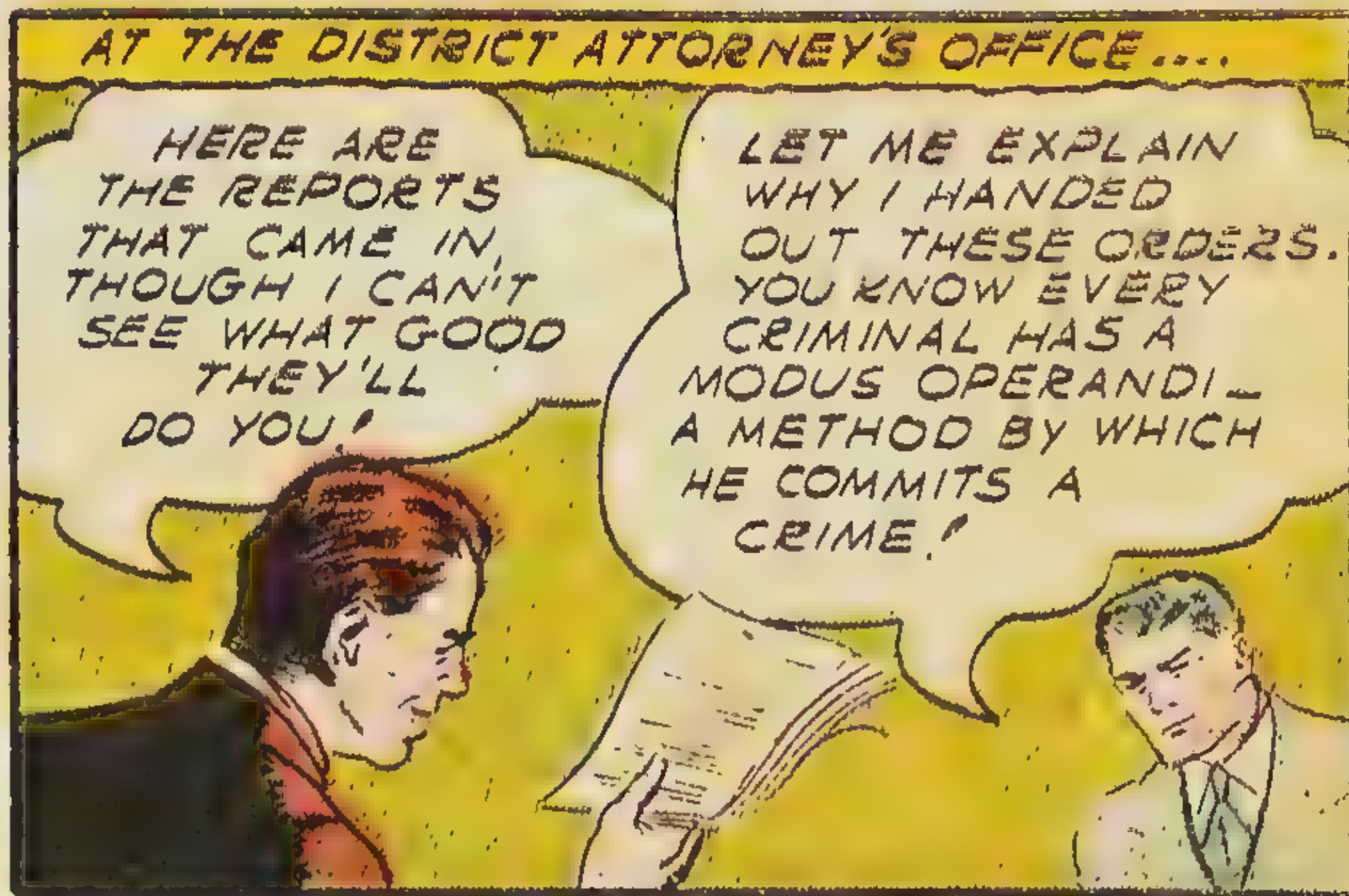
I'LL MAKE MY  
REPORT. IF WE LEARN  
ANYTHING, I'LL CALL  
YOU!

I  
EXPECT  
ACTION!  
D'VE HEAR?  
ACTION!



THE JONES' WERE  
ROBBED, PROBABLY BY  
A PROWLER!

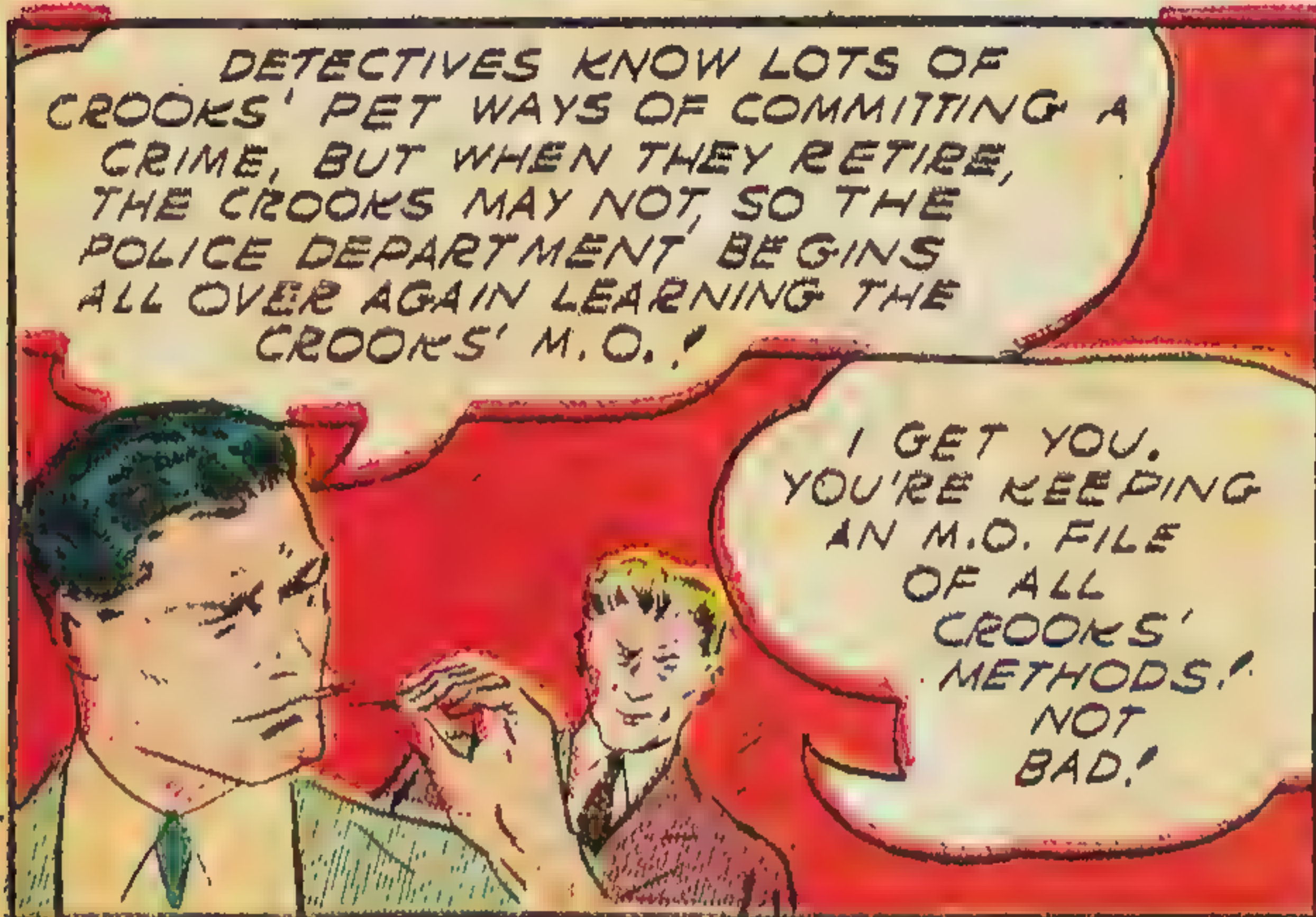
MAKE  
YOUR REPORT  
FOR THE D.A.  
HE HAS TO  
KNOW  
EVERYTHING!  
IT'S A NEW  
WRINKLE,  
BUT WE'VE  
GOT TO DO  
WHAT HE  
SAYS!



AT THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE....

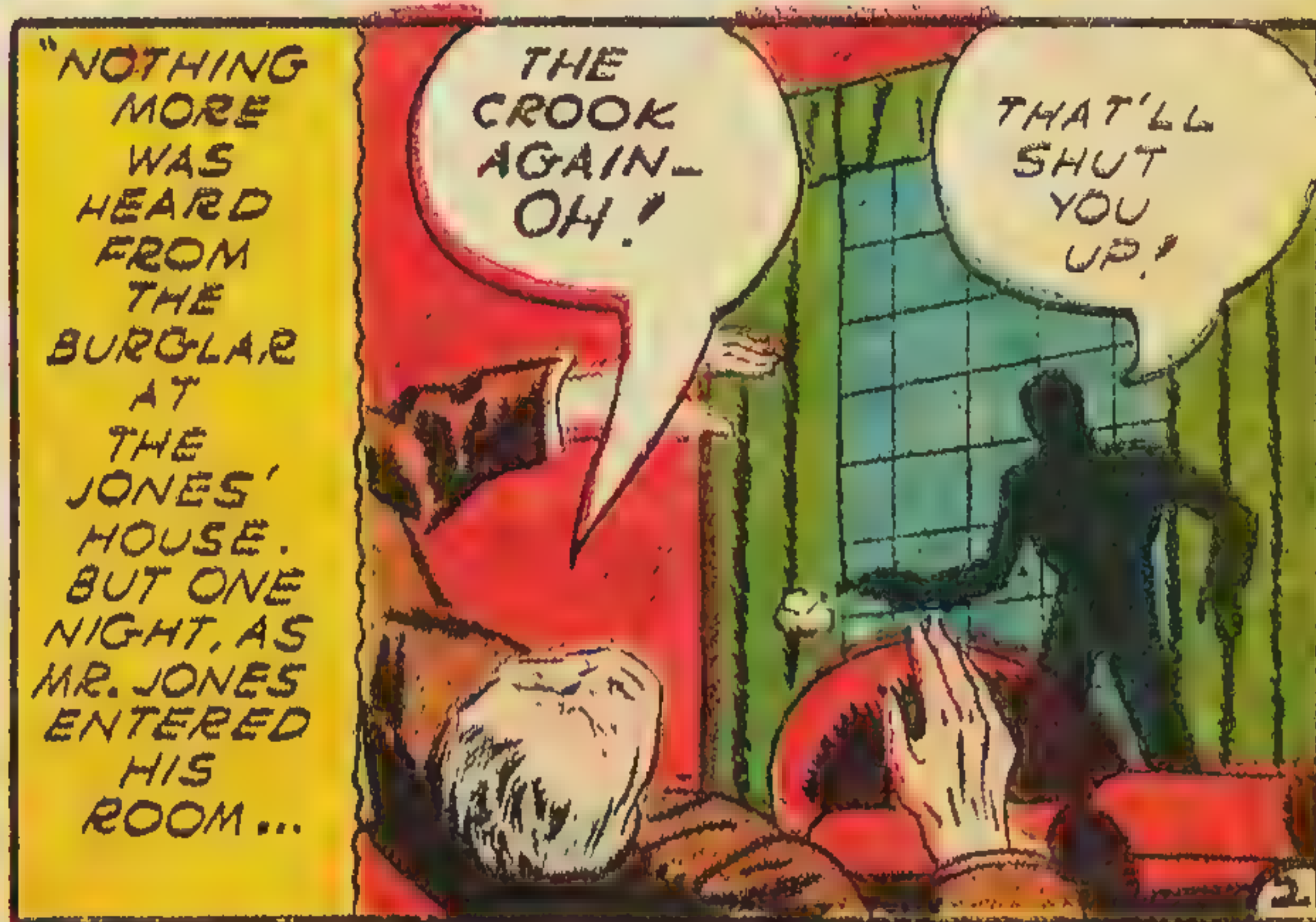
HERE ARE  
THE REPORTS  
THAT CAME IN,  
THOUGH I CAN'T  
SEE WHAT GOOD  
THEY'LL  
DO YOU!

LET ME EXPLAIN  
WHY I HANDED  
OUT THESE ORDERS.  
YOU KNOW EVERY  
CRIMINAL HAS A  
MODUS OPERANDI -  
A METHOD BY WHICH  
HE COMMITS A  
CRIME!



DETECTIVES KNOW LOTS OF  
CROOKS' PET WAYS OF COMMITTING A  
CRIME, BUT WHEN THEY RETIRE,  
THE CROOKS MAY NOT, SO THE  
POLICE DEPARTMENT BEGINS  
ALL OVER AGAIN LEARNING THE  
CROOKS' M.O.!

I GET YOU.  
YOU'RE KEEPING  
AN M.O. FILE  
OF ALL  
CROOKS'  
METHODS!  
NOT  
BAD!

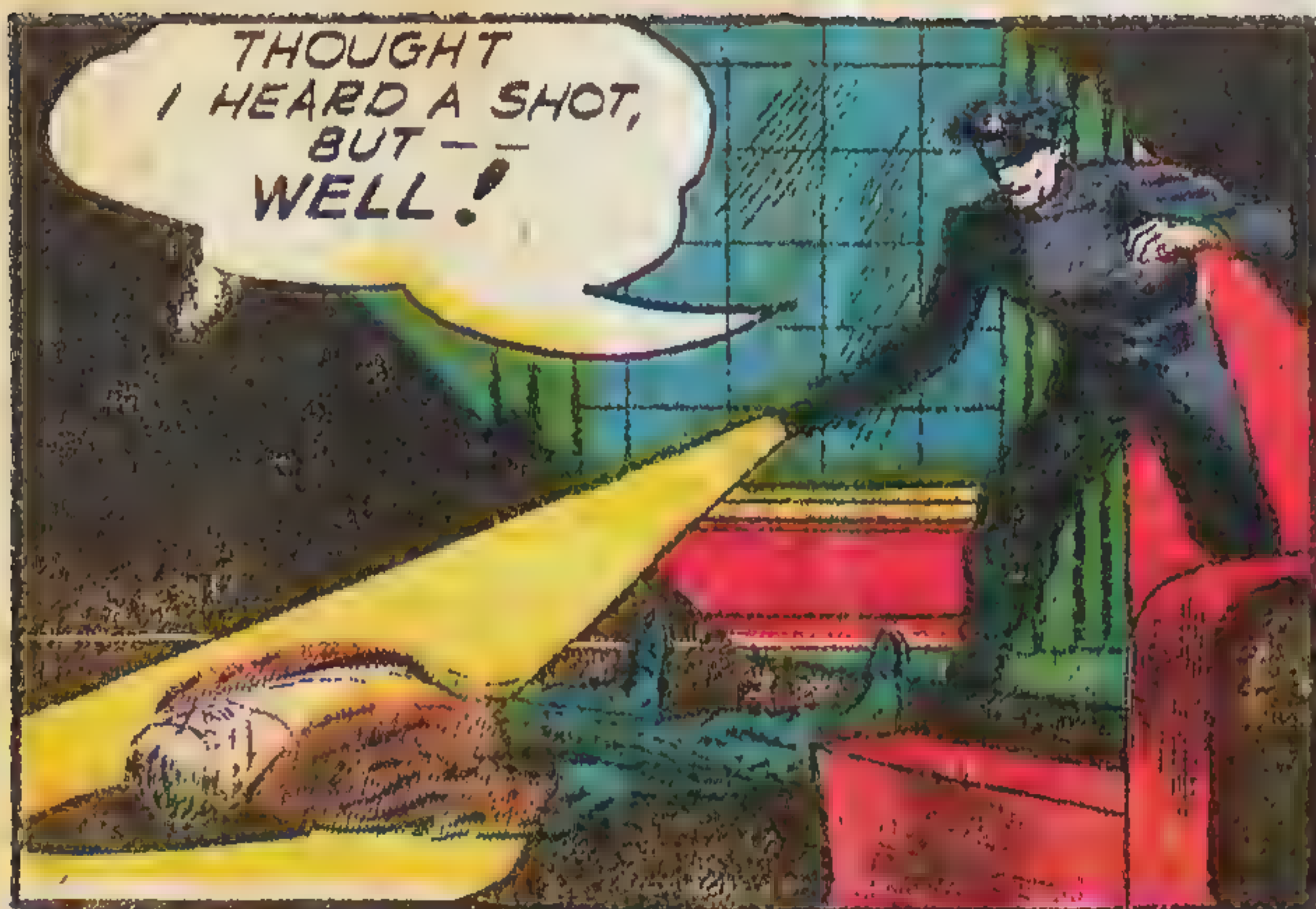


"NOTHING  
MORE  
WAS  
HEARD  
FROM  
THE  
BURGLAR  
AT  
THE  
JONES'  
HOUSE.  
BUT ONE  
NIGHT, AS  
MR. JONES  
ENTERED  
HIS  
ROOM...

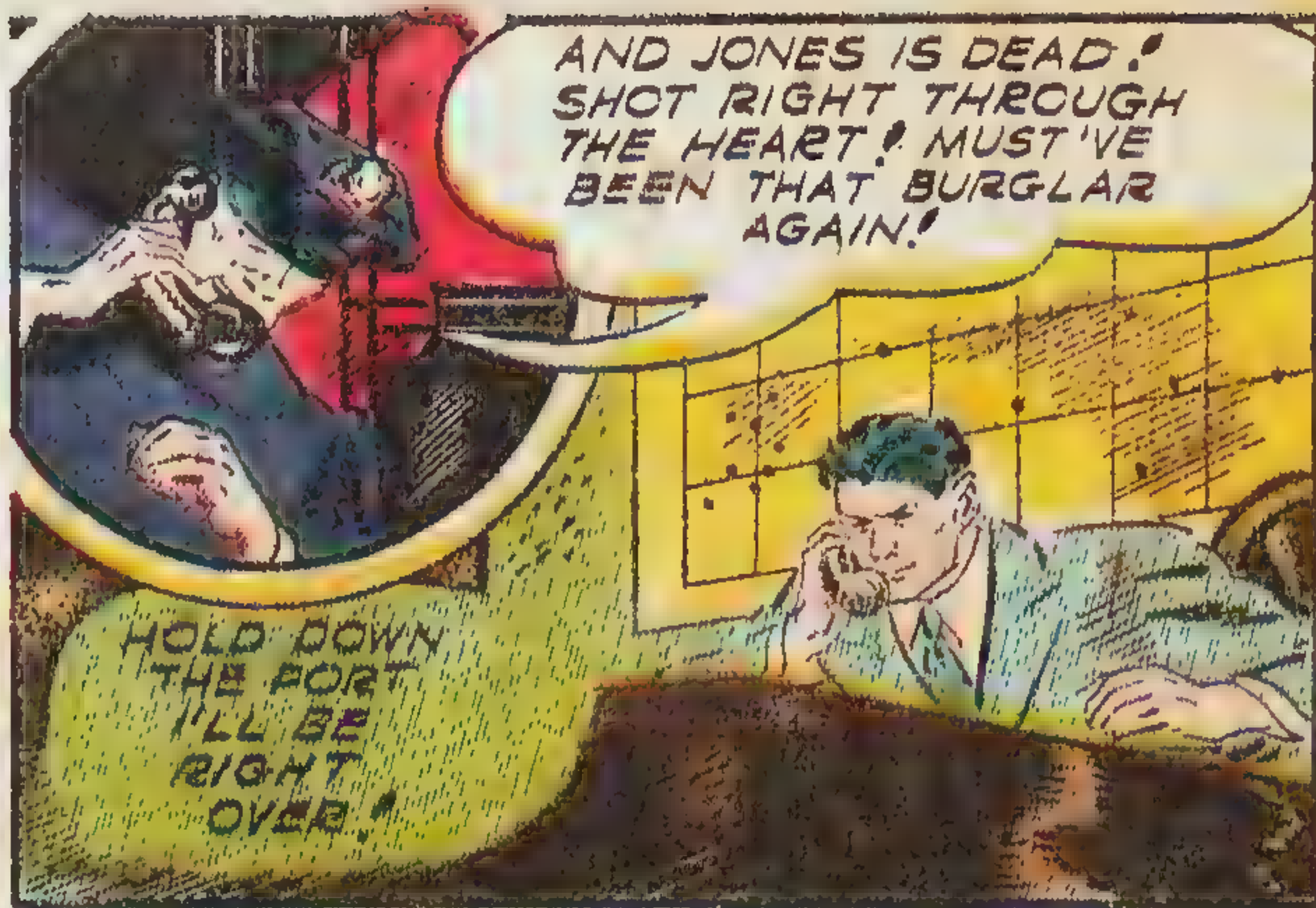
THE  
CROOK  
AGAIN...  
OH!

THAT'LL  
SHUT  
YOU  
UP!



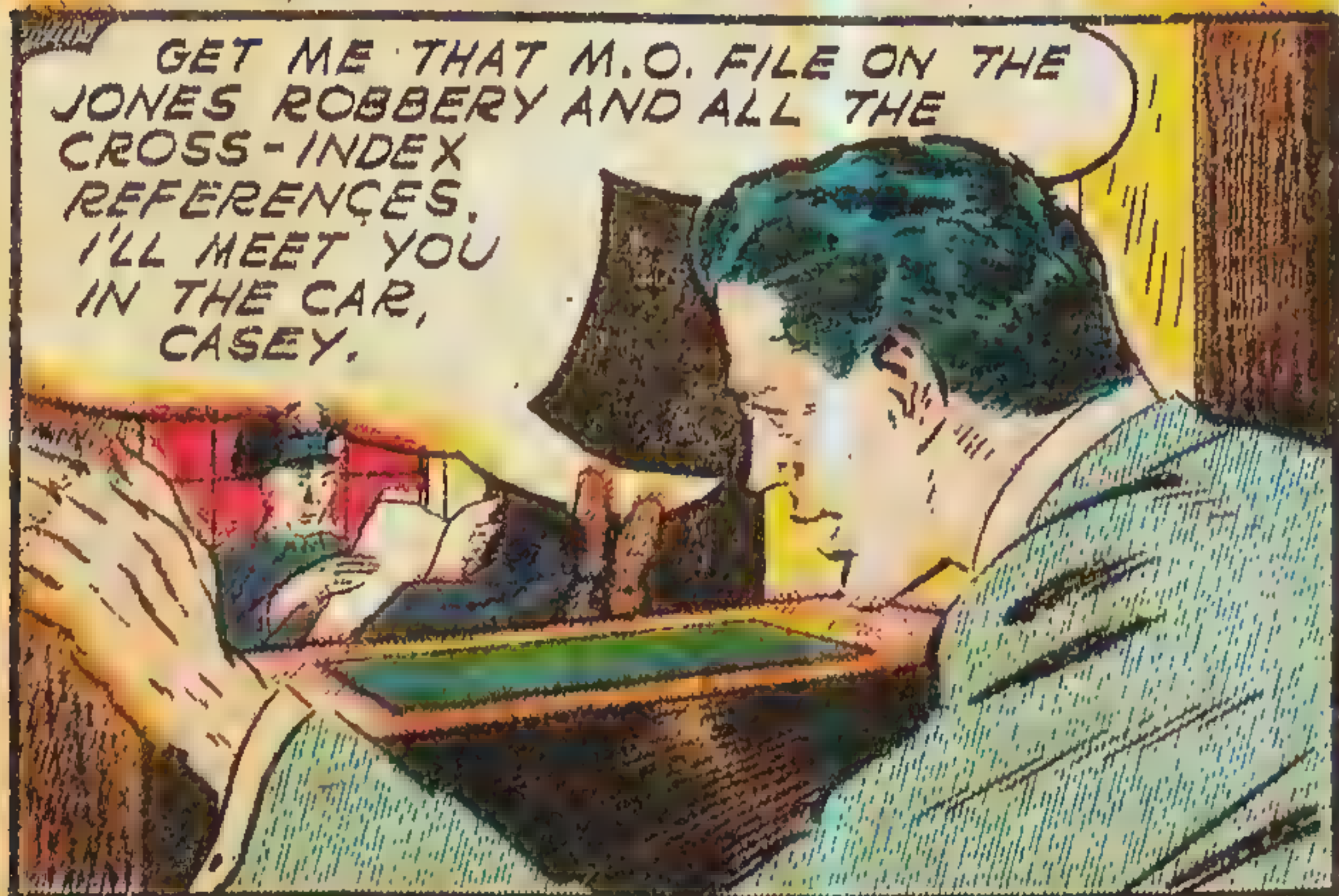


THOUGHT  
I HEARD A SHOT,  
BUT --  
WELL!



AND JONES IS DEAD!  
SHOT RIGHT THROUGH  
THE HEART! MUST'VE  
BEEN THAT BURGLAR  
AGAIN!

HOLD DOWN  
THE PORT  
I'LL BE  
RIGHT  
OVER!

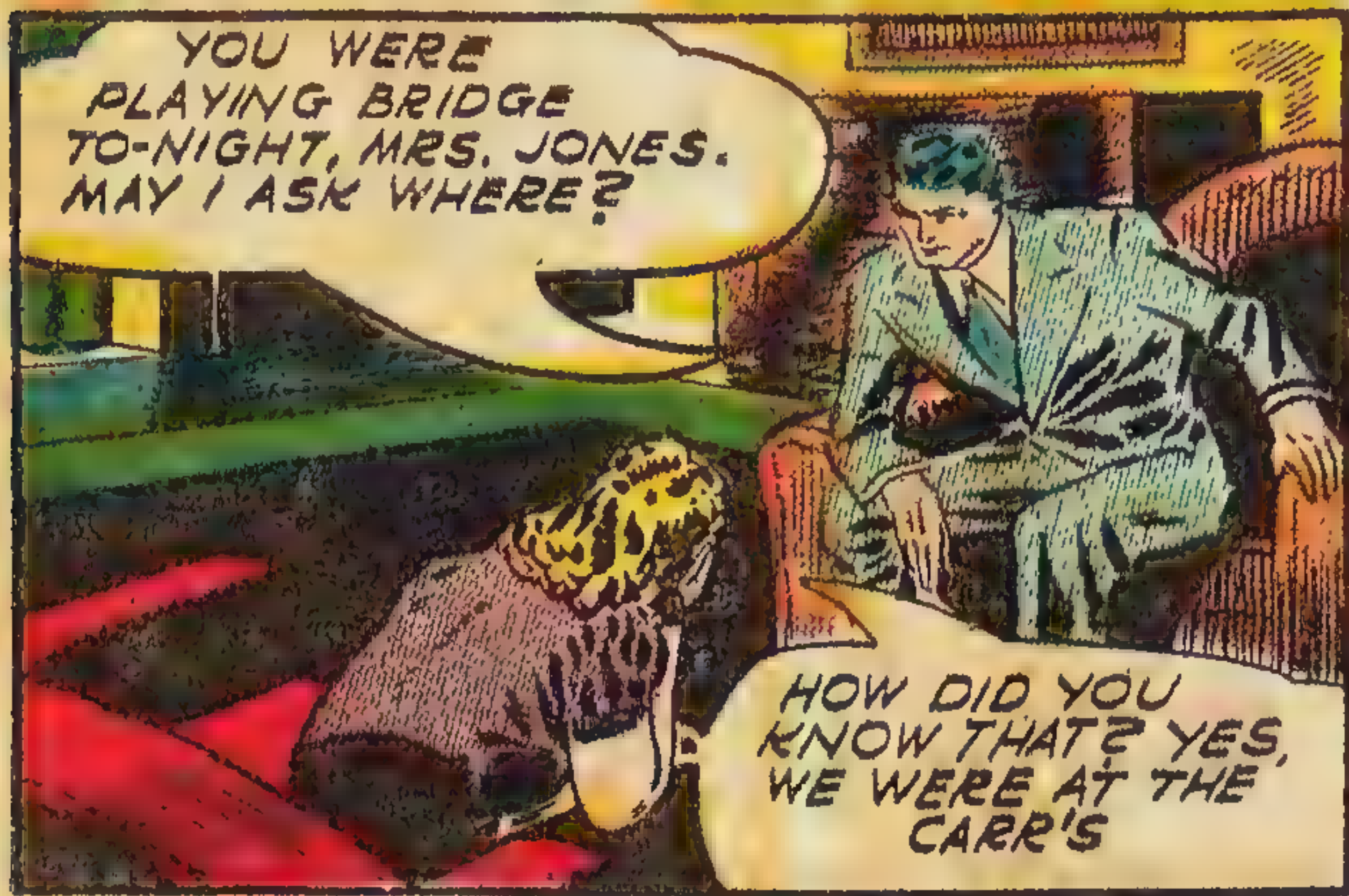


GET ME THAT M.O. FILE ON THE  
JONES ROBBERY AND ALL THE  
CROSS-INDEX  
REFERENCES.  
I'LL MEET YOU  
IN THE CAR,  
CASEY.



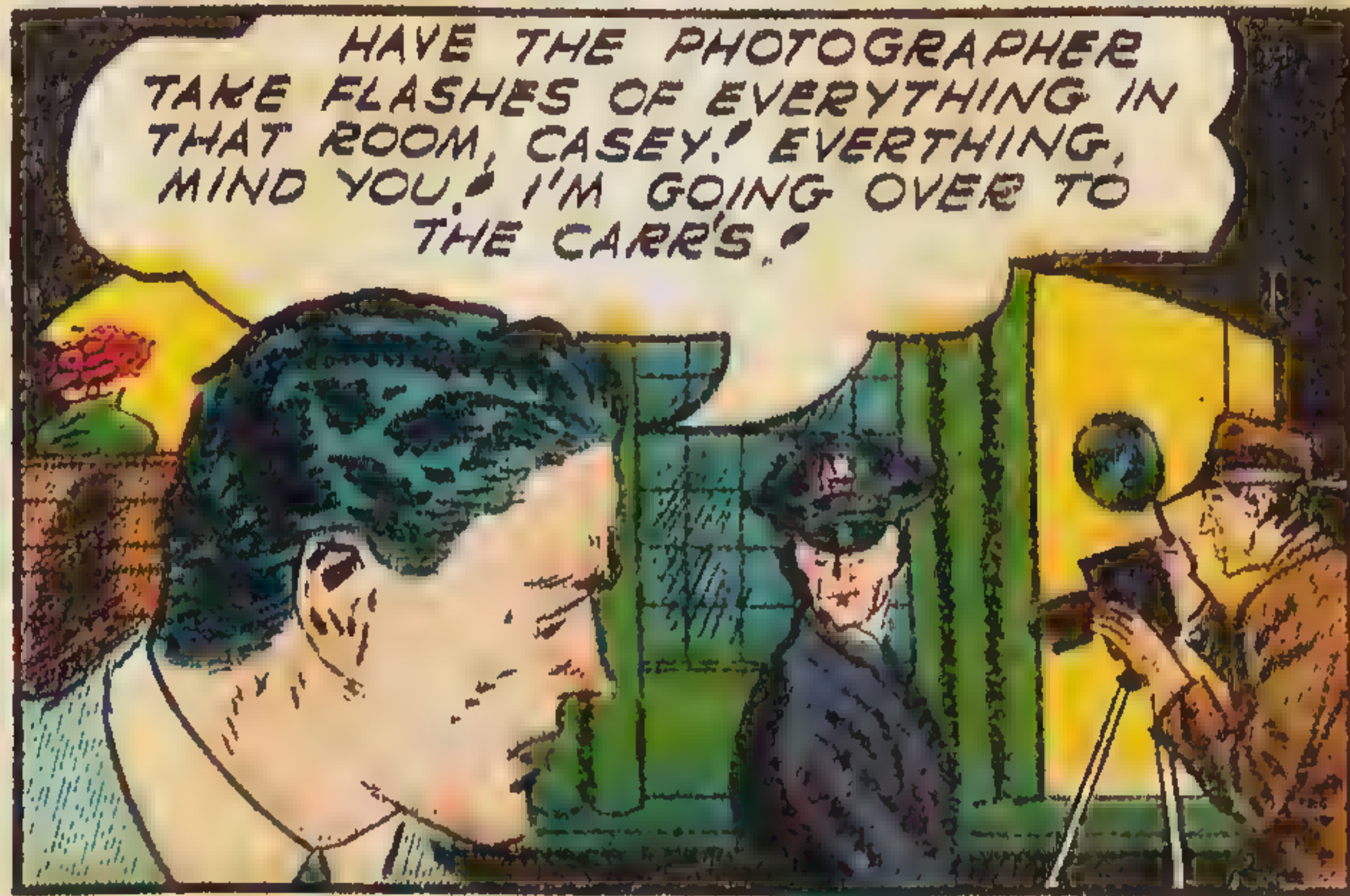
IN THE PAST THREE WEEKS, SEVERAL  
ROBBERIES HAVE OCCURED AMONG  
THE JONES' FRIENDS. IN EVERY  
INSTANCE, THE ROBBERY WAS COM-  
MITTED THE NIGHT THE JONES  
PLAYED BRIDGE.

SEE!

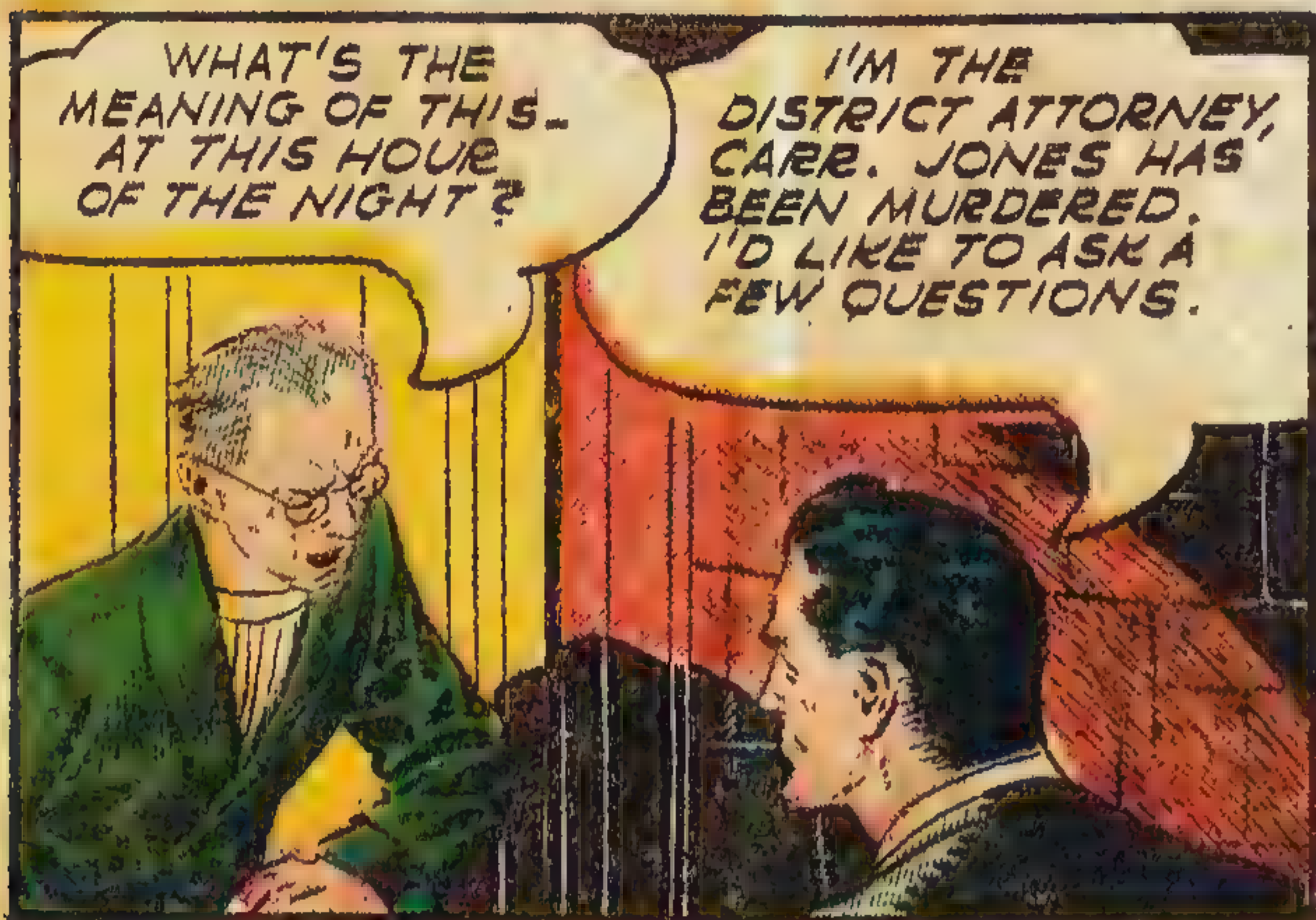


YOU WERE  
PLAYING BRIDGE  
T-O-N-I-G-H-T, MRS. JONES.  
MAY I ASK WHERE?

HOW DID YOU  
KNOW THAT? YES,  
WE WERE AT THE  
CARR'S

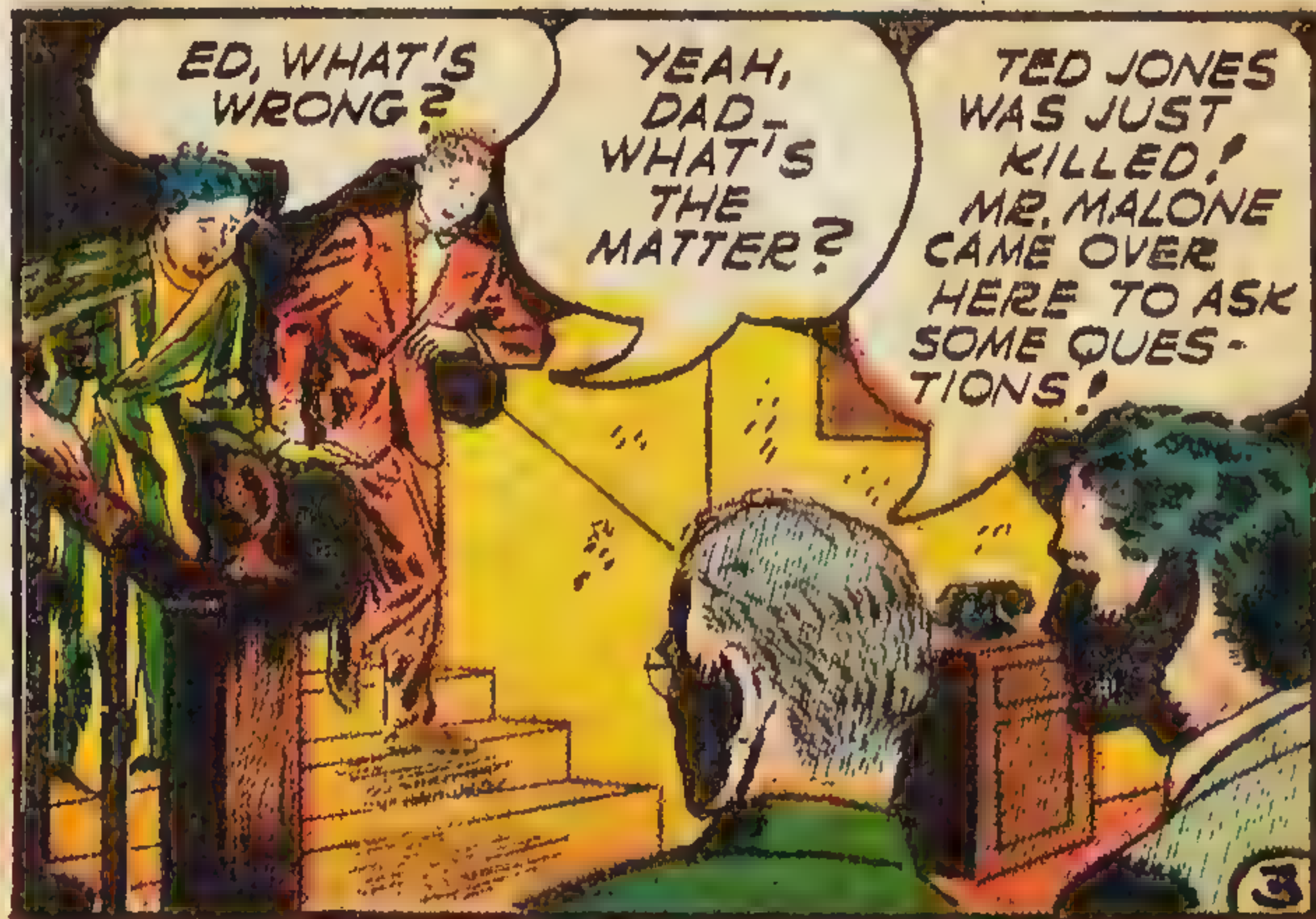


HAVE THE PHOTOGRAPHER  
TAKE FLASHES OF EVERYTHING IN  
THAT ROOM, CASEY! EVERYTHING,  
MIND YOU! I'M GOING OVER TO  
THE CARR'S!



WHAT'S THE  
MEANING OF THIS --  
AT THIS HOUR  
OF THE NIGHT?

I'M THE  
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,  
CARR. JONES HAS  
BEEN MURDERED.  
I'D LIKE TO ASK A  
FEW QUESTIONS.

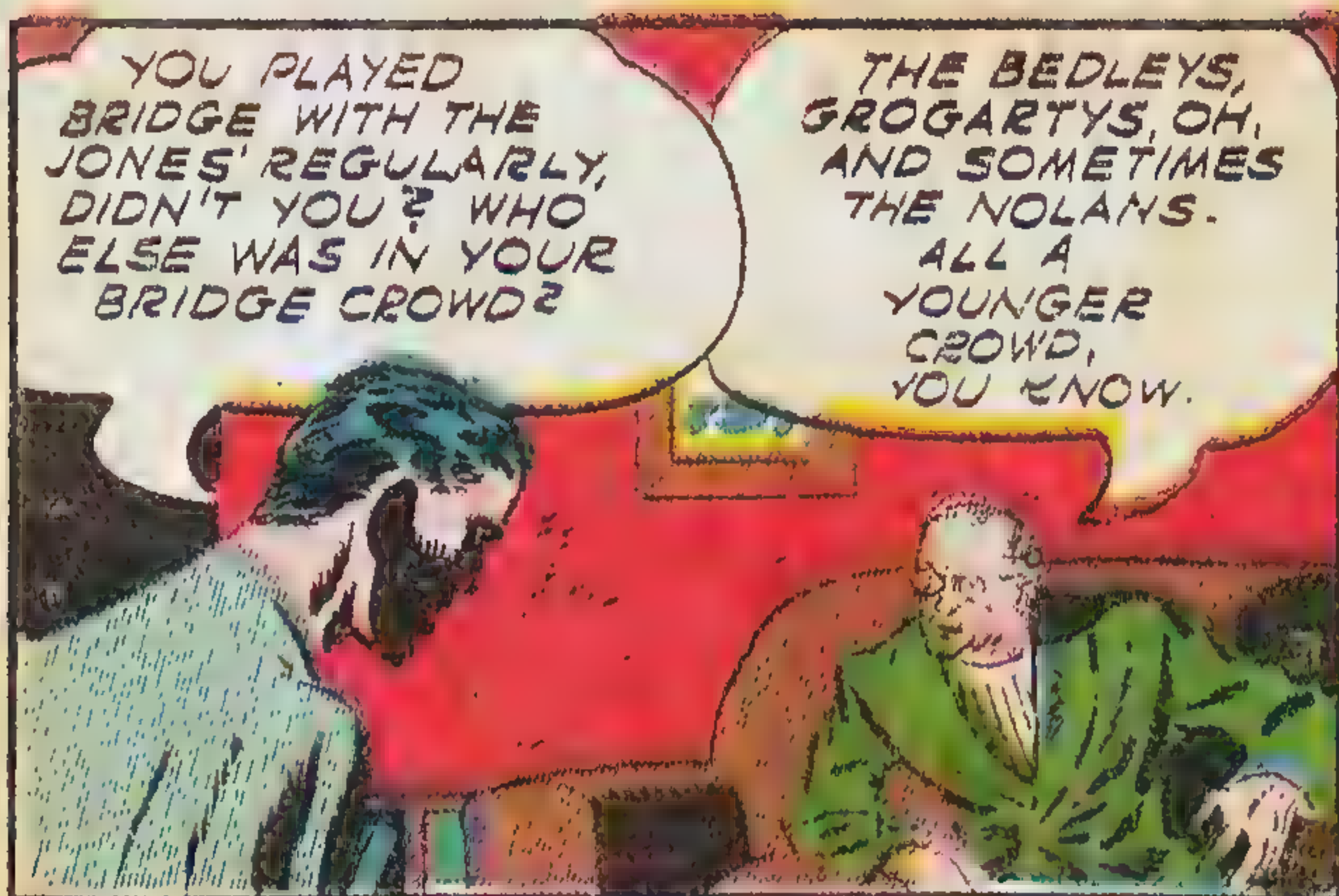


ED, WHAT'S  
WRONG?

YEAH,  
DAD --  
WHAT'S  
THE  
MATTER?

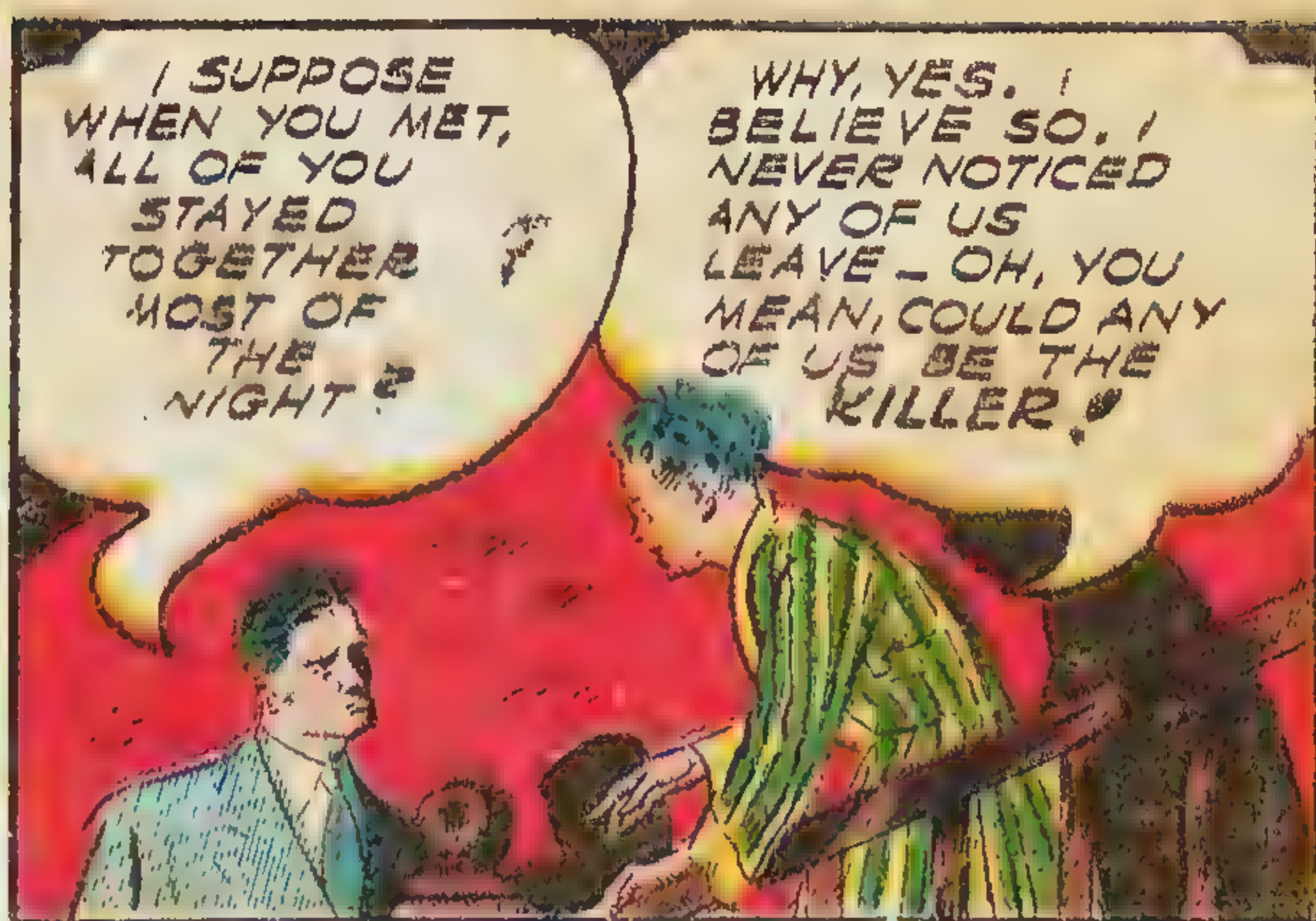
TED JONES  
WAS JUST  
KILLED!  
MR. MALONE  
CAME OVER  
HERE TO ASK  
SOME QUES-  
TIONS!





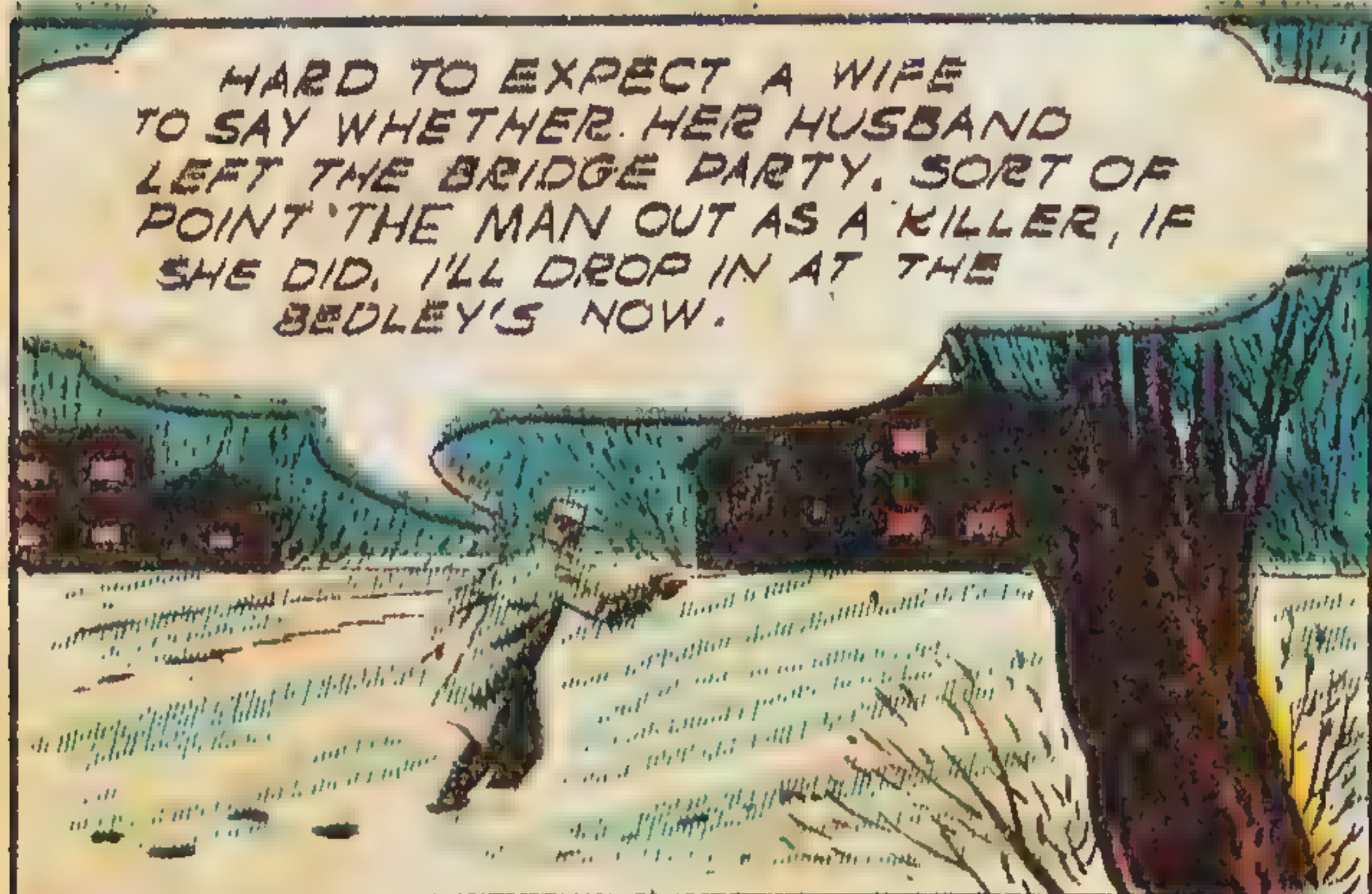
YOU PLAYED  
BRIDGE WITH THE  
JONES' REGULARLY,  
DIDN'T YOU? WHO  
ELSE WAS IN YOUR  
BRIDGE CROWD?

THE BEDLEYS,  
GROGARTYS, OH,  
AND SOMETIMES  
THE NOLANS.  
ALL A  
YOUNGER  
CROWD,  
YOU KNOW.

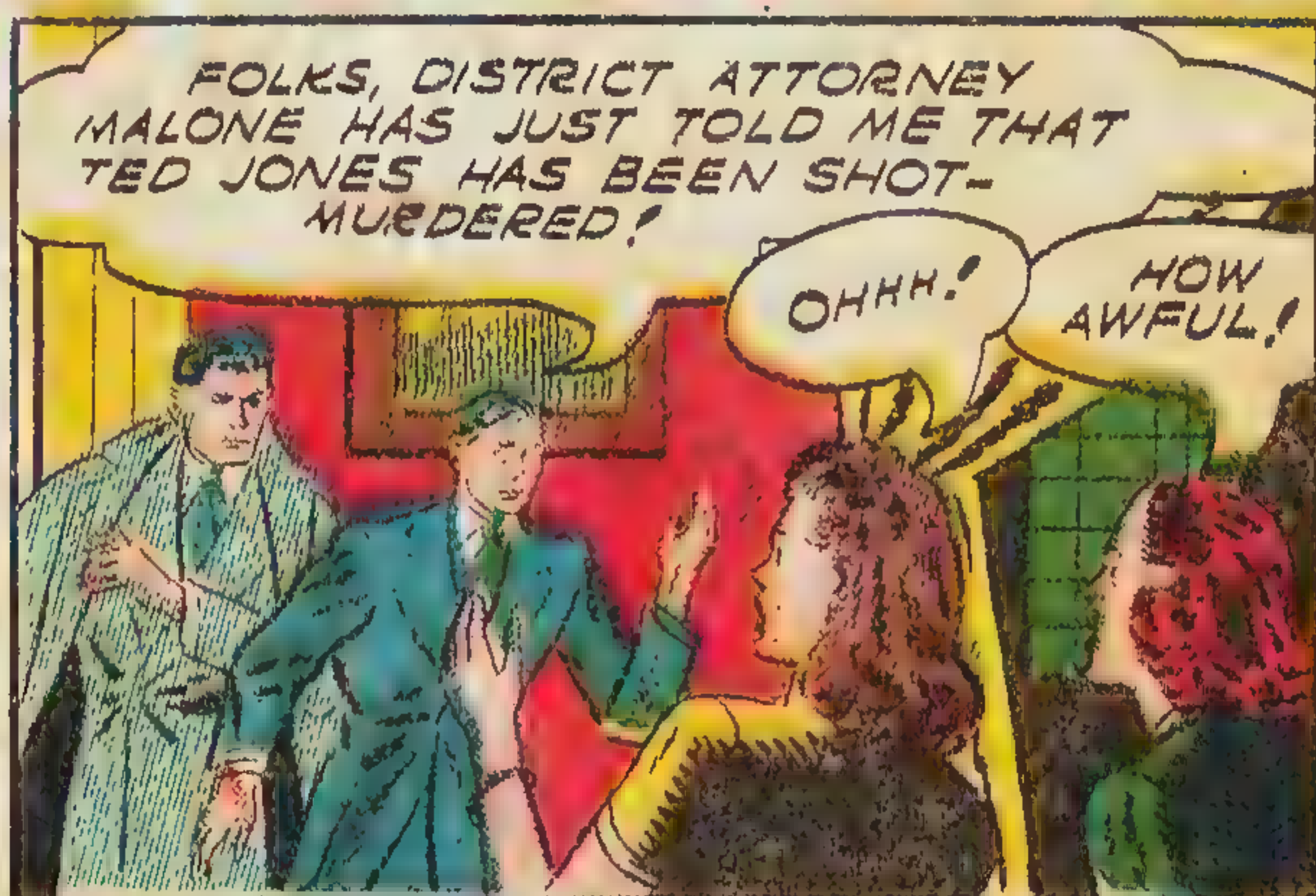


I SUPPOSE  
WHEN YOU MET,  
ALL OF YOU  
STAYED  
TOGETHER  
MOST OF  
THE  
NIGHT?

WHY, YES. I  
BELIEVE SO. I  
NEVER NOTICED  
ANY OF US  
LEAVE - OH, YOU  
MEAN, COULD ANY  
OF US BE THE  
KILLER?



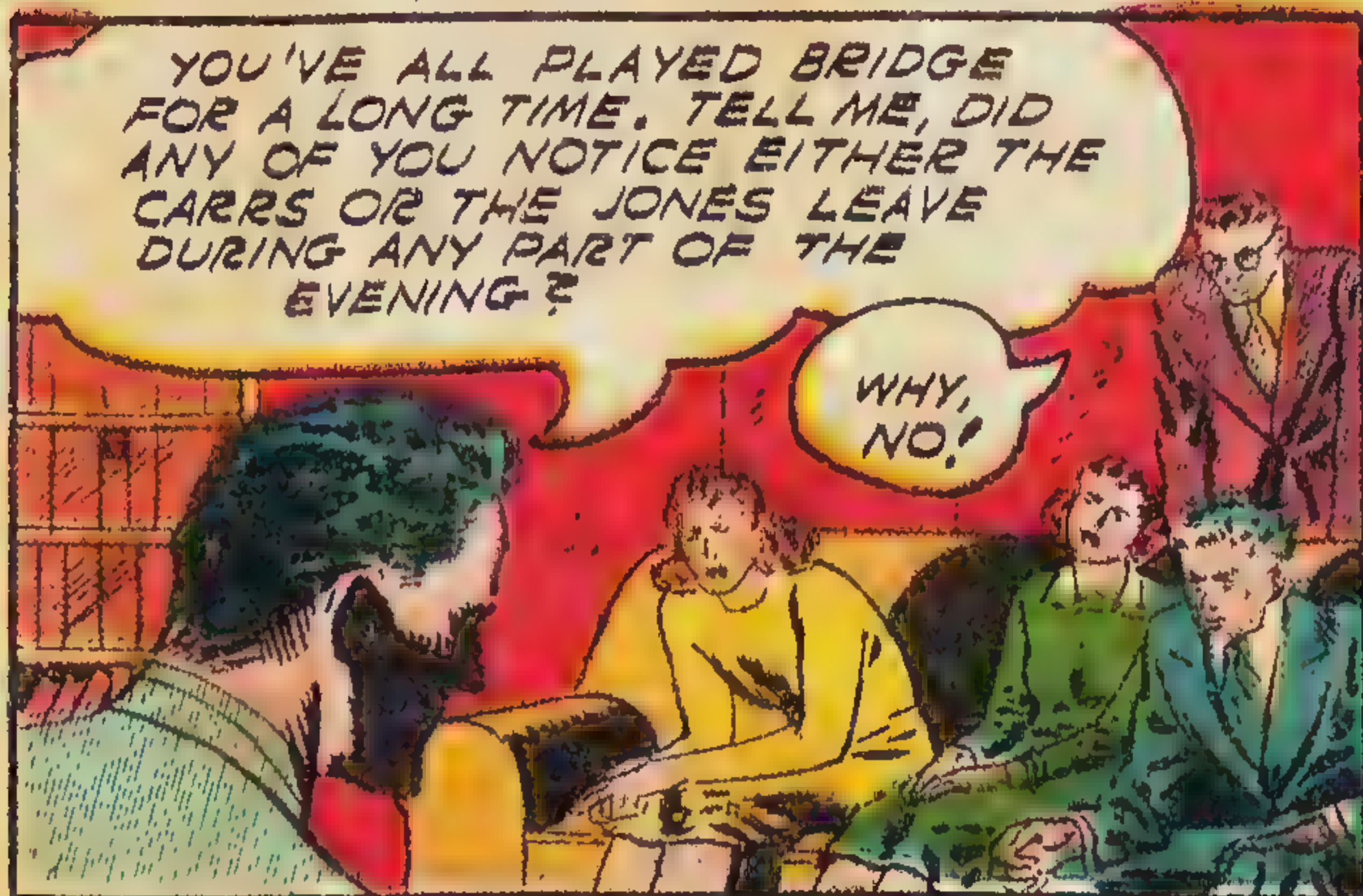
HARD TO EXPECT A WIFE  
TO SAY WHETHER HER HUSBAND  
LEFT THE BRIDGE PARTY. SORT OF  
POINT THE MAN OUT AS A KILLER, IF  
SHE DID, I'LL DROP IN AT THE  
BEDLEY'S NOW.



FOLKS, DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
MALONE HAS JUST TOLD ME THAT  
TED JONES HAS BEEN SHOT-  
MURDERED!

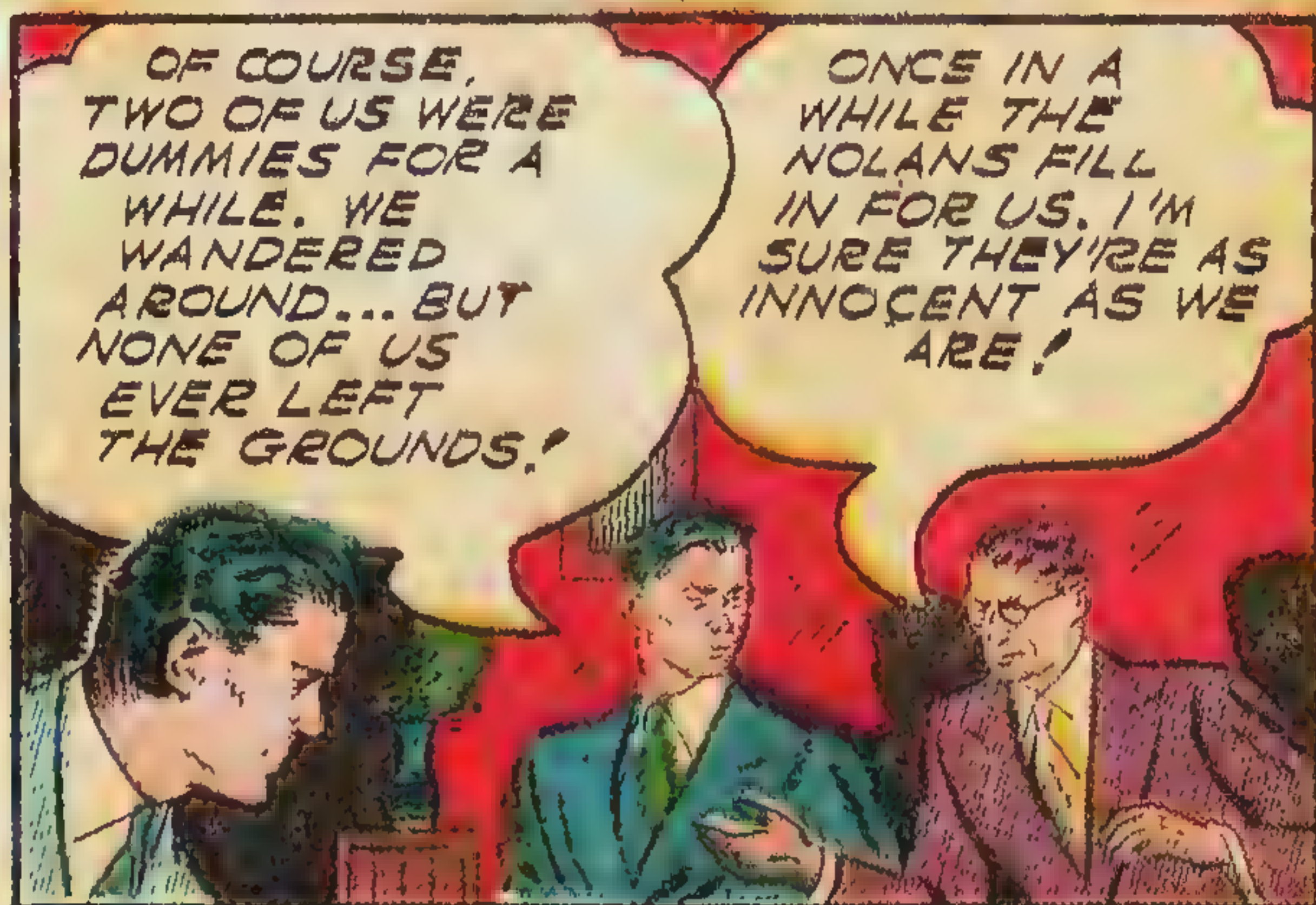
OHKK!

HOW  
AWFUL!



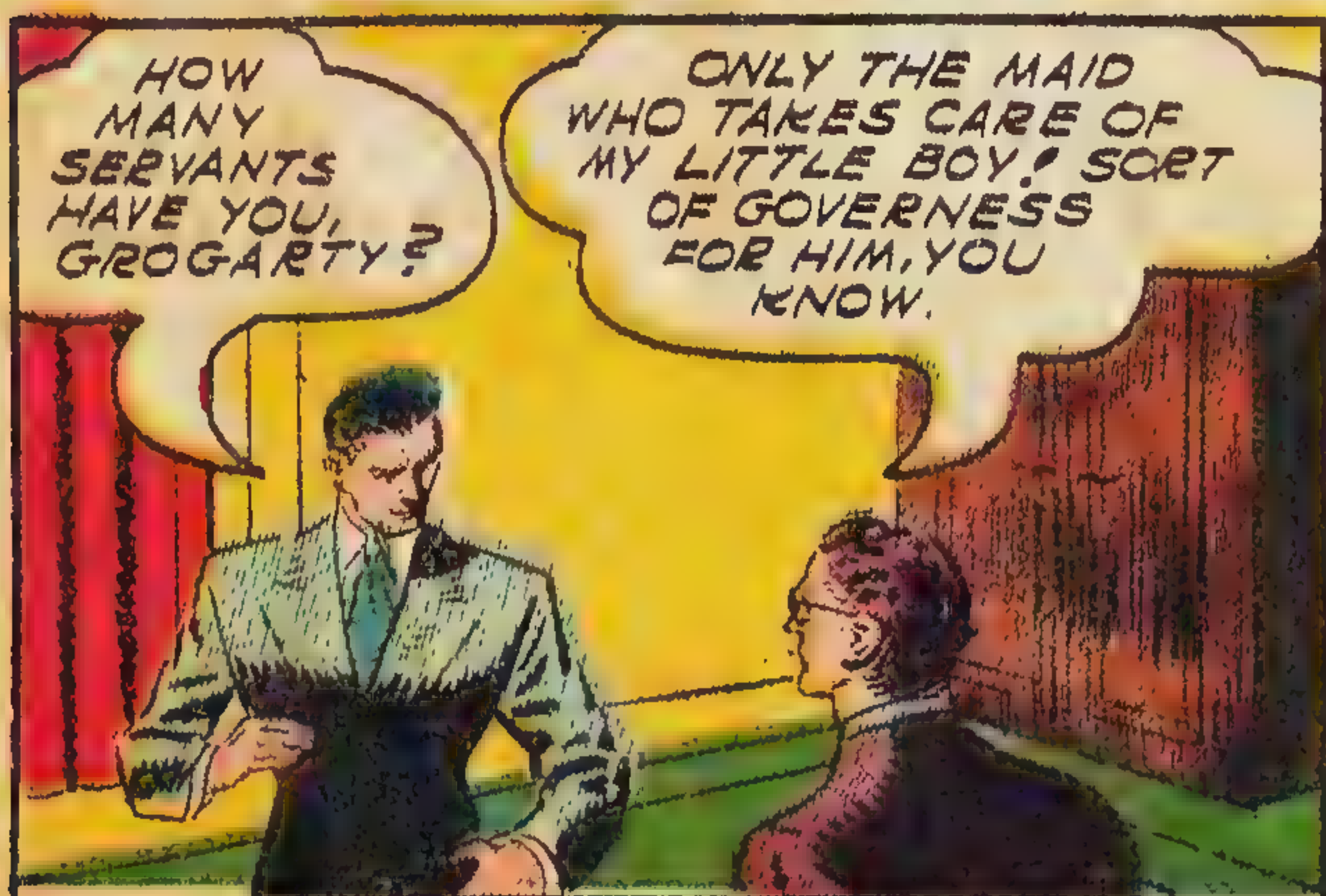
YOU'VE ALL PLAYED BRIDGE  
FOR A LONG TIME. TELL ME, DID  
ANY OF YOU NOTICE EITHER THE  
CARRS OR THE JONES LEAVE  
DURING ANY PART OF THE  
EVENING?

WHY,  
NO!



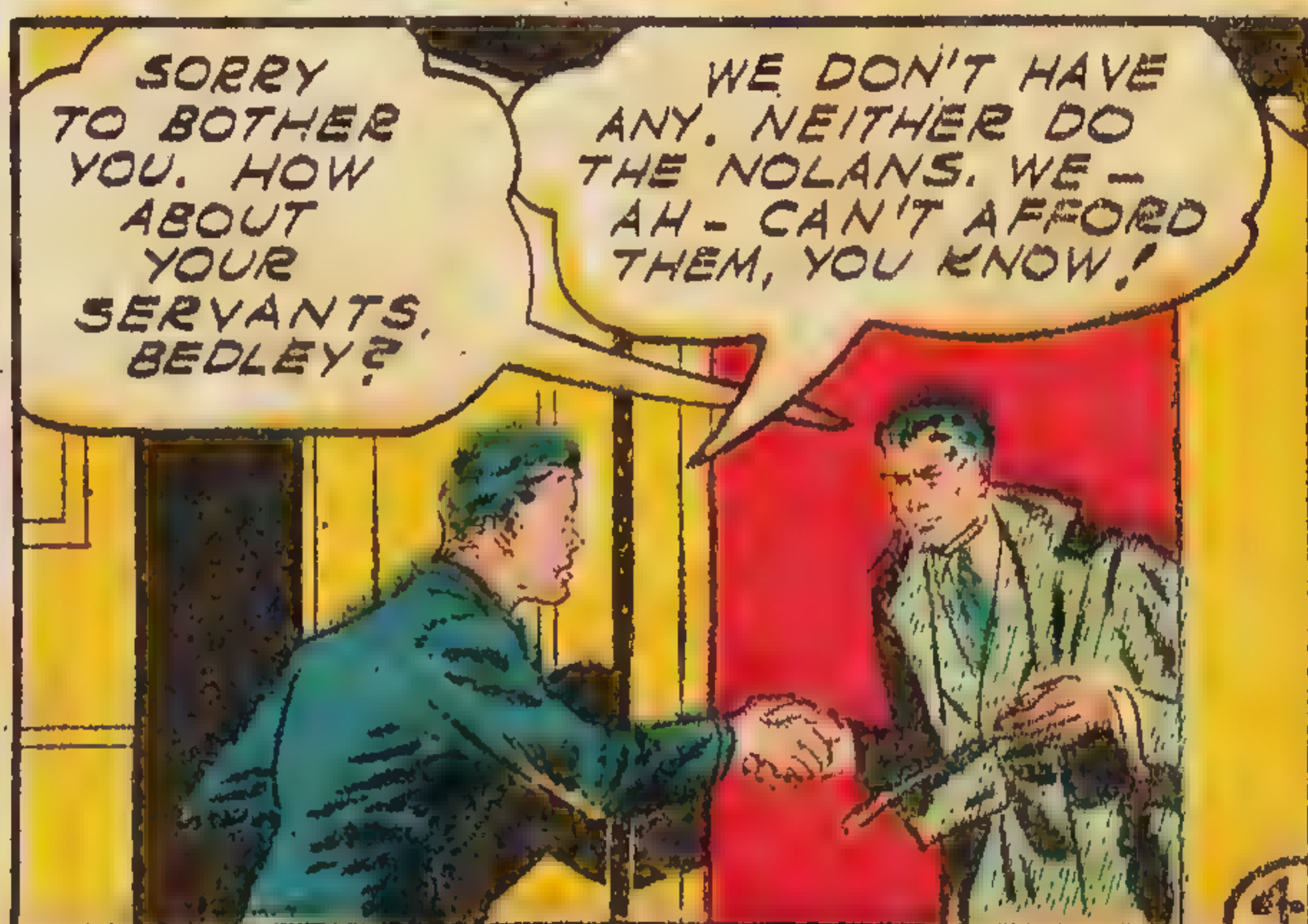
OF COURSE,  
TWO OF US WERE  
DUMMIES FOR A  
WHILE. WE  
WANDERED  
AROUND... BUT  
NONE OF US  
EVER LEFT  
THE GROUNDS!

ONCE IN A  
WHILE THE  
NOLANS FILL  
IN FOR US. I'M  
SURE THEY'RE AS  
INNOCENT AS WE  
ARE!



HOW  
MANY  
SERVANTS  
HAVE YOU,  
GROGARTY?

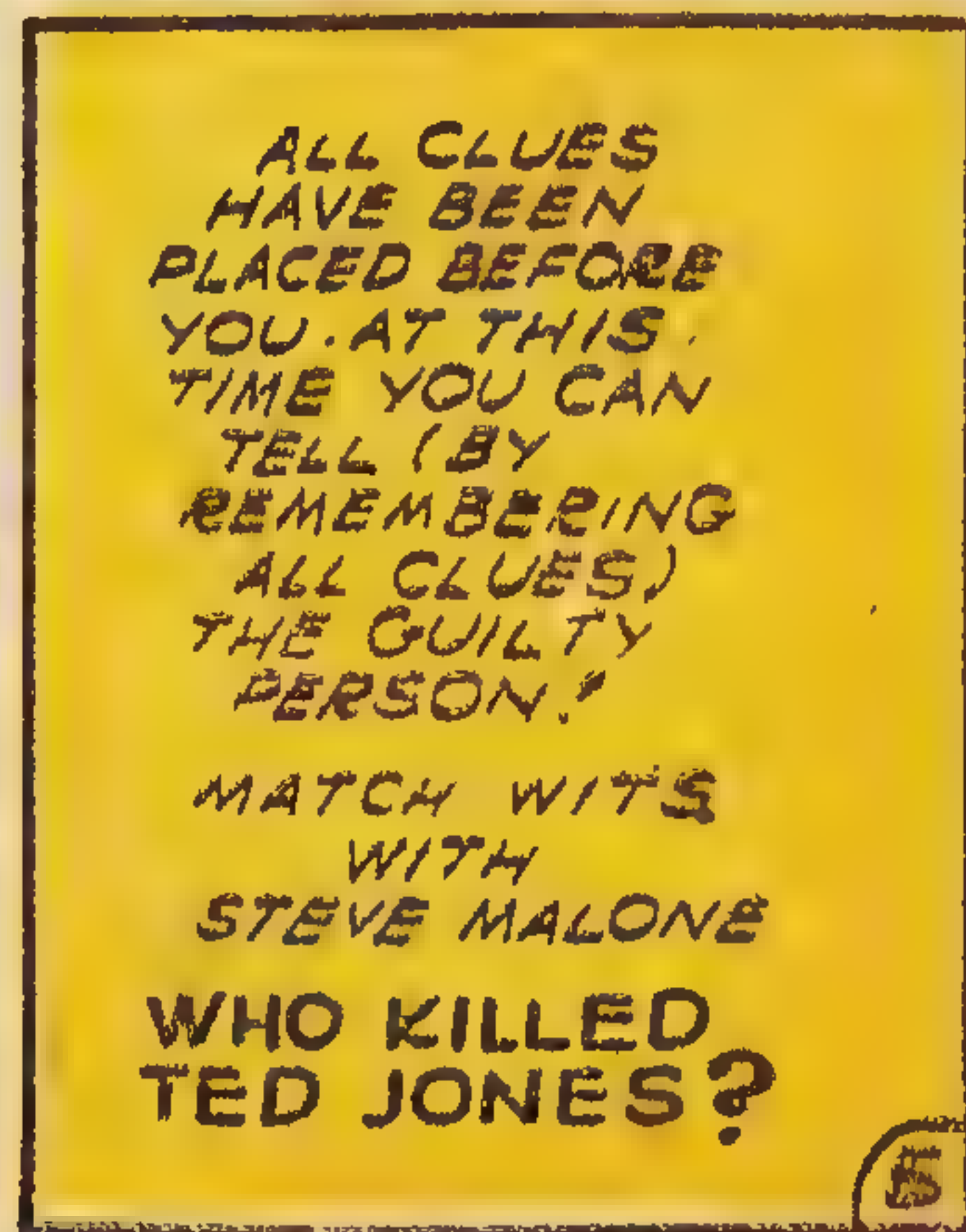
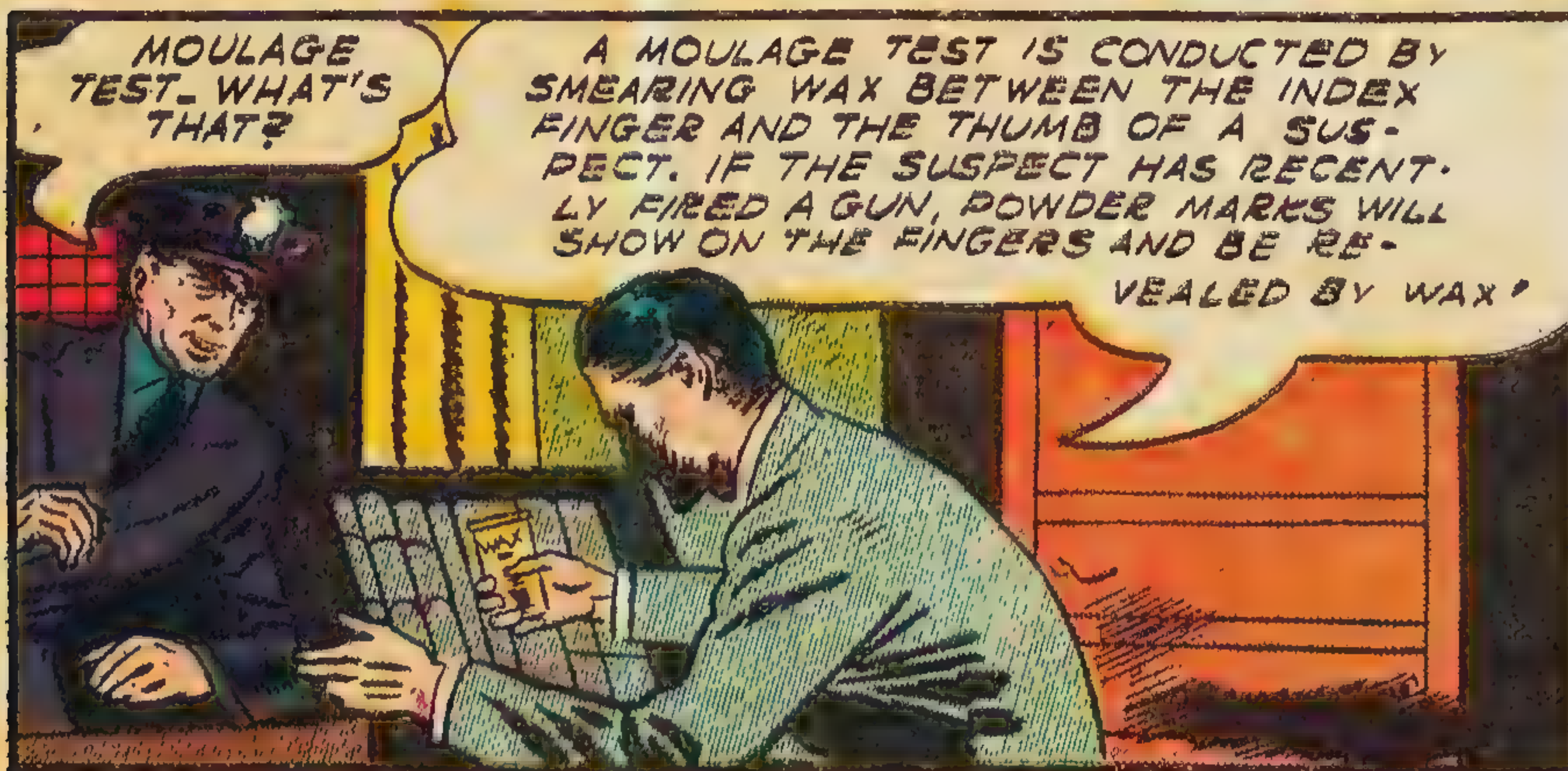
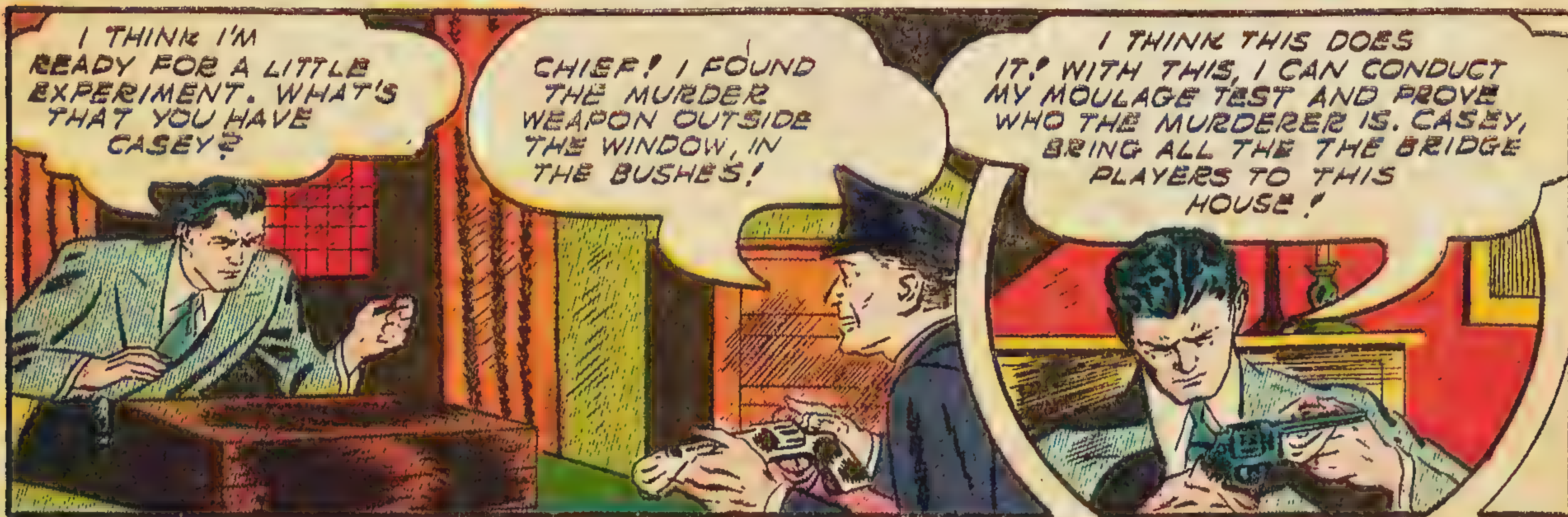
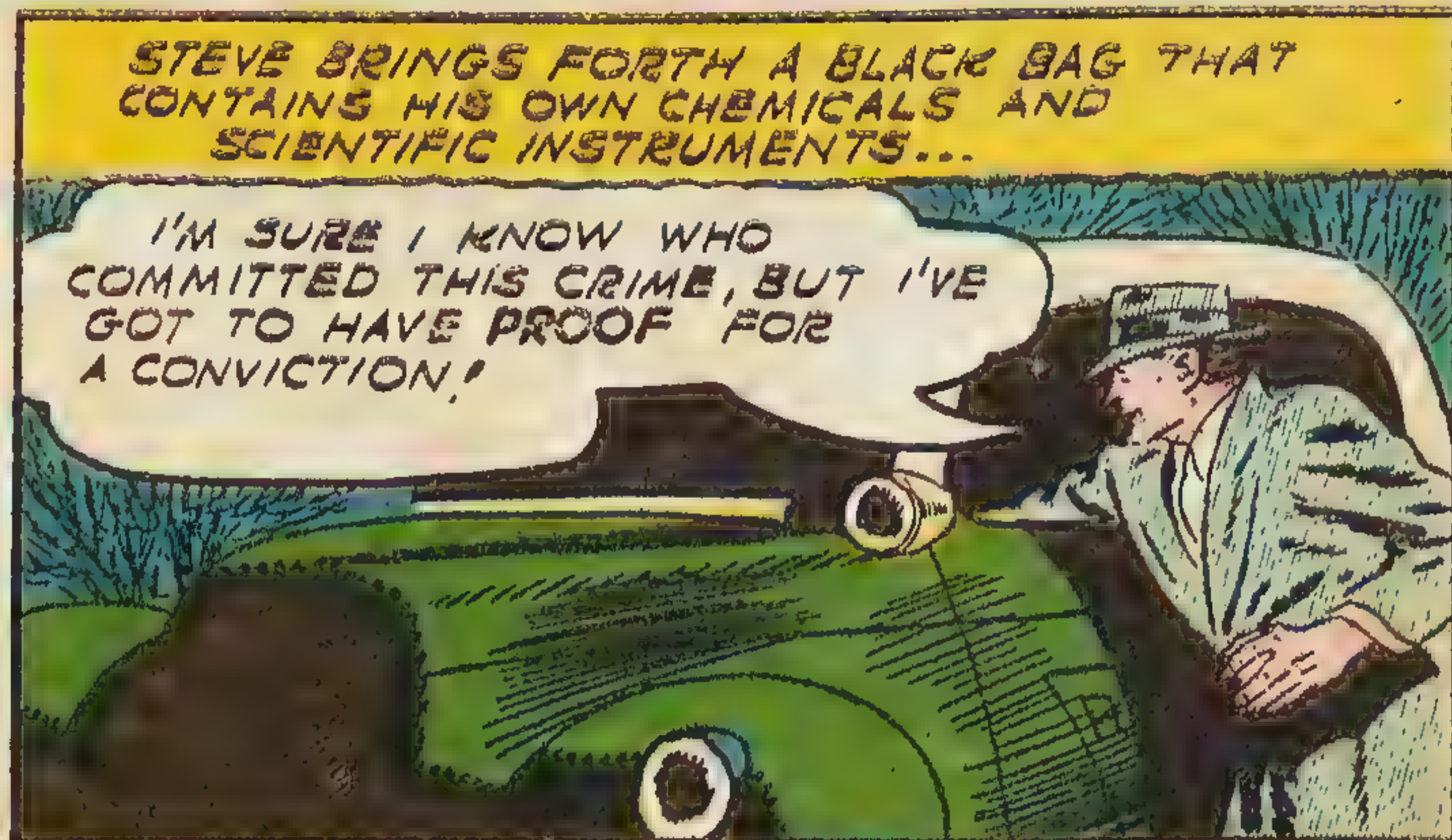
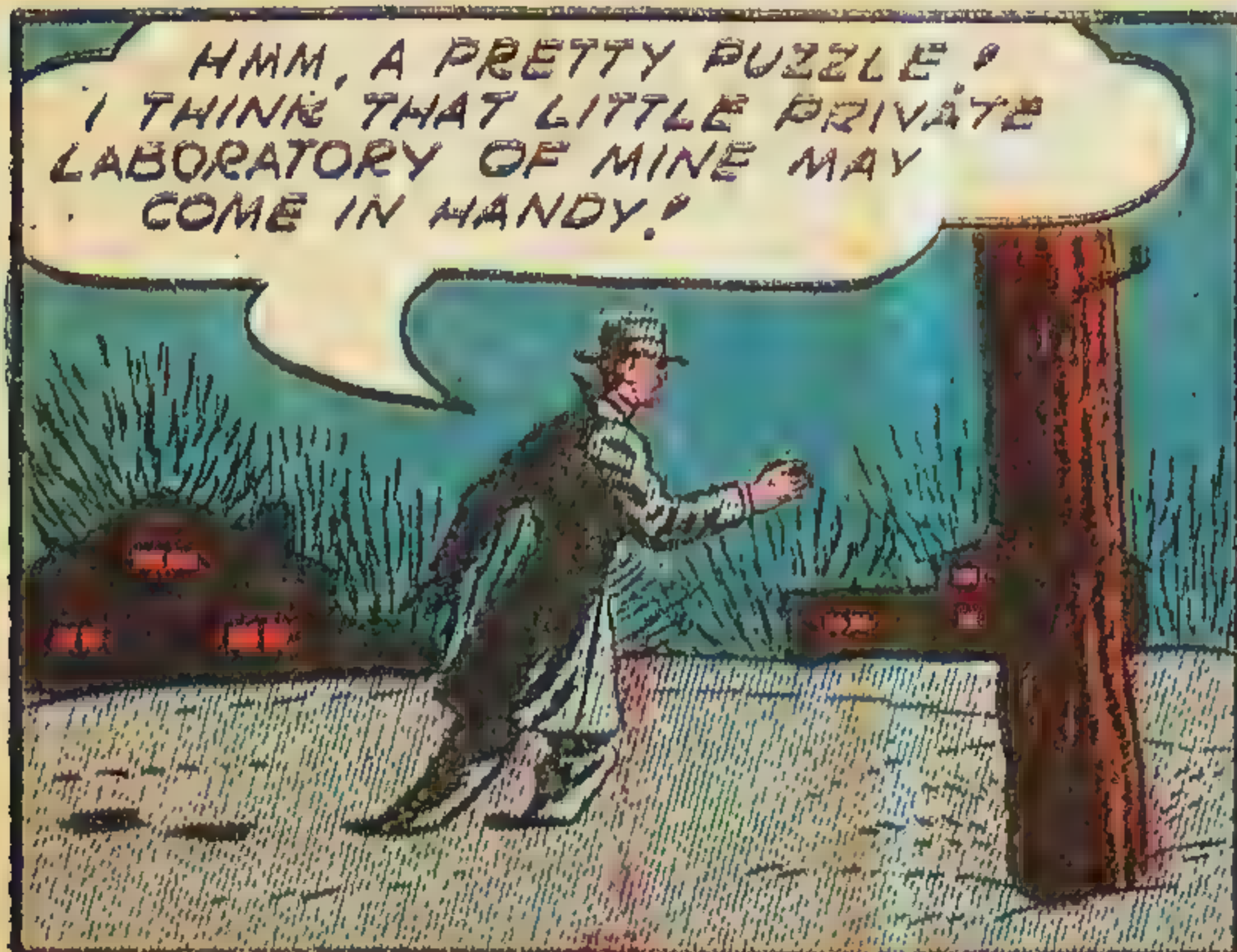
ONLY THE MAID  
WHO TAKES CARE OF  
MY LITTLE BOY! SORT  
OF GOVERNESS  
FOR HIM, YOU  
KNOW.



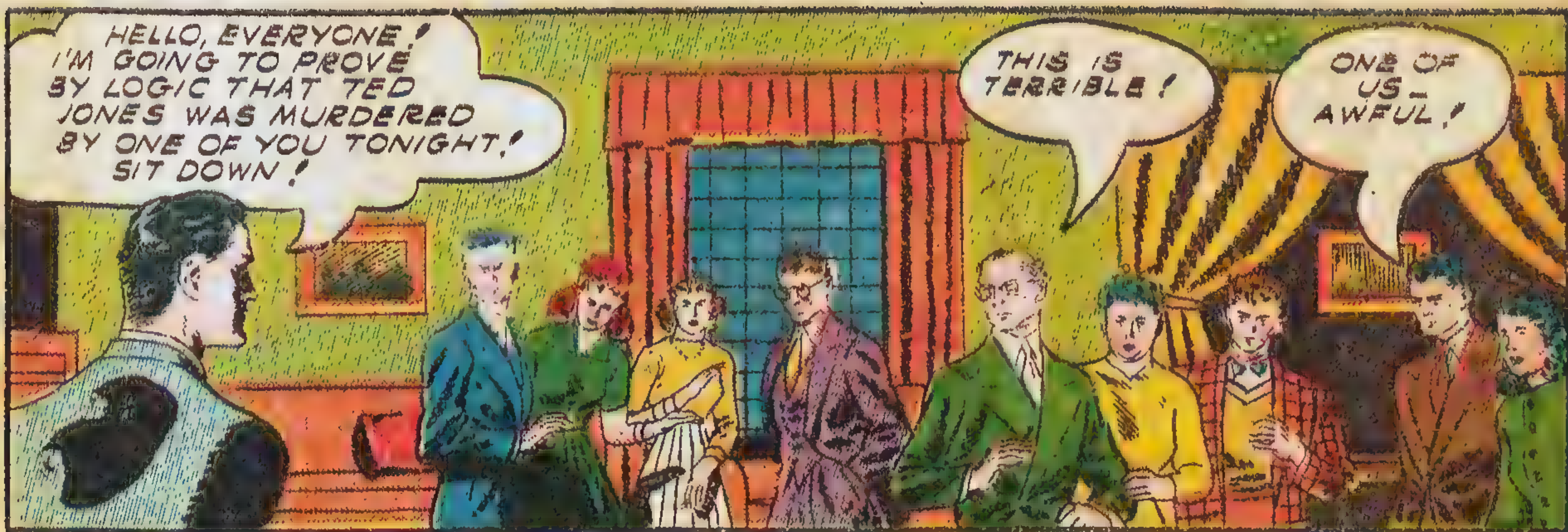
SORRY  
TO BOTHER  
YOU. HOW  
ABOUT  
YOUR  
SERVANTS,  
BEDLEY?

WE DON'T HAVE  
ANY. NEITHER DO  
THE NOLANS. WE -  
AH - CAN'T AFFORD  
THEM, YOU KNOW!





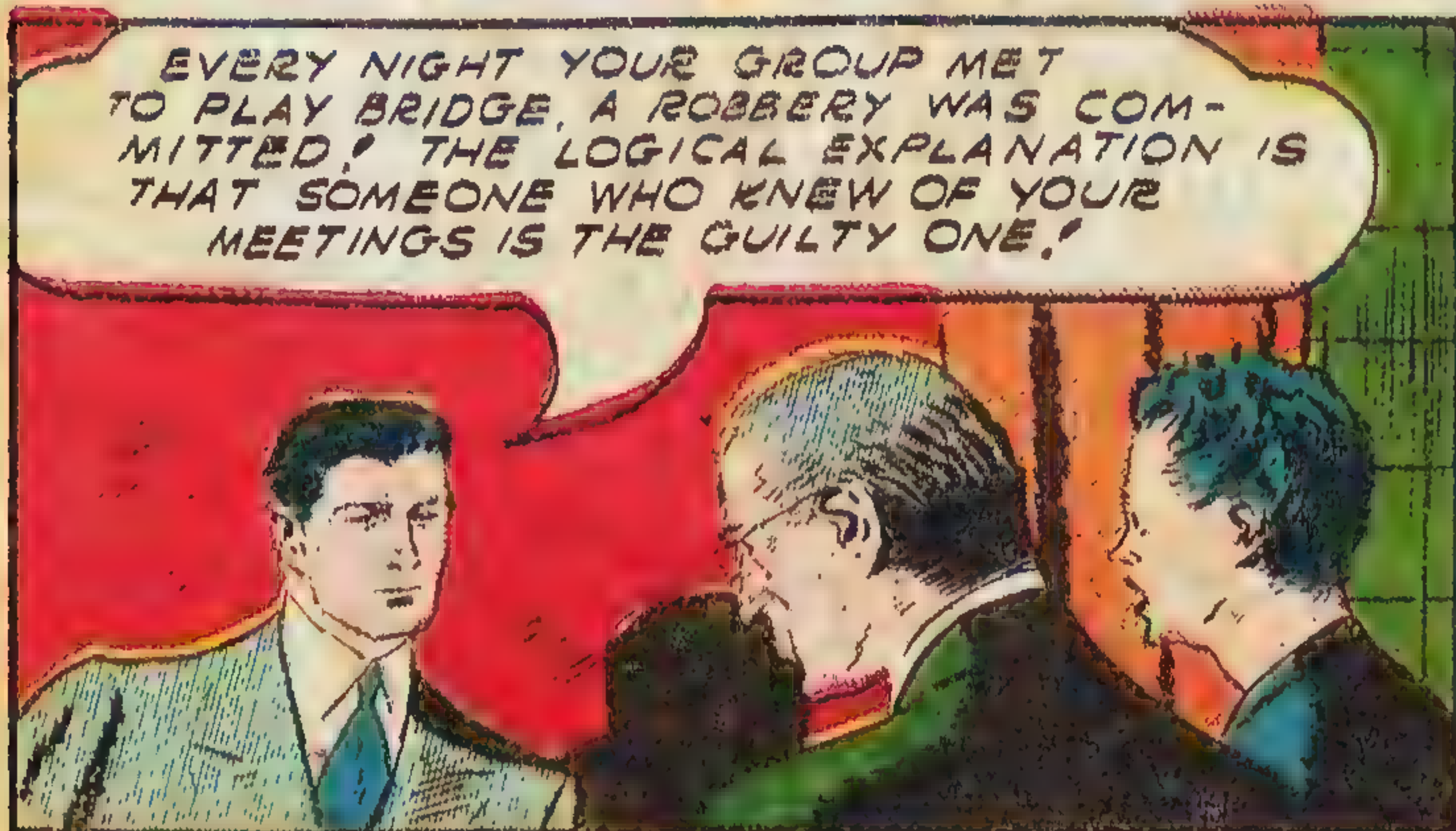




HELLO, EVERYONE!  
I'M GOING TO PROVE  
BY LOGIC THAT TED  
JONES WAS MURDERED  
BY ONE OF YOU TONIGHT!  
SIT DOWN!

THIS IS  
TERRIBLE!

ONE OF  
US—  
AWFUL!



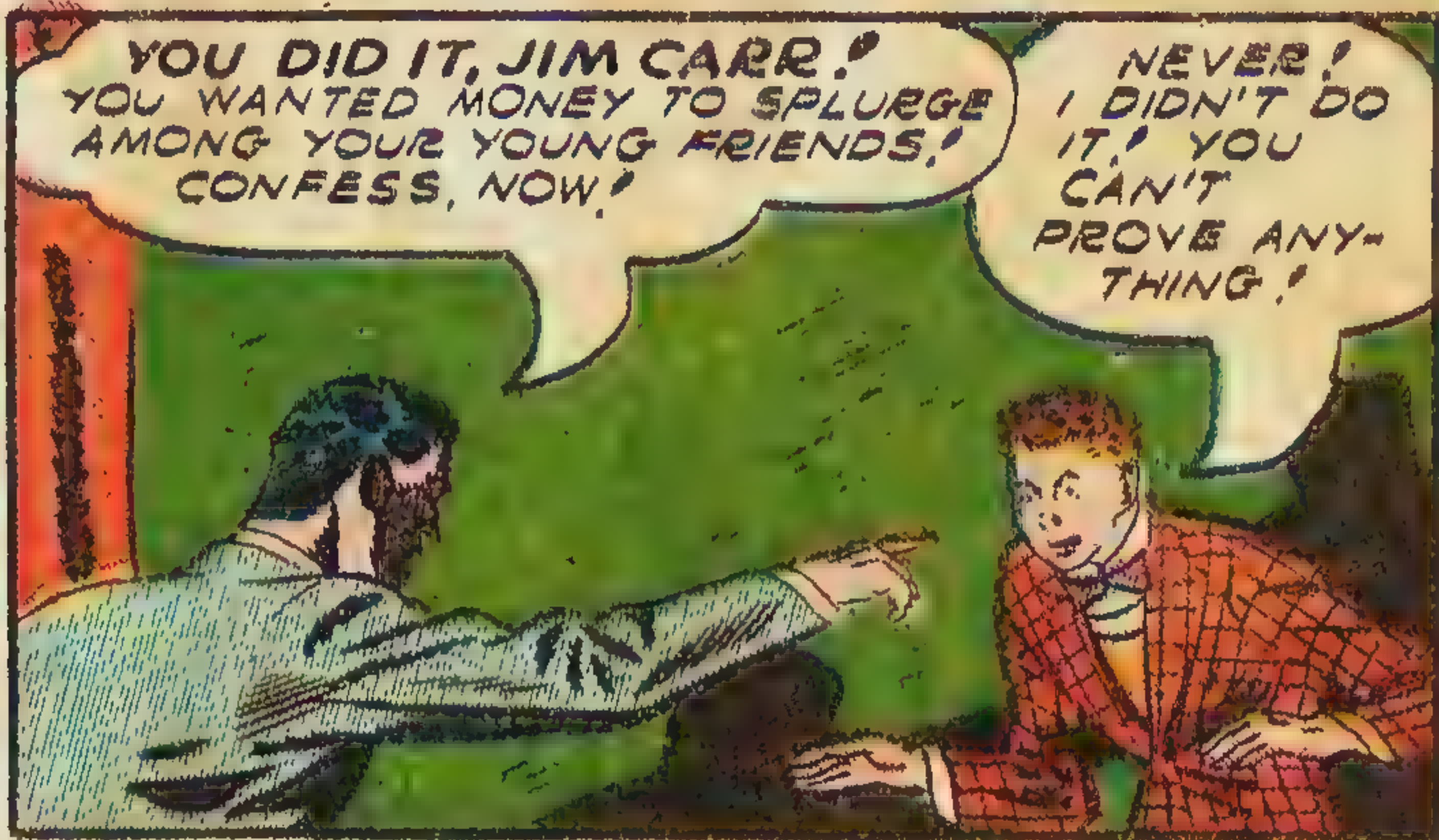
EVERY NIGHT YOUR GROUP MET  
TO PLAY BRIDGE. A ROBBERY WAS COM-  
MITTED! THE LOGICAL EXPLANATION IS  
THAT SOMEONE WHO KNEW OF YOUR  
MEETINGS IS THE GUILTY ONE!



OBSVIOUSLY, IF ALL OF  
YOU ATTENDED THE BRIDGE  
MEETINGS, IT COULD NOT BE  
ONE OF THE PLAYERS! THEN  
WHOM ELSE MIGHT IT BE?  
A SERVANT?

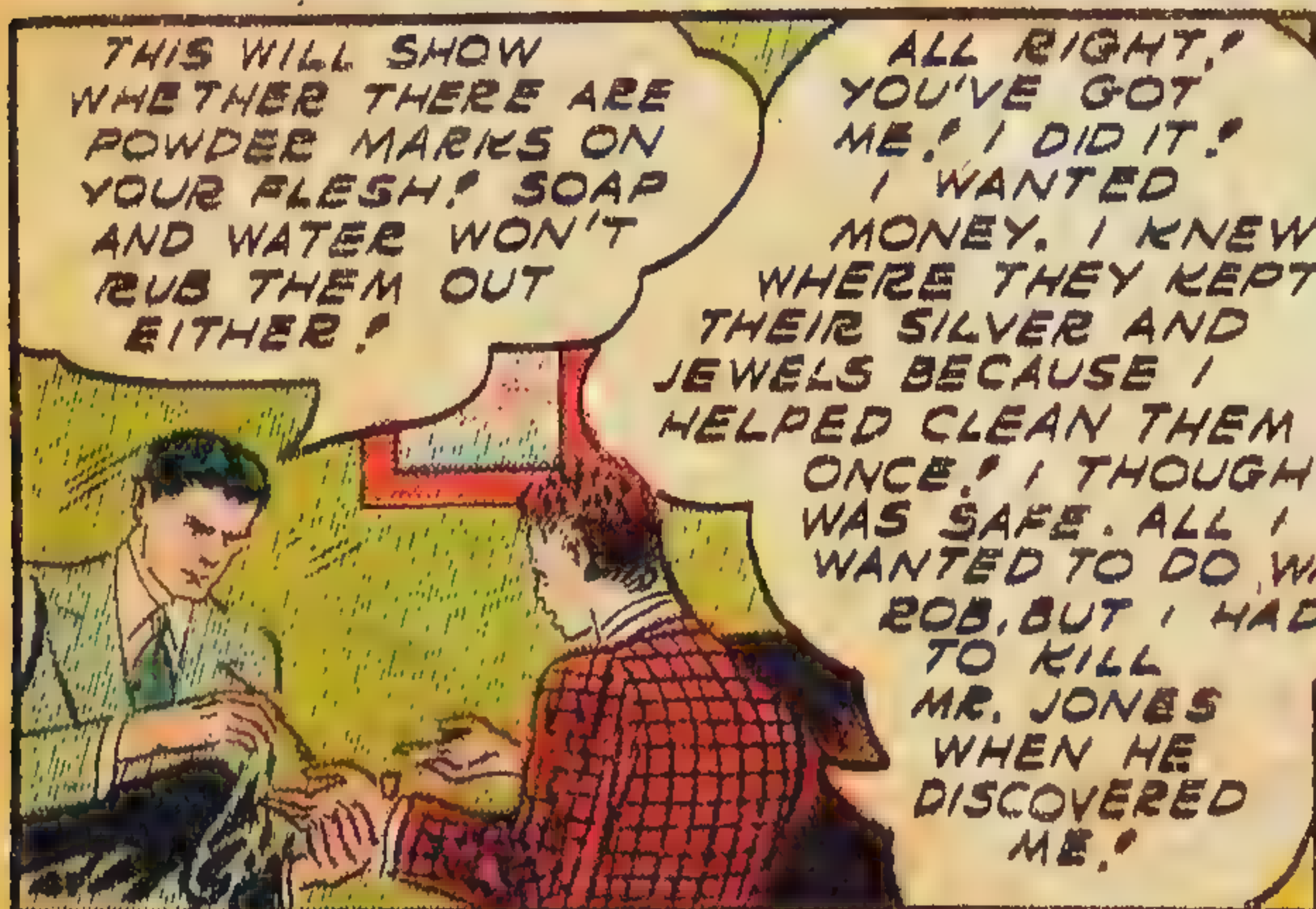


THE ONLY SERVANT  
AMONG YOUR GROUP IS  
THE Grogarty's MAID. SHE  
WOULD NOT LEAVE THE CHILD.  
NO, WE MUST LOOK ELSEWHERE!  
AND THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY  
TO LOOK!



YOU DID IT, JIM CARR!  
YOU WANTED MONEY TO SPLURGE  
AMONG YOUR YOUNG FRIENDS!  
CONFESS, NOW!

NEVER!  
I DIDN'T DO  
IT! YOU  
CAN'T  
PROVE ANY-  
THING!



THIS WILL SHOW  
WHETHER THERE ARE  
POWDER MARKS ON  
YOUR FLESH! SOAP  
AND WATER WON'T  
RUB THEM OUT  
EITHER!

ALL RIGHT!  
YOU'VE GOT  
ME! I DID IT!  
I WANTED  
MONEY. I KNEW  
WHERE THEY KEPT  
THEIR SILVER AND  
JEWELS BECAUSE I  
HELPED CLEAN THEM  
ONCE! I THOUGHT IT  
WAS SAFE. ALL I  
WANTED TO DO WAS  
ROB, BUT I HAD  
TO KILL  
MR. JONES  
WHEN HE  
DISCOVERED  
ME!



MY SUCCESS WITH THE  
MOULTAGE TEST DEFINITELY  
SHOWED POWDER MARKS  
ON HIS FINGERS! AFTER  
THAT THE CITY DE-  
CIDED TO BUILD A  
LABORATORY OF  
ITS OWN!

GEE,  
THAT WAS  
EXCITING!  
THANKS  
A LOT,  
MR. MALONE!  
THE KIDS'LL  
EAT THIS  
UP!

THE END  
STEVE MALONE SOLVES A  
PUZZLER EACH MONTH IN  
DETECTIVE COMICS!



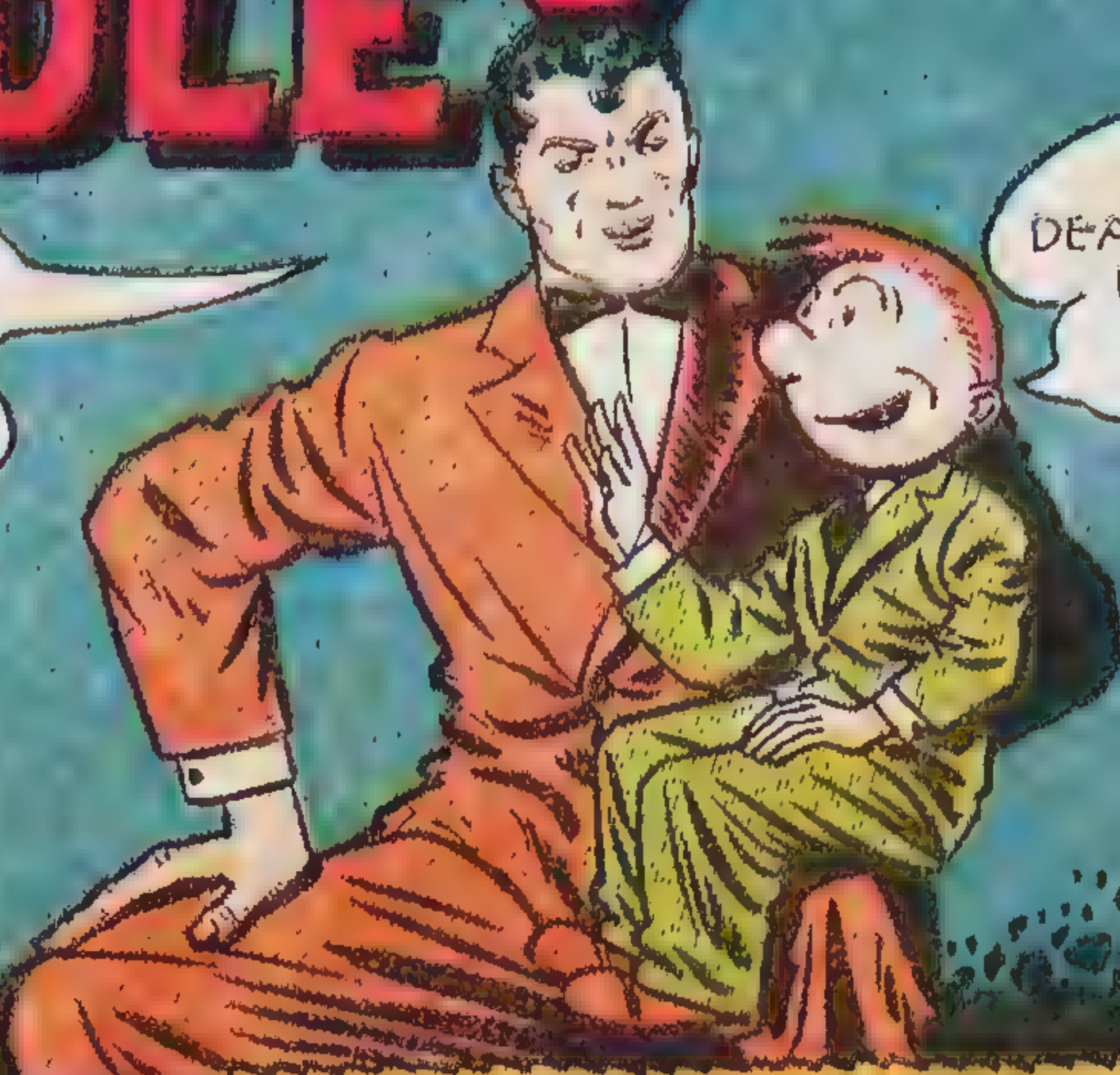
# SLAM

## BRADLEY

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES -- UNTIL SLAM BRADLEY AND MORGAN, SHORTY PRIVATE ACE DETECTIVES, SOLVE THE CASE OF THE DUMMY!

SHORTY, WHAT BUSINESS ENTAILS THE GREATEST RISK AND THE LEAST PROFIT?

CRIME, MY DEAR BRADLEY IT NEVER PAYS!



AND THAT'S WHAT YOU'D GET IF I MET YOU IN THE FLESH, MR. DESPERATE DAN!

I GET THE POINT - BUT WHEN DO WE GET A CASE?

THE DOOR OPENS SUDDENLY, AND TWO UNIFORMED GUARDS MAKE A STRANGE DEPOSIT AND LEAVE.

A CASE FOR BRADLEY & MORGAN!

HOW'S THAT FOR ACTION, PAL?

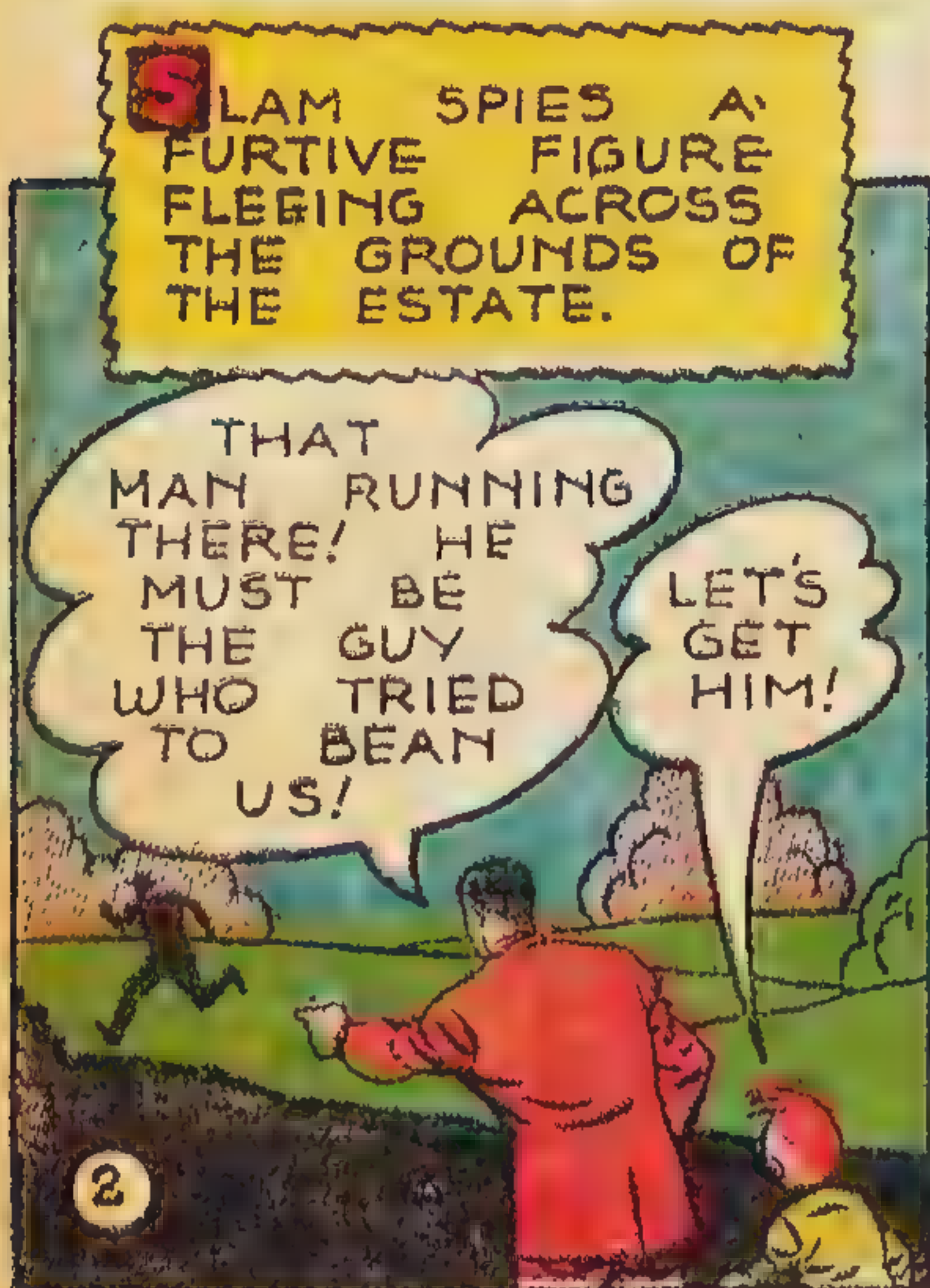
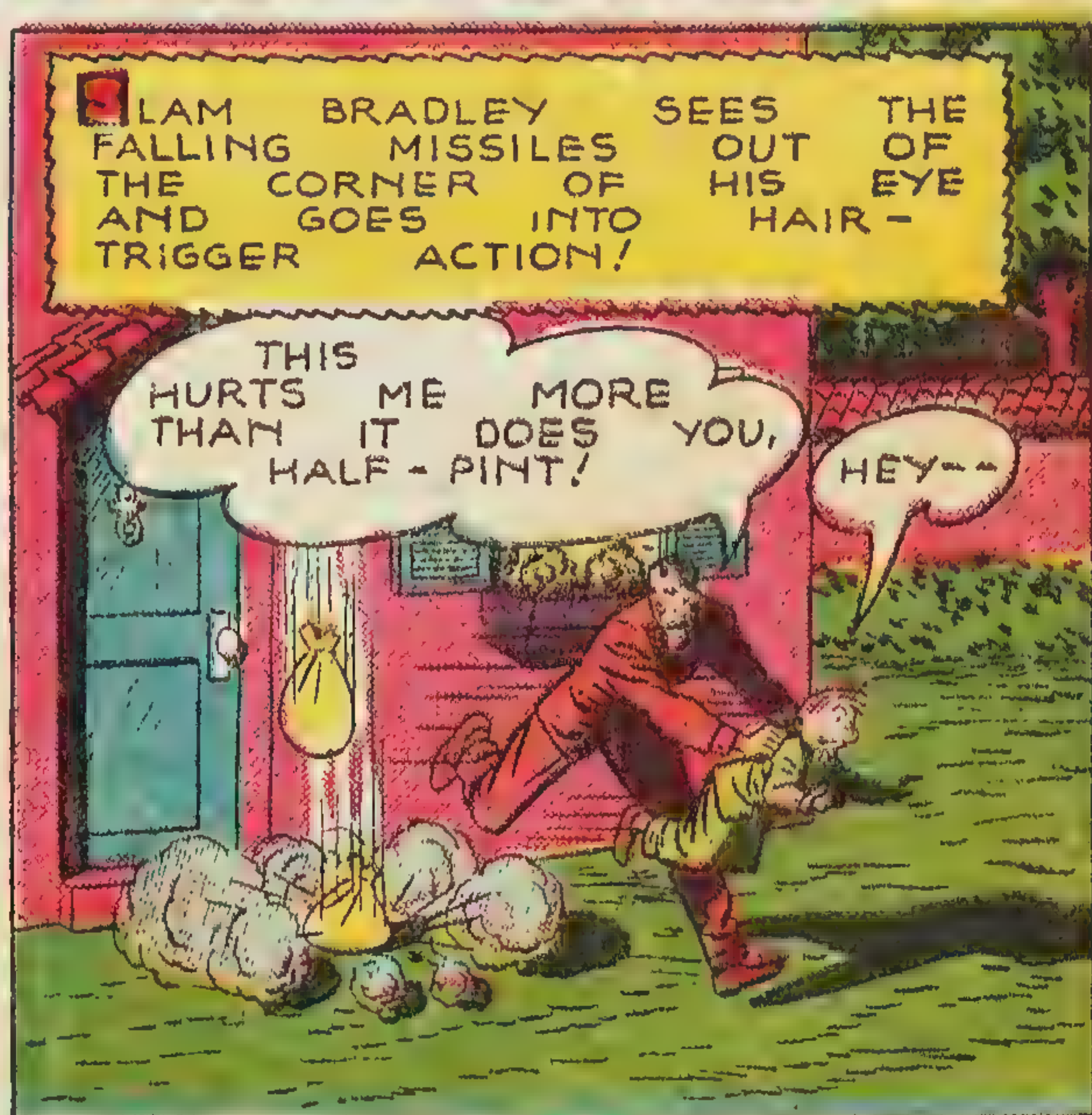
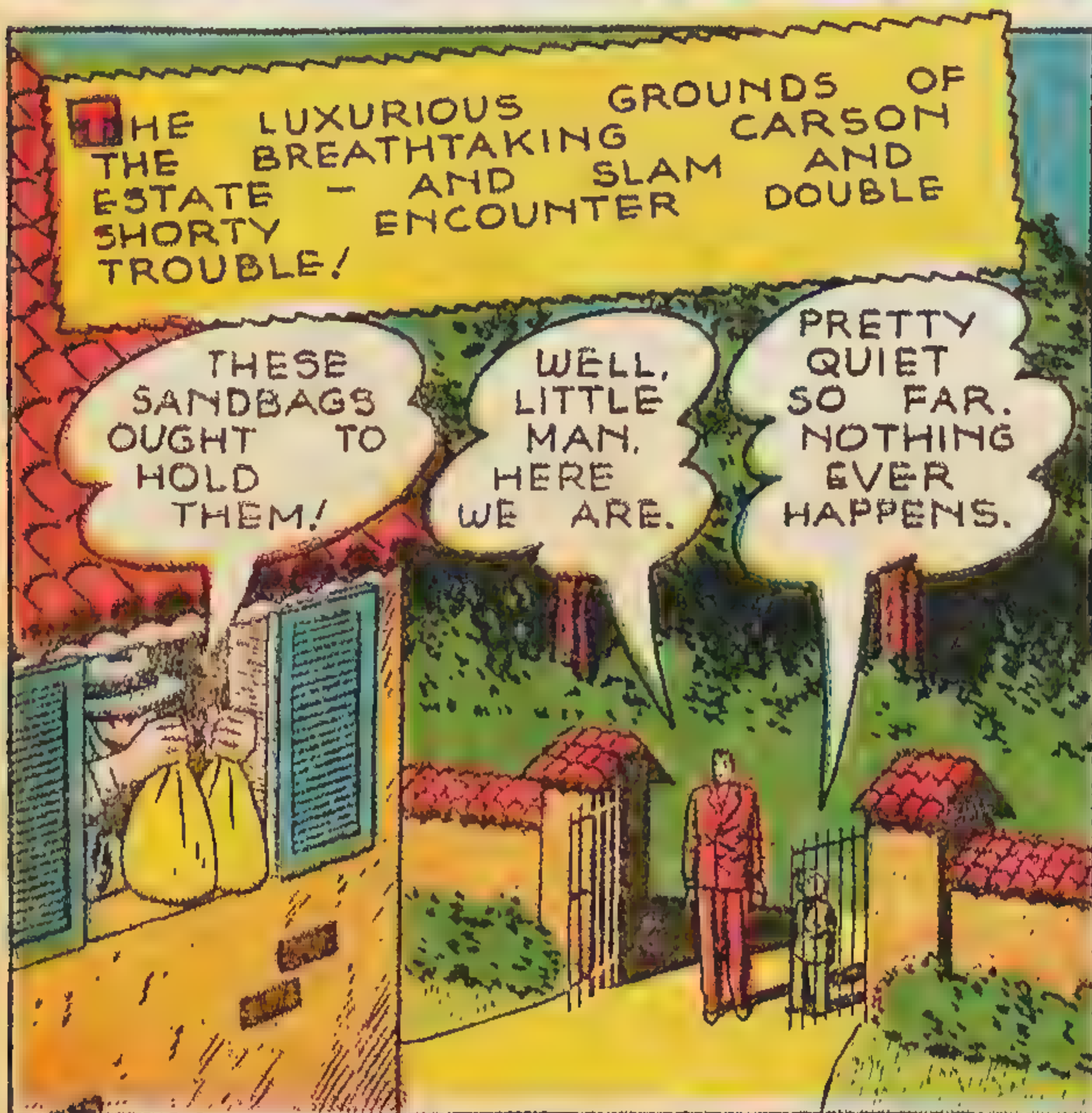
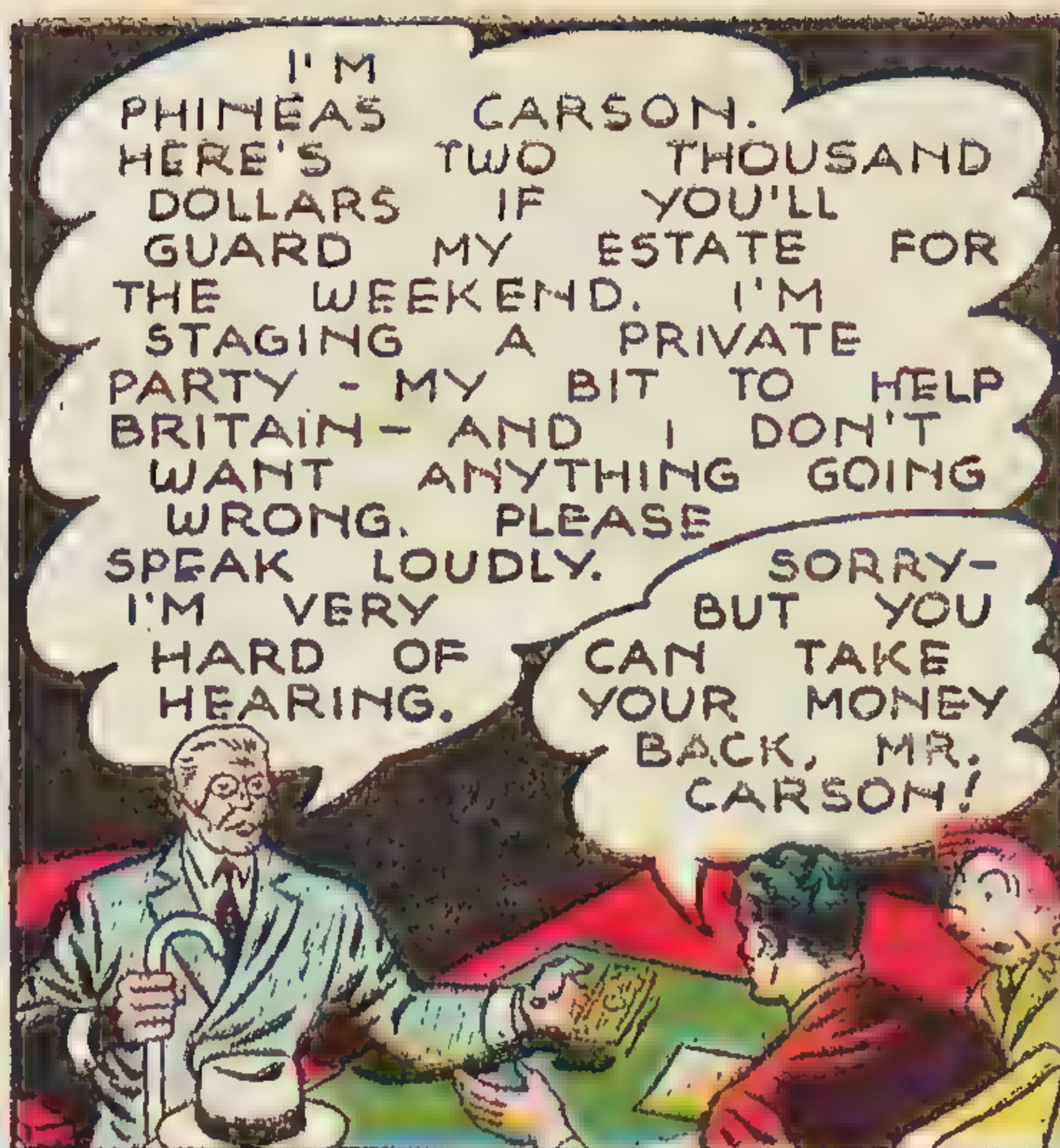
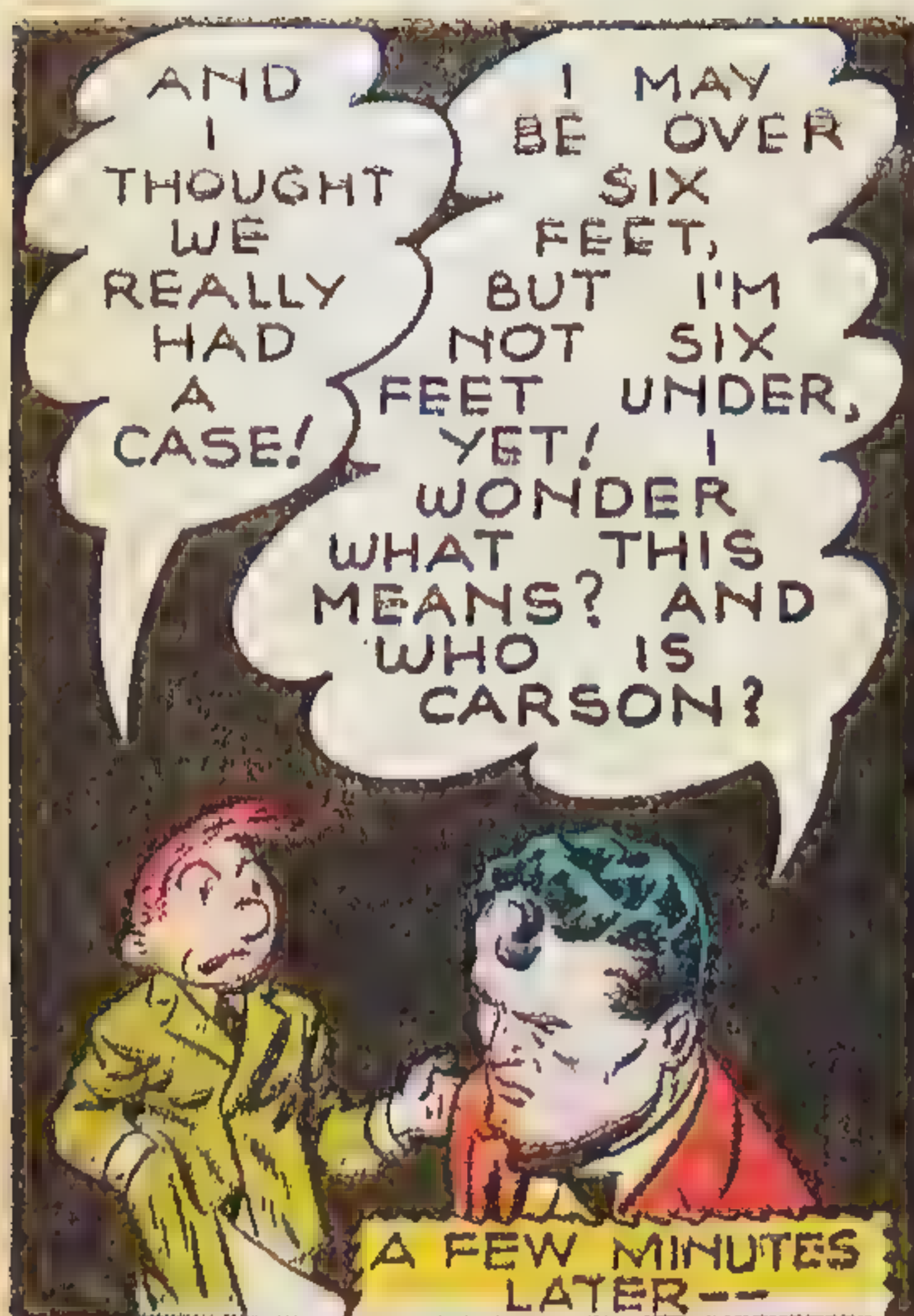
THEY'VE GOT YOU, SLAM!

IT'S A WAX STATUE OF ME! BUT WHY --? OH THERE'S A NOTE!

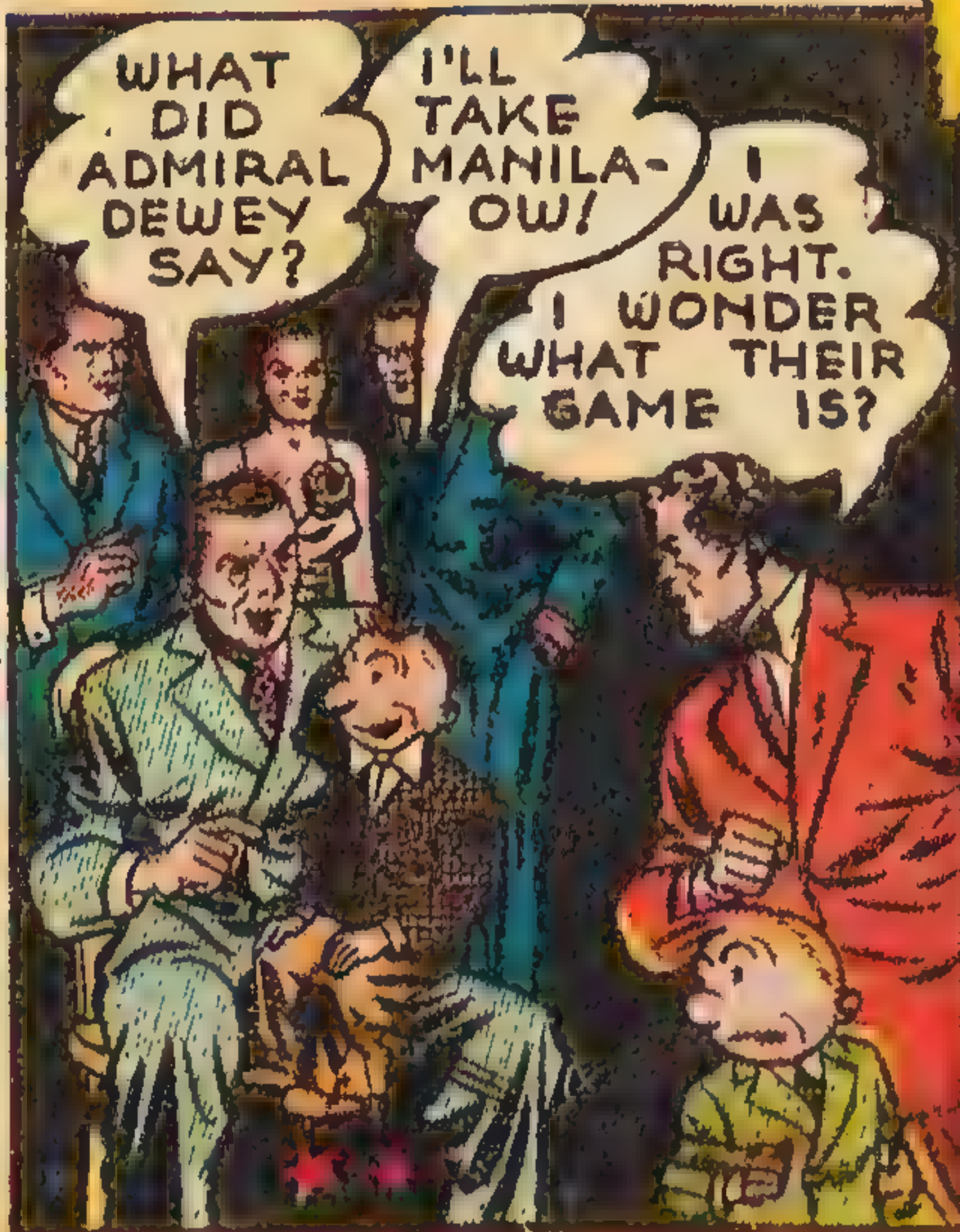
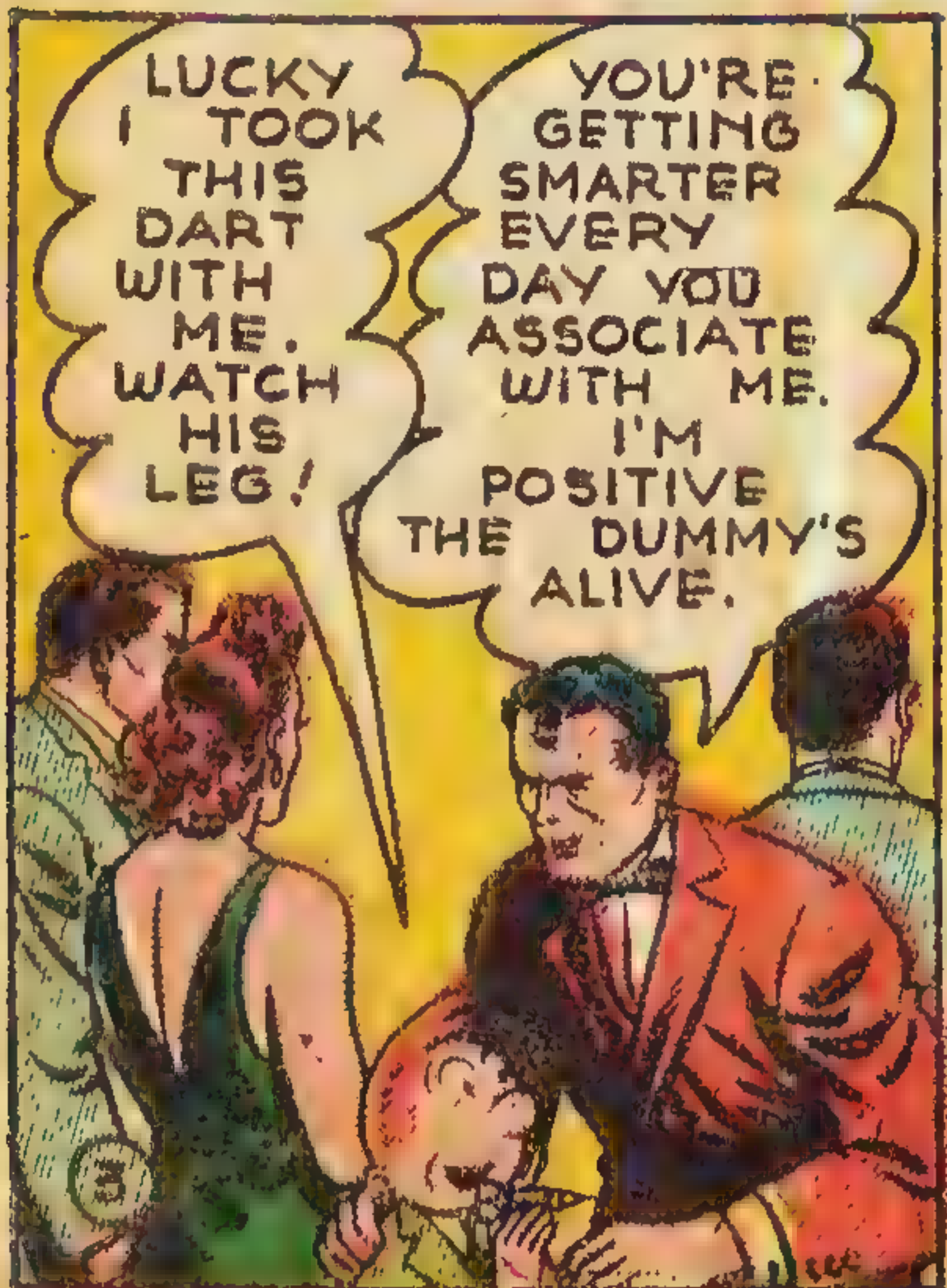
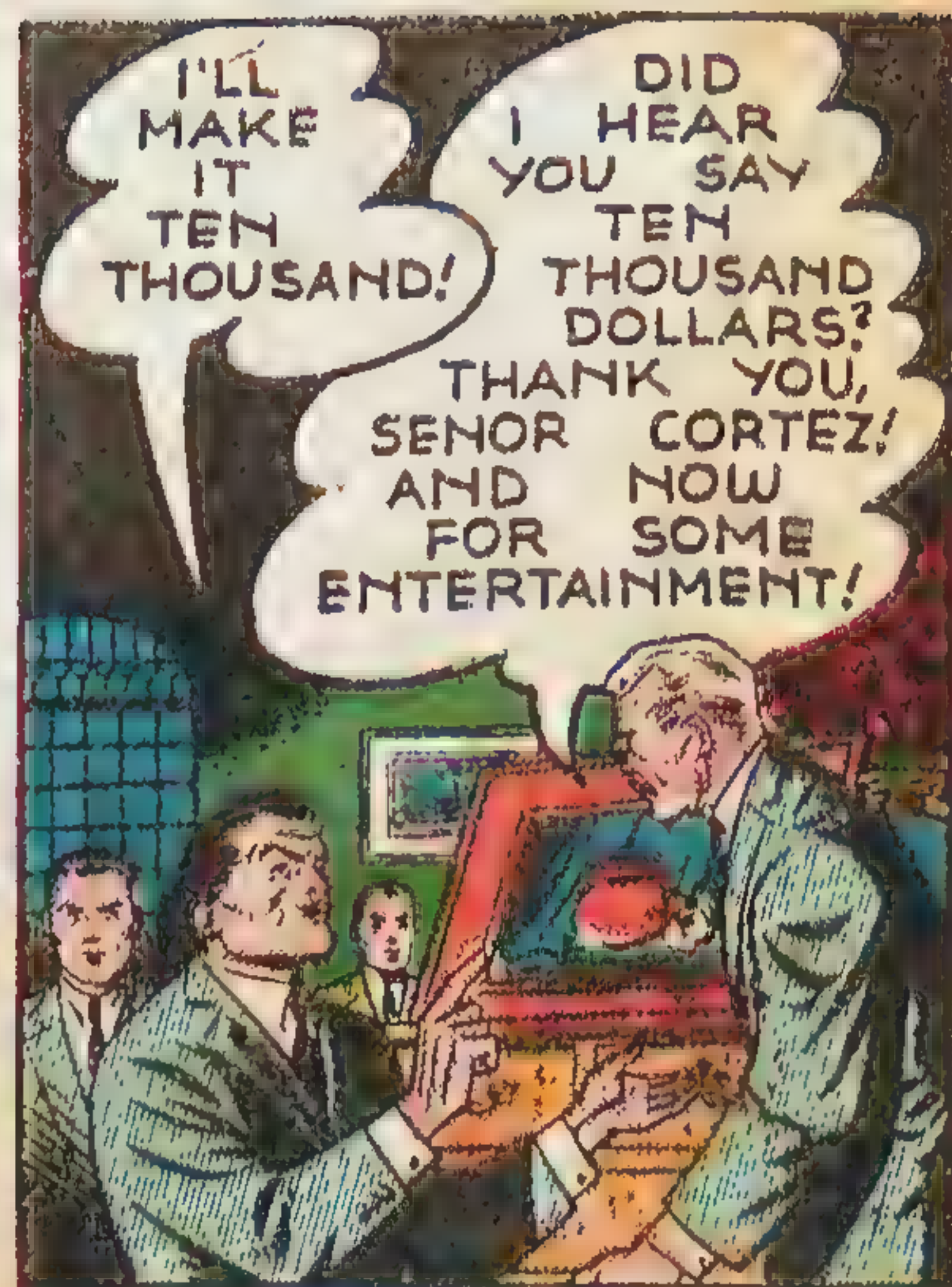
KEEP AWAY FROM THE CARSON ESTATE, BRADLEY, OR SHORTY MORGAN WILL BE READING YOUR OBITUARY!



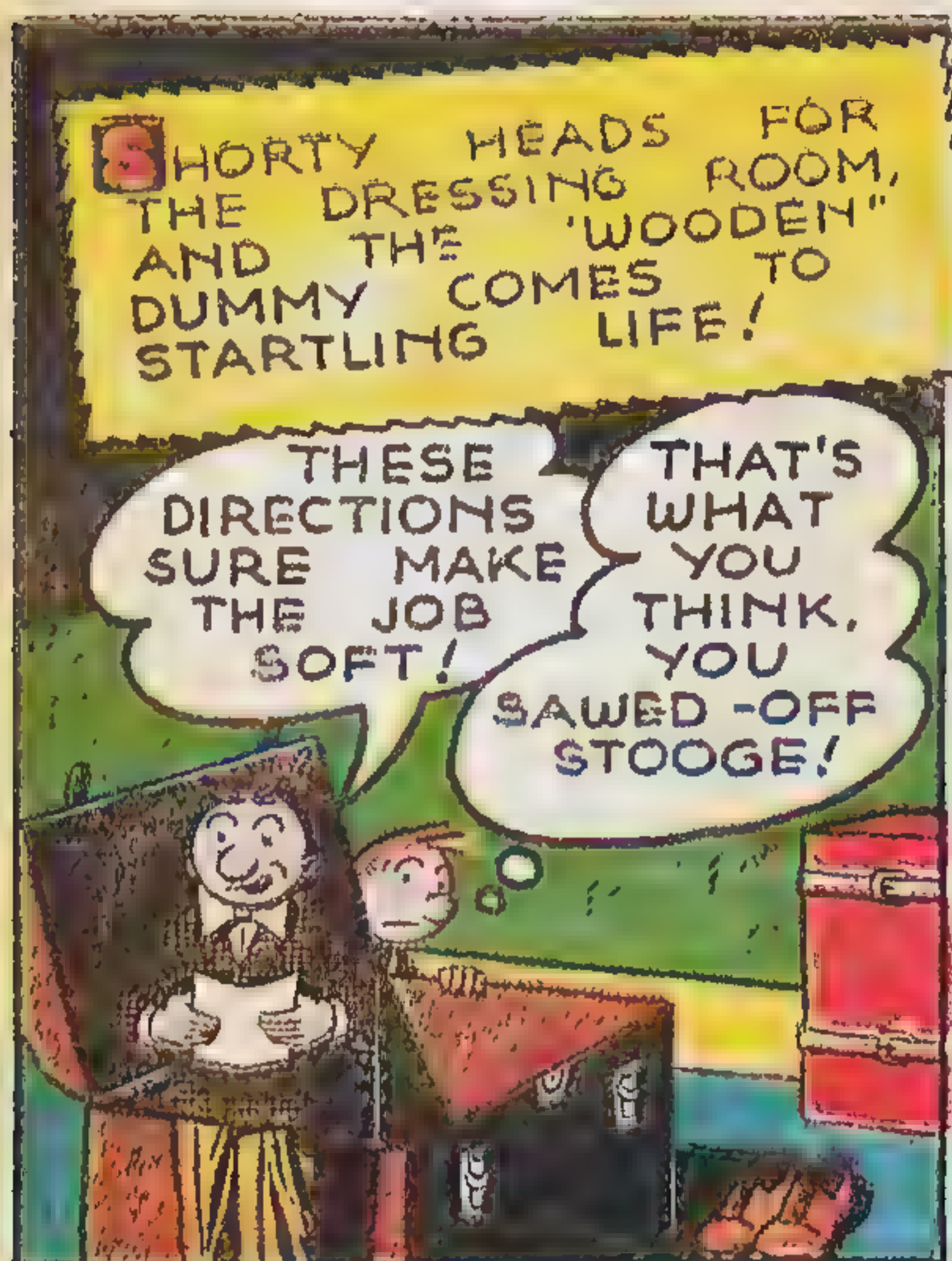








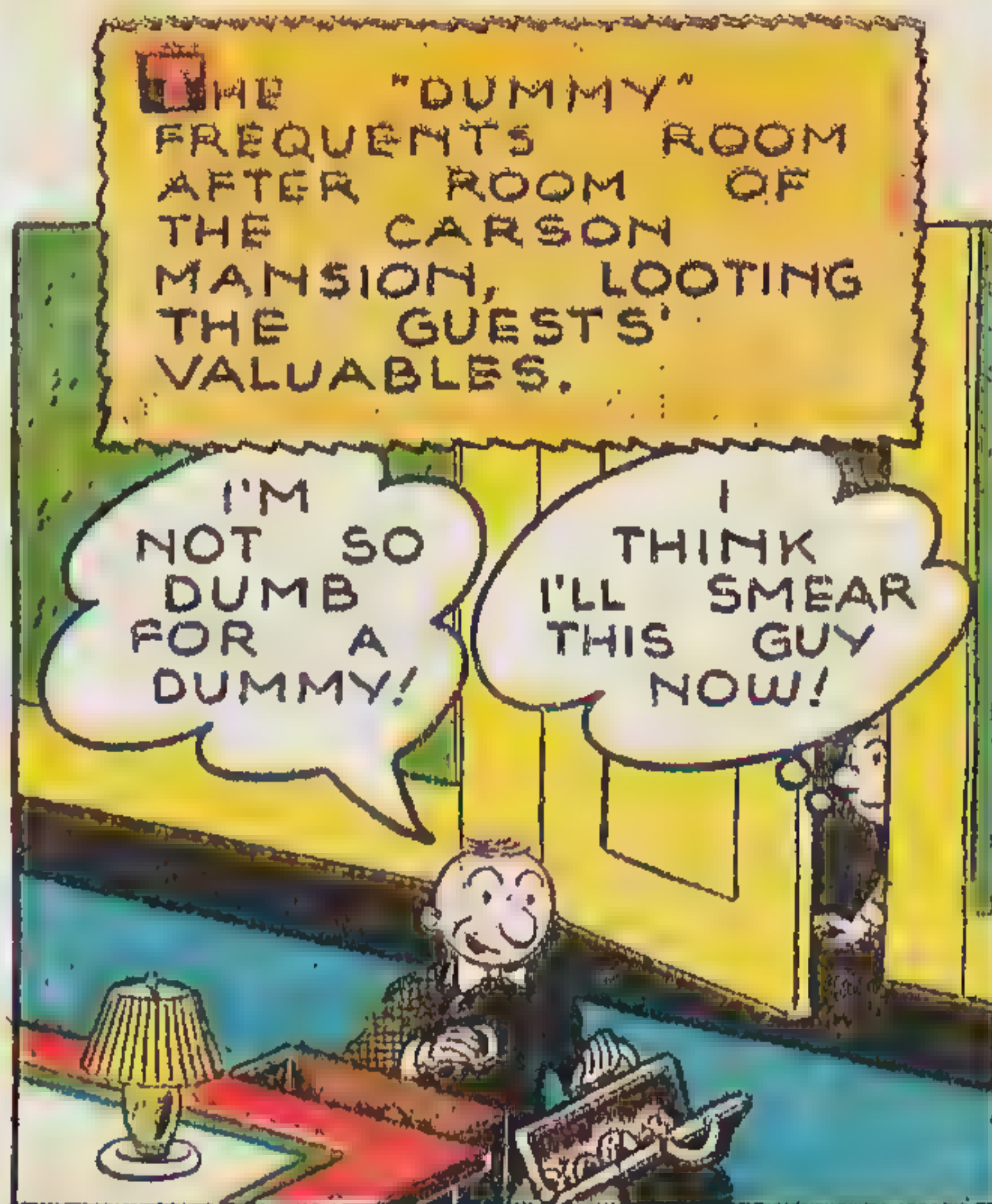




SHORTY HEADS FOR THE DRESSING ROOM, AND THE 'WOODEN' DUMMY COMES TO STARTLING LIFE!

THESE DIRECTIONS SURE MAKE THE JOB SOFT!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, YOU SAWED-OFF STOOGES!



THE "DUMMY" FREQUENTS ROOM AFTER ROOM OF THE CARSON MANSION, LOOTING THE GUESTS' VALUABLES.

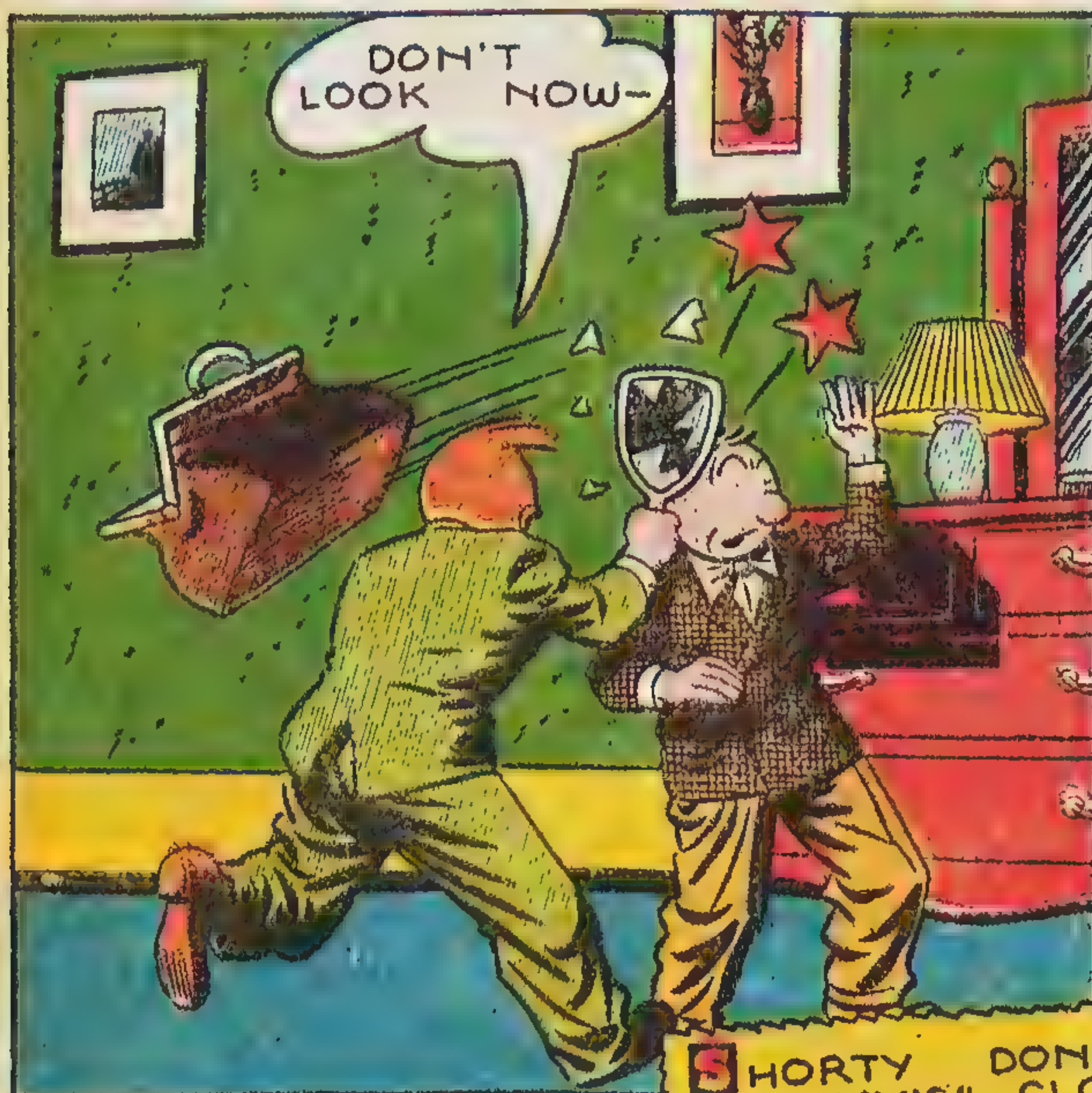
I'M NOT SO DUMB FOR A DUMMY!

I THINK I'LL SMEAR THIS GUY NOW!

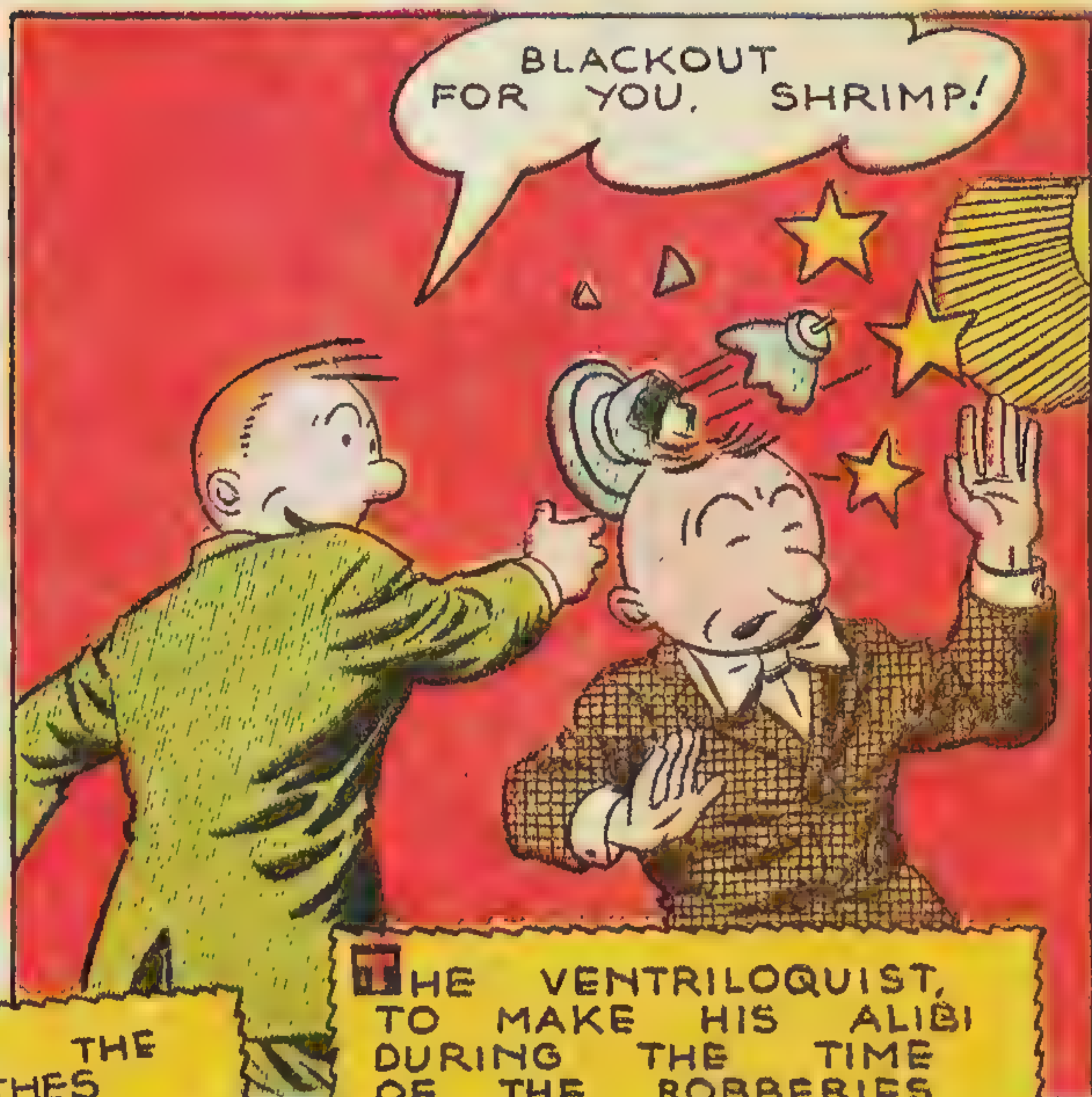


GRAB AIR, PUNK!

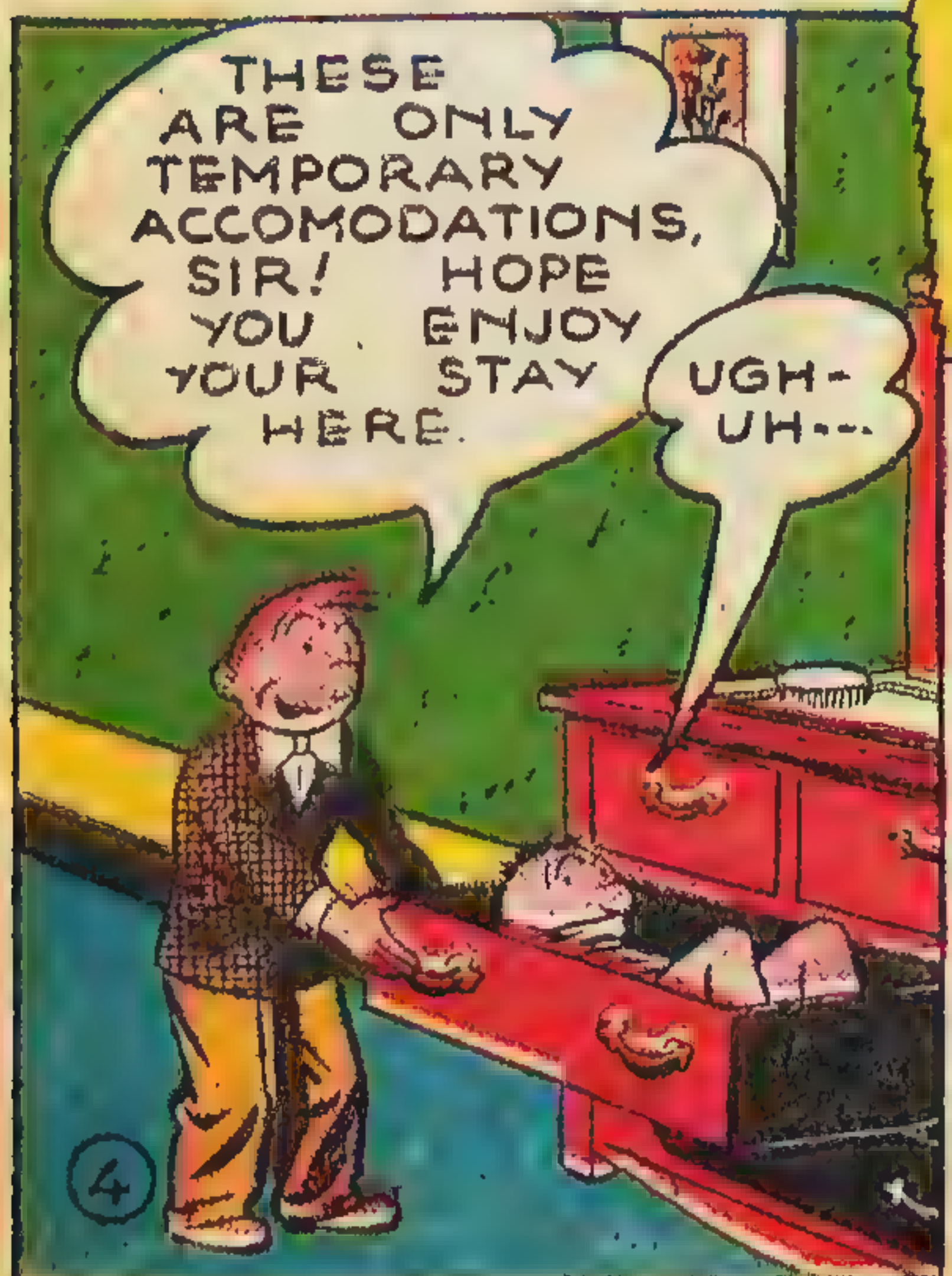
AFTER YOU!



DON'T LOOK NOW--



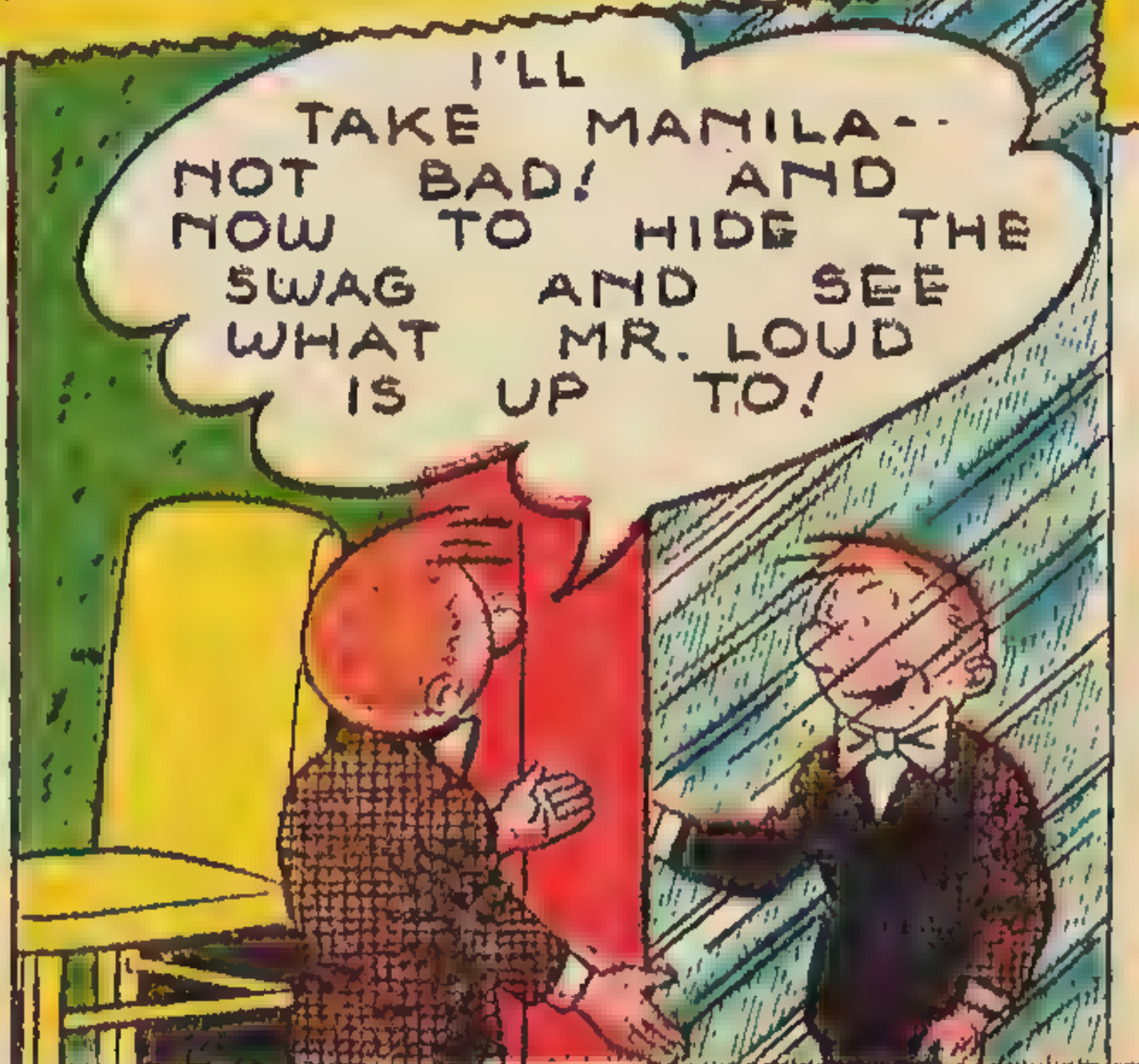
BLACKOUT FOR YOU, SHRIMP!



THESE ARE ONLY TEMPORARY ACCOMODATIONS, SIR! HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR STAY HERE.

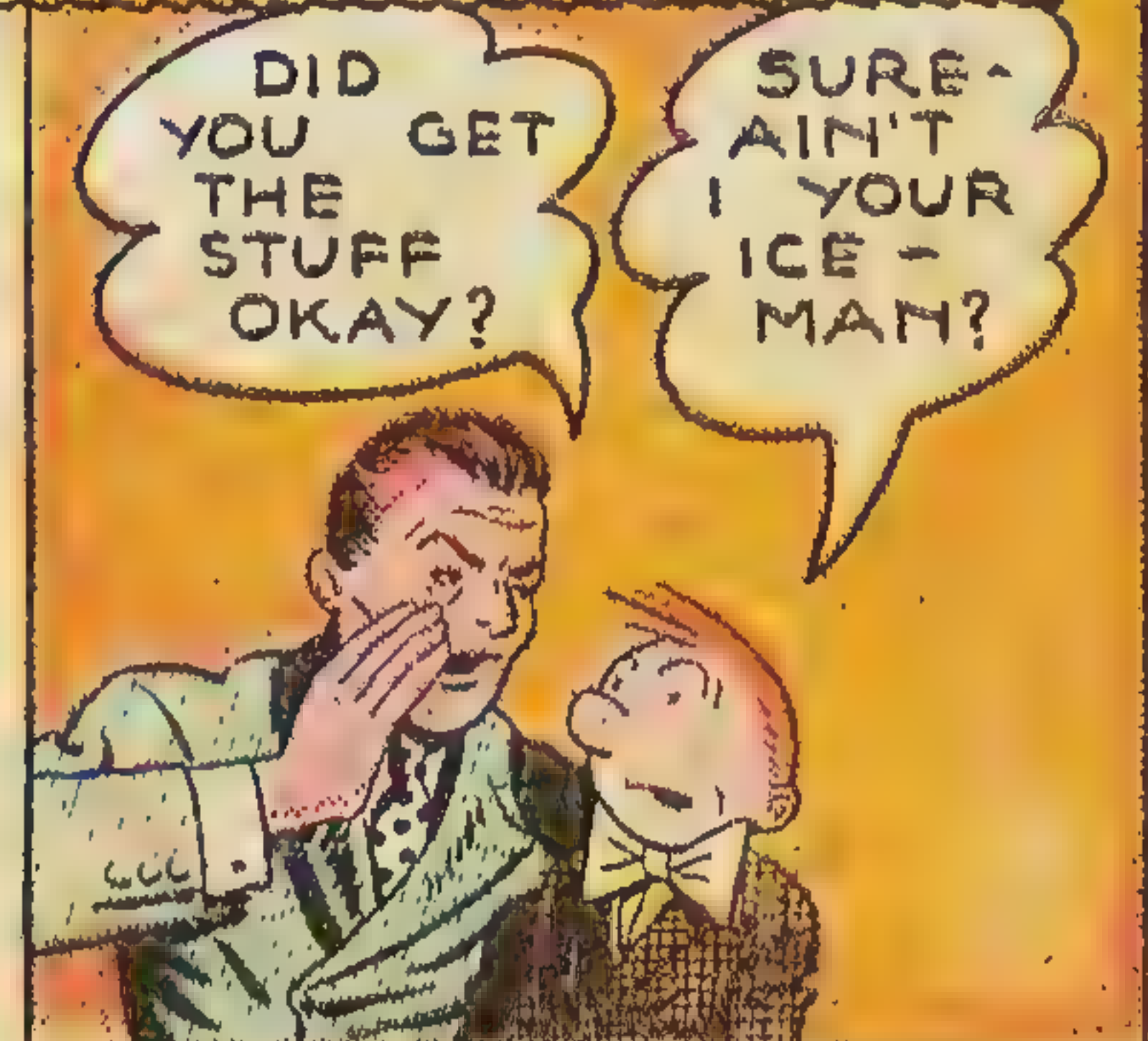
UGH-UH...

SHORTY DONS THE 'DUMMY'S' CLOTHES AND SMILES WITH GREAT SATISFACTION AS HE SURVEYS HIS SUCCESSFUL DISGUISE IN THE MIRROR.



I'LL TAKE MANILA-- NOT BAD! AND NOW TO HIDE THE SWAG AND SEE WHAT MR. LOUD IS UP TO!

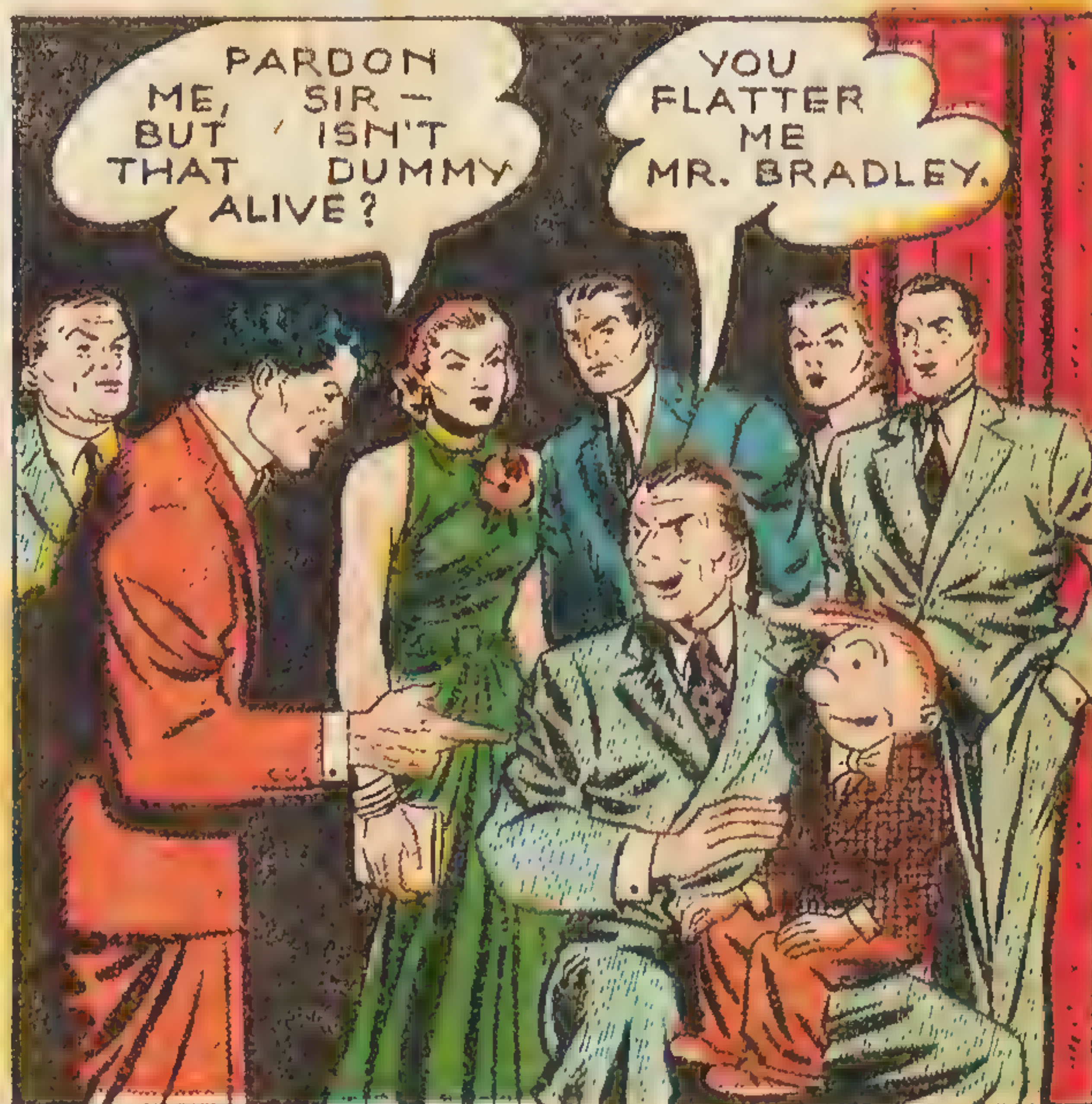
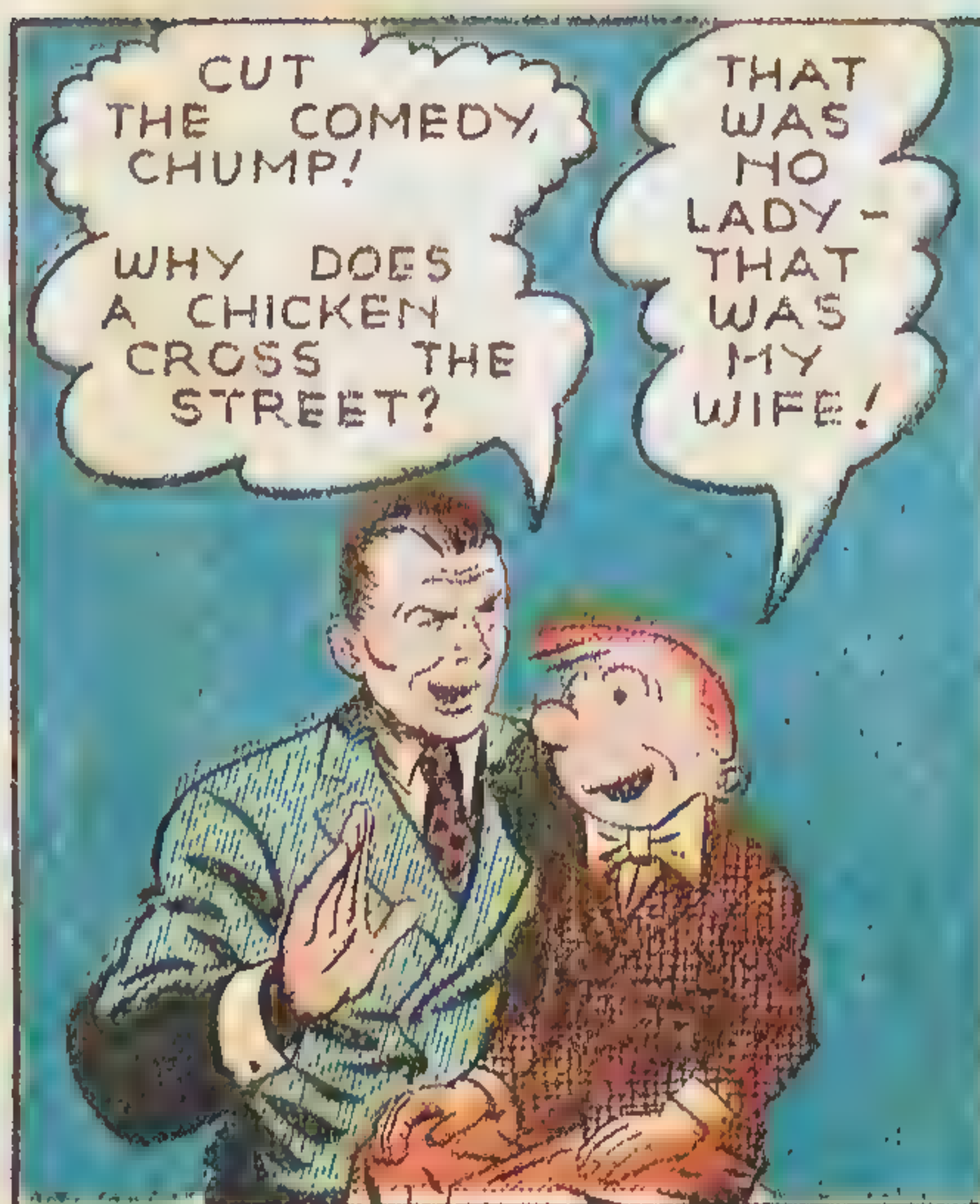
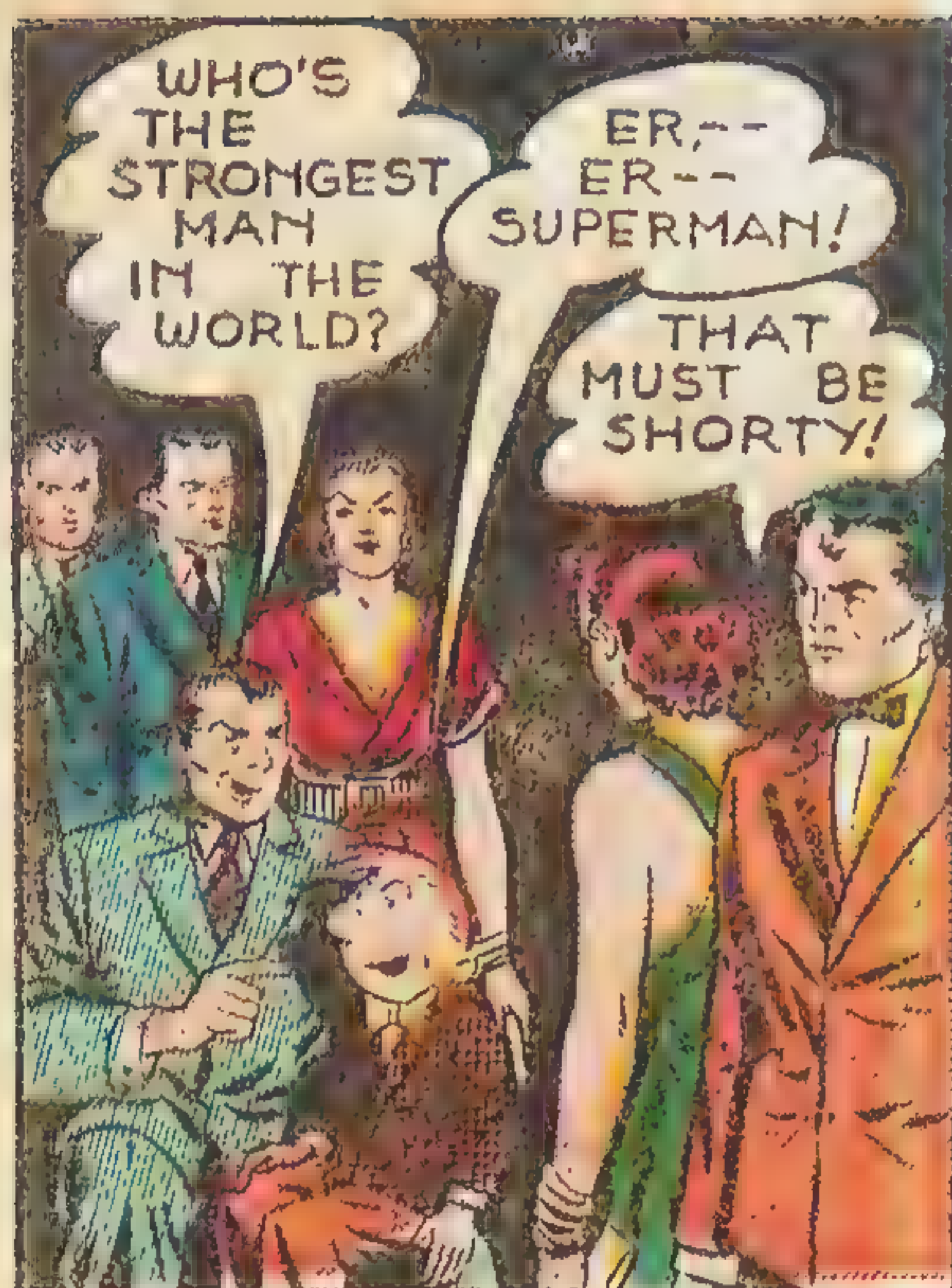
THE VENTRILOQUIST, TO MAKE HIS ALIBI DURING THE TIME OF THE ROBBERIES SECURE, BRINGS BACK THE DUMMY FOR A RETURN ACT, LITTLE REALIZING THAT THE FAKE PUPPET'S PLACE HAS BEEN TAKEN BY SHORTY MORGAN!



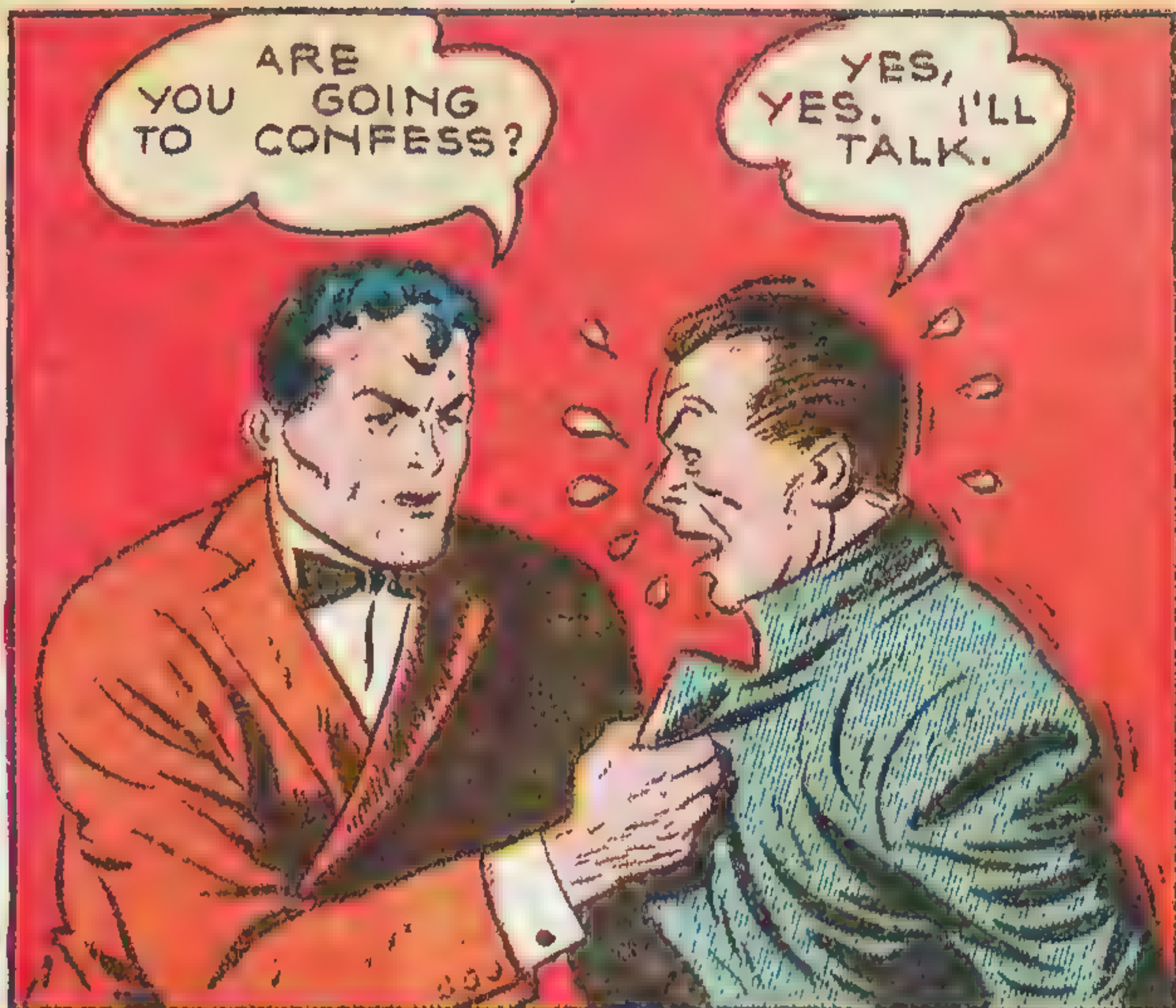
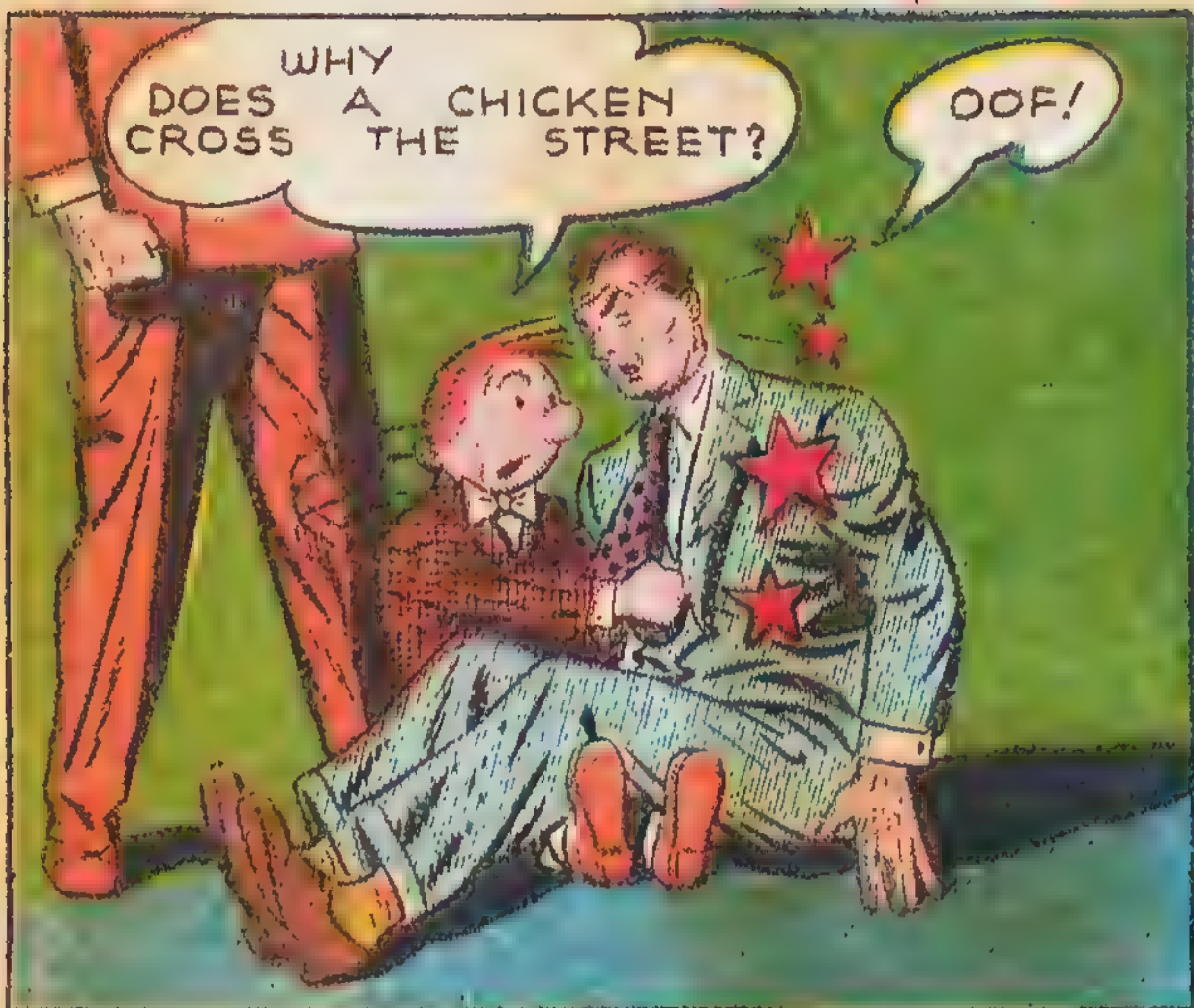
DID YOU GET THE STUFF OKAY?

SURE-AIN'T I YOUR ICE-MAN?













THE KILLER LISTENS TO A RECORD OF THE DETECTIVES' VOICES.

--BEHIND THE BENCH ON THE TENNIS COURT.

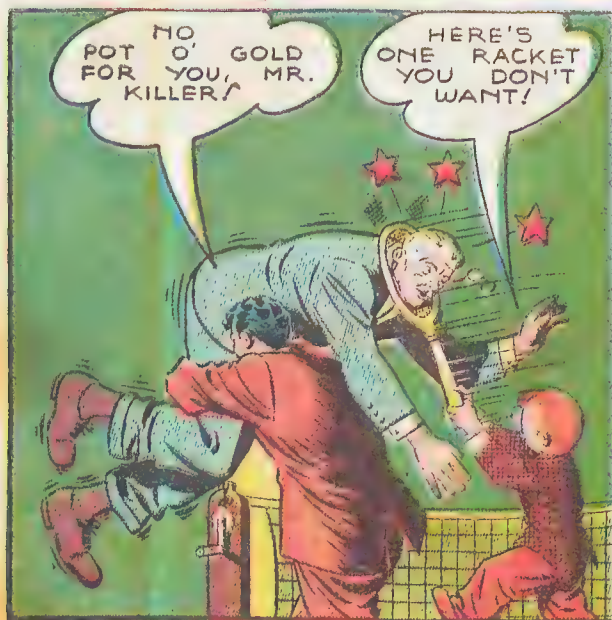
HMM!



SOMEONE'S COMING! NOW TO SPRING THE TRAP.

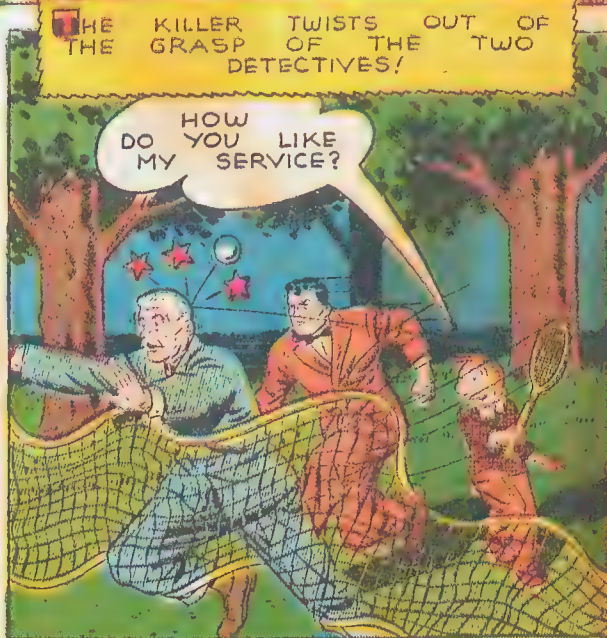


IT'S PHINEAS CARSON-- I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



NO POT O' GOLD FOR YOU, MR. KILLER!

HERE'S ONE RACKET YOU DON'T WANT!

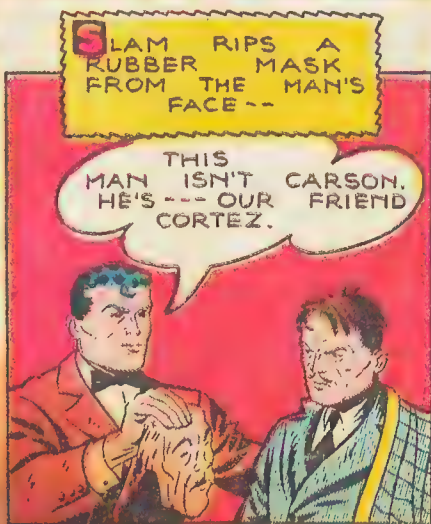


THE KILLER TWISTS OUT OF THE GRASP OF THE TWO DETECTIVES!

HOW DO YOU LIKE MY SERVICE?



THANKS FOR WALKING INTO OUR TRAP, CARSON!



SLAM RIPS A RUBBER MASK FROM THE MAN'S FACE--

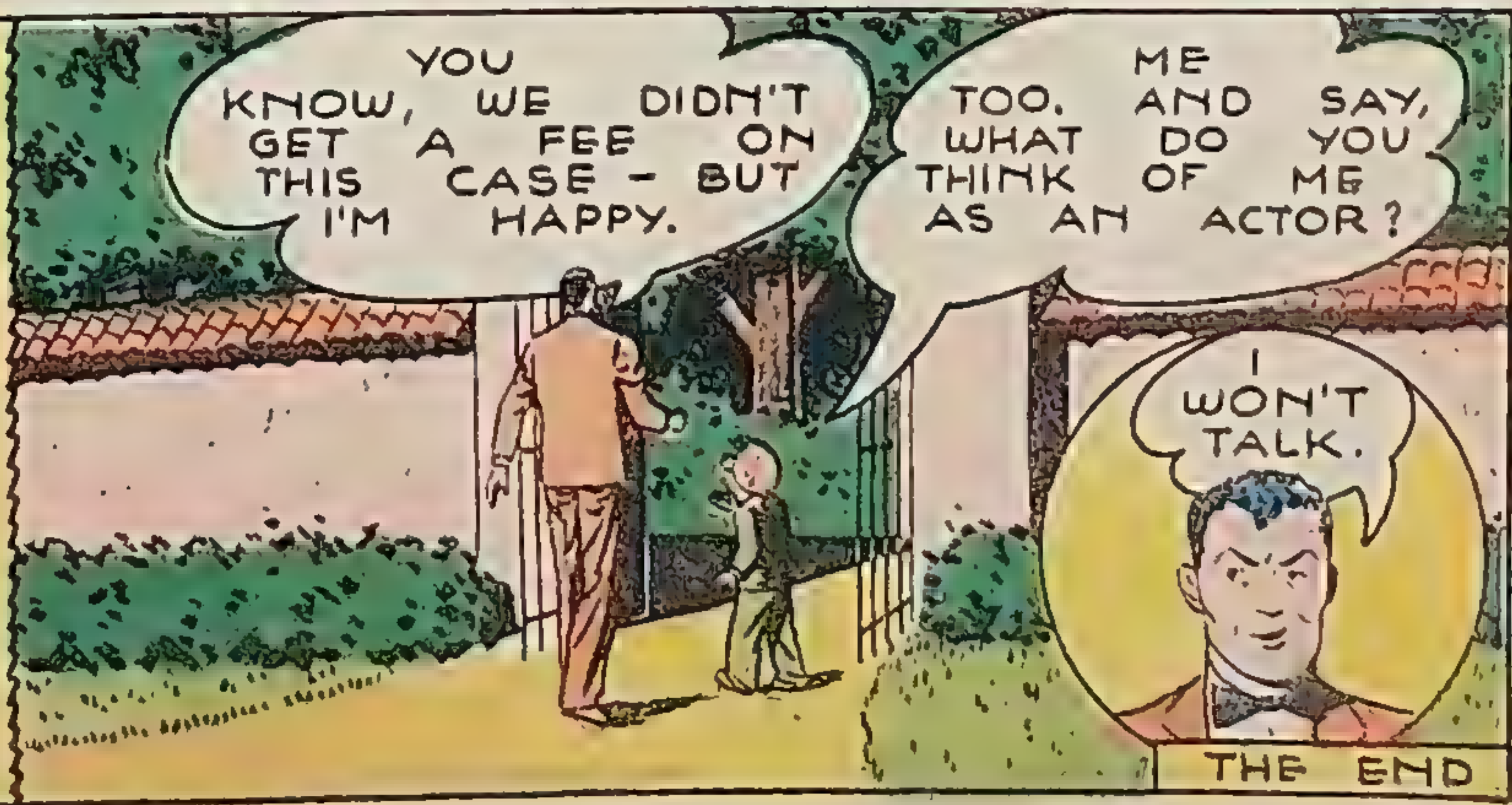
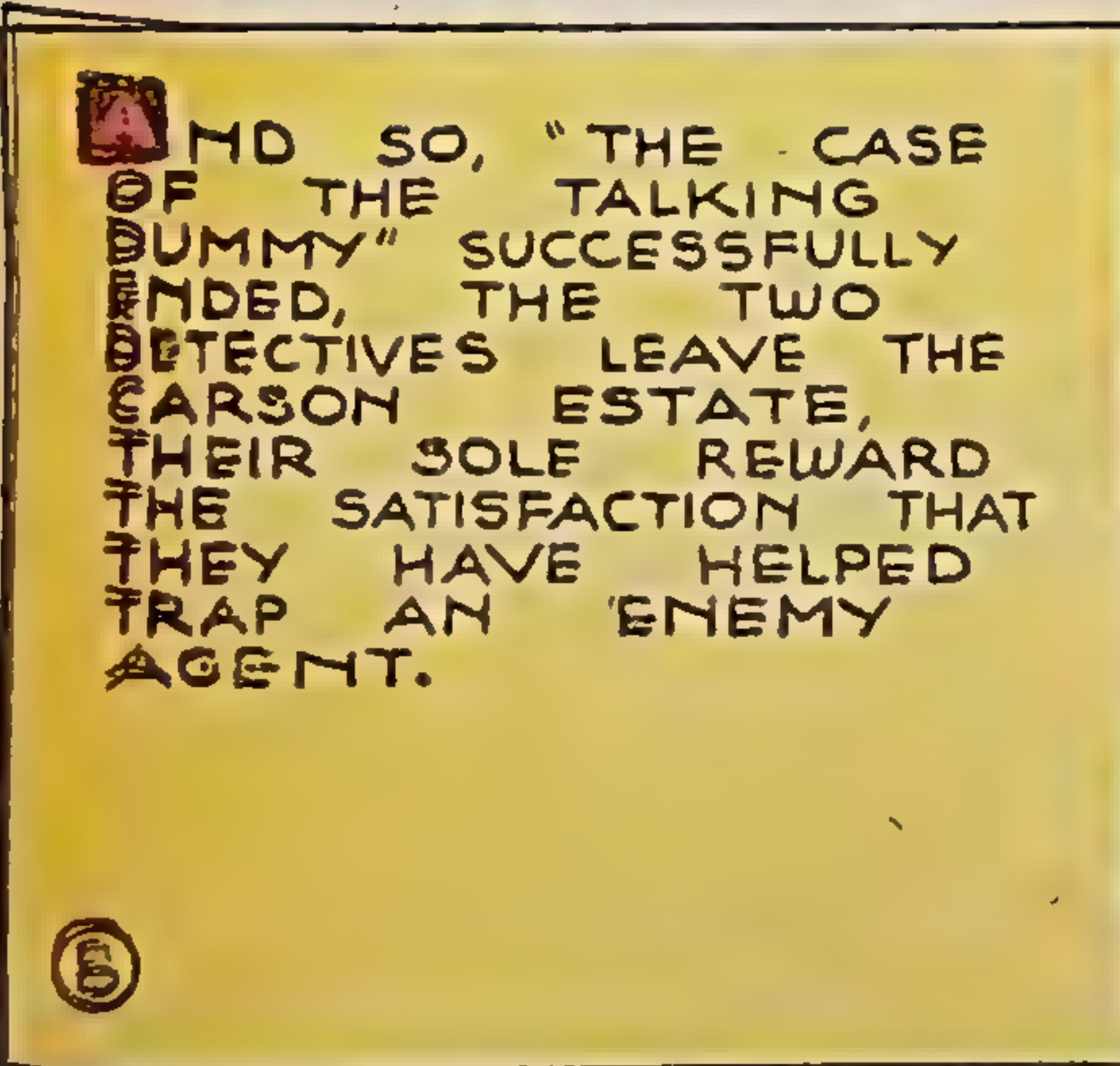
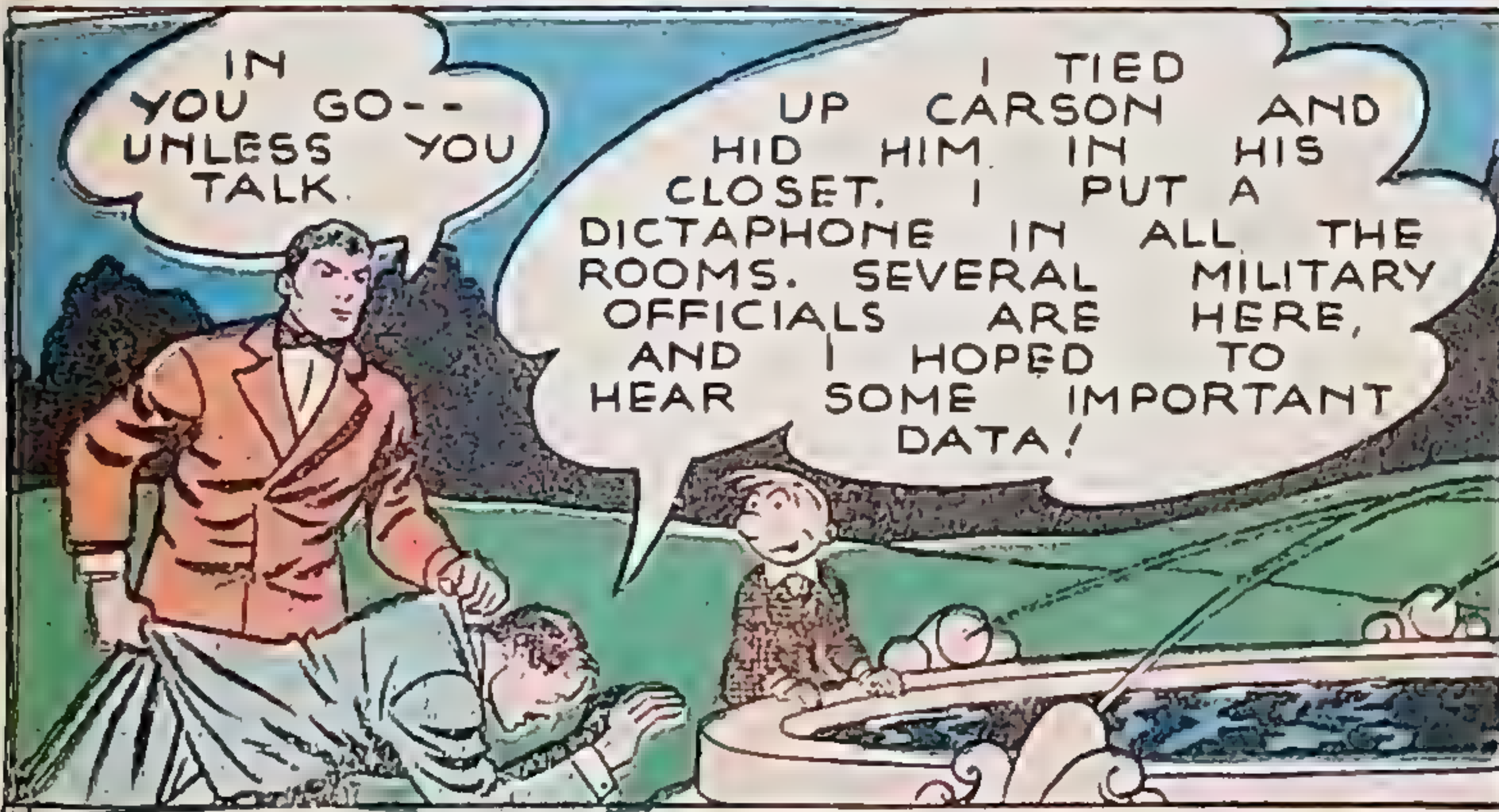
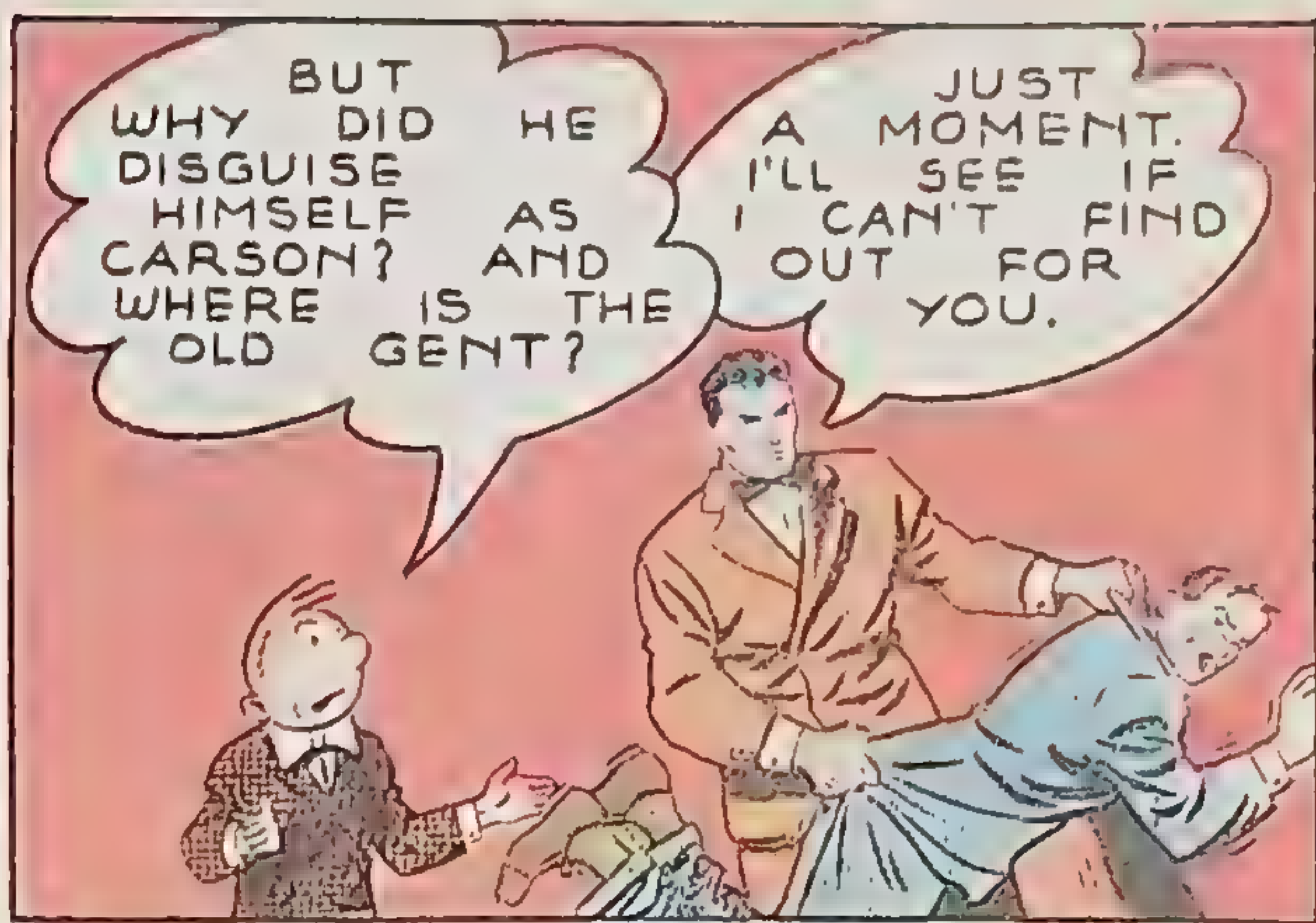
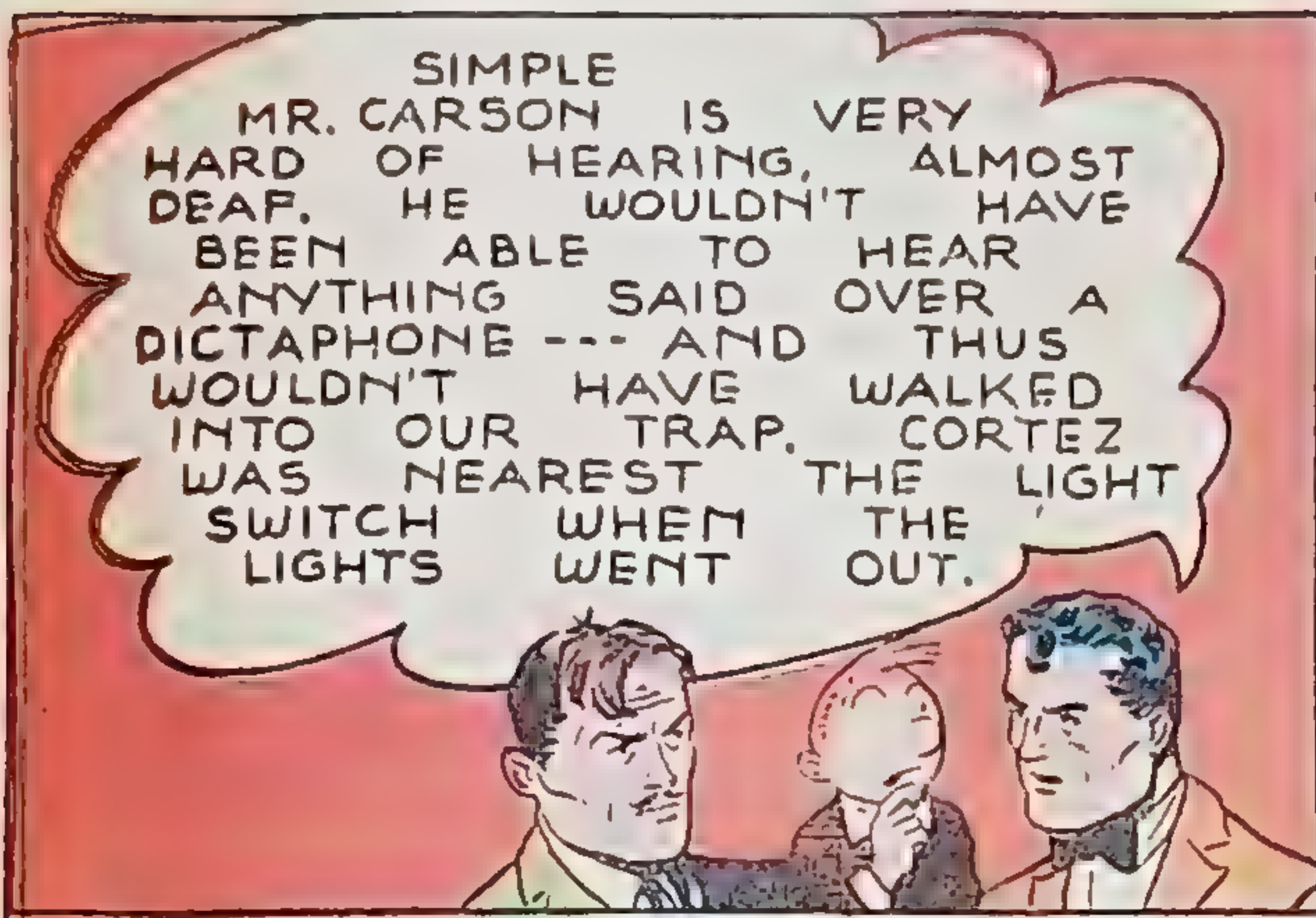
THIS MAN ISN'T CARSON. HE'S --- OUR FRIEND CORTEZ.



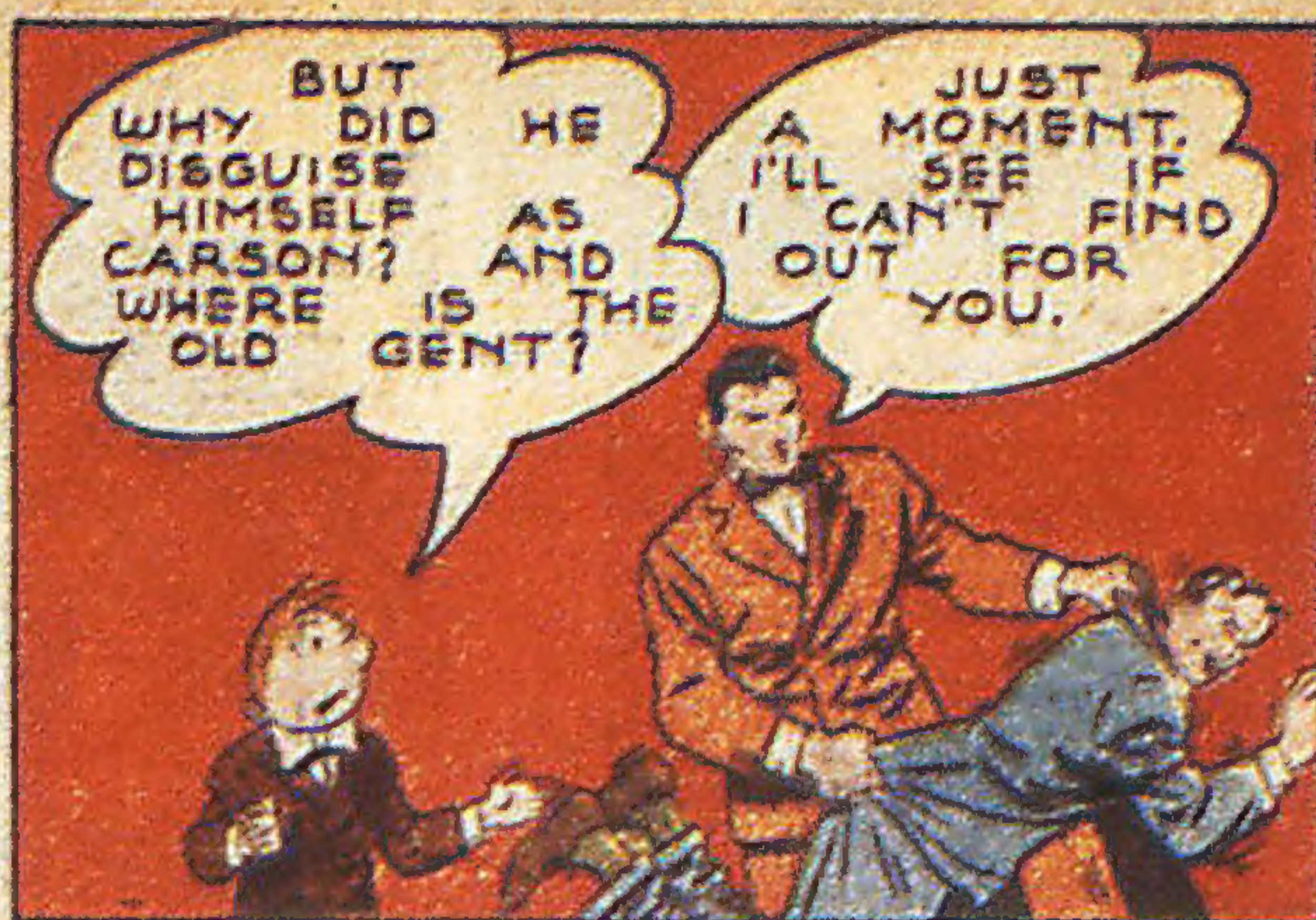
IN REALTY, A FOREIGN ESPIONAGE AGENT!

BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW?

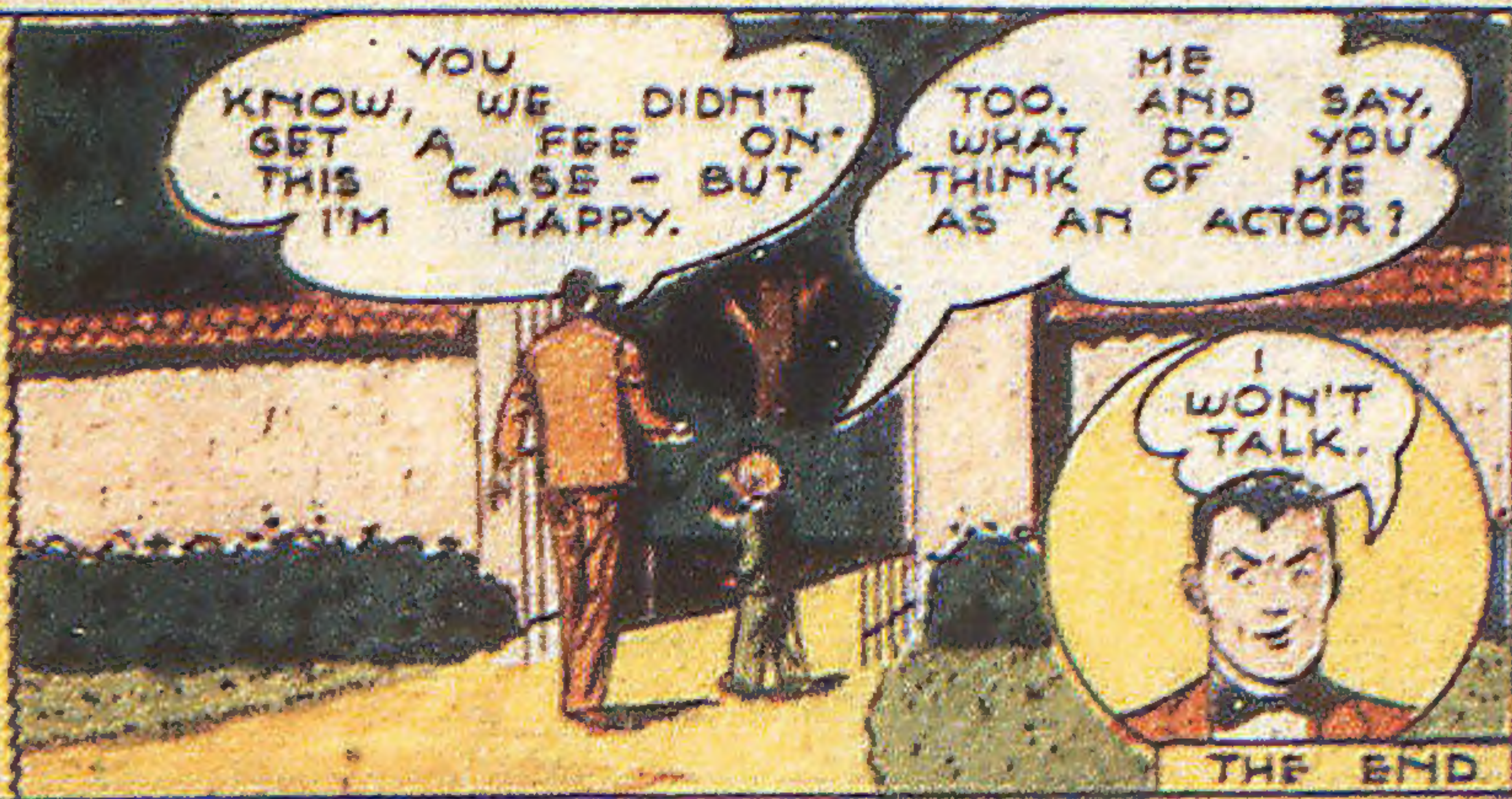






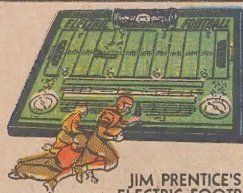


AND SO, "THE CASE OF THE TALKING DUMMY" SUCCESSFULLY ENDED. THE TWO DETECTIVES LEAVE THE CARSON ESTATE, THEIR SOLE REWARD THE SATISFACTION THAT THEY HAVE HELPED TRAP AN ENEMY AGENT.

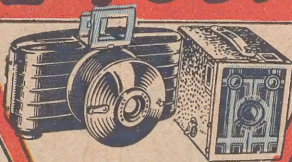




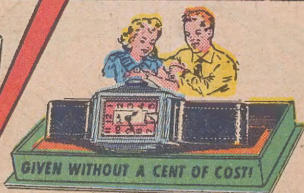
# CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE



**JIM PRENTICE'S FAMOUS  
ELECTRIC FOOTBALL GAME**  
Boys! Don't miss the thrill of this fast-moving Electric Game.



Your choice of genuine  
**EASTMAN CAMERAS.**  
Bullet or Brownie.



Given without a cent of cost!  
Sell only one order and get a beautiful WRIST WATCH. Styles for boys, girls, men and women.

**LIVE CANARY**  
given for selling  
only one order.  
Safe delivery guaranteed.



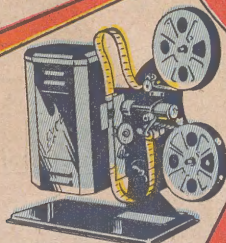
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**HEY FELLOWS!**  
Get Daisy's swell  
**RED RYDER**  
**CARBINE.**

A lightning-loading,  
fast-shooting,  
1000 shot Air Rifle. A real  
he-man's gun. "Buck Jones" also  
given.



**FITTED OVERNIGHT CASE**  
A compact handbag with  
comb, brush, and mirror set.



**ELECTRIC MOVIE OUTFIT**  
Sell one order. Show movies at home.  
Film FREE.

**GENE AUTRY  
TWO-GUN  
HOLSTER SET**



You can be  
a "Two-  
Gun Cow-boy"  
with this  
fine set. Gene  
Autry friendship ring FREE.

## GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

**BOYS! GIRLS!** Do like thousands of others. Get  
well prizes for yourself, and gifts for Mother  
and Dad — **WITHOUT A CENT OF COST.**

Any prize shown above and dozens of others in  
our Big Prize Catalog is **GIVEN WITHOUT COST**  
for selling 40 Xmas packs at 10c each. Each pack  
contains 96 sparkling Xmas seals in brilliant  
colors — a big value.

It's easy to sell these Xmas packs to your family,  
friends and neighbors. When sold, send us the  
\$4.00 collected and choose your prize. It is sent  
to you at once.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas packs and our  
Big Prize Catalog — tell us what prize you want.  
**SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU.**

**AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.**

Dept. 603, Lancaster, Pa.



**GENE AUTRY  
GUITAR**

Full size, full tone,  
decorated with  
western scene and  
Gene Autry's signature.



**SEND THAT  
COUPON  
TODAY**

## SUPER VALUE PRIZES

Prizes below given for selling extra orders as explained in  
our Big Prize Catalog.

Send coupon today for Prize  
Catalog and one order of 40  
Xmas packs

**Boys! Girls!**  
Get a **STREAM-  
LINED BIKE** for  
selling Xmas  
packs. Send  
coupon today  
for plan.

**MILITARY WATCH** for  
men and boys. Sweep  
second hand Luminous  
dial. It shines at night.



**ELECTRIC ARMY  
SUPPLY TRAIN**  
Fast-moving Army Train, with  
real searchlight, anti-air-  
craft gun, and removable tank.

**AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 603 Lancaster, Pa.**  
Please send me your Big Prize Catalog and one  
order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c  
each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is \_\_\_\_\_  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street Address \_\_\_\_\_  
or R.F.D. Box \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_





# OWN THIS SADDLE GUN!

**LIGHTNING-LOADER INVENTION!**  
Twist th' magazine—pour in 1000 shot in 20 seconds—then shoot 1000 times without reloadin' once!

**GOLDEN-BANDED BARREL!**  
Those glittery golden-colored bands 'round th' muzzle an' fore-piece look mighty purty... kinda like th' real gold I used to prospect for out West. You'll be proud of 'em!

**SOME SIGHTS, PARDNER!**  
It's a humdinger, fellers! Raise th' Adjustable Double-Notch. Rear Sight for long range—lower it for short. Aim thru small notch for target work—large notch for snap-shootin'. And say! Daisy made th' front sight GOLDEN-COLORED to remind yuh of th' Golden West!

**HERE'S A WESTERN SADDLE GUN FELLERS, THAT'S REAL!**

**CARBINE STYLE FORE-PIECE!**  
Grab this husky, semi-curved, full length hand-hold—th' wood just "snugs" into your hand and holds the Carbine steady as a rock!

## Shoot THE FAMOUS 1000-SHOT RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLESINGER, INC., N. Y.

Yes sir, Pardner! This beautiful RED RYDER CARBINE is chuck full of western saddle gun features cowboys like. There's a carbine style quick-action cocking lever—genuine Western Swivel Carbine Ring—a pistol grip stock—Golden front sight—and all the other features Red Ryder shows you in this ad. Get your hands on one—lift one—sight it—aim it—and you'll agree it's the most realistic Saddle Carbine you ever saw "Out West." Examine it at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store—and buy it!

If your Dealer is out of stock, or no Daisy Dealer near you, send us \$2.95—we'll rush your 1000-Shot RED RYDER CARBINE to you post-paid in beautiful 2-color carton. Duty added in Canada on all Daisys.

**HANG GUN ON SADDLE WITH LEATHER THONG. ME BETCHUM BOYS LIKE SWIVEL CARBINE RING, TOO!**

only **\$2.95**  
Duty Added in Canada

**FREE CATALOG and SHOOTING MANUAL**

Send quick for your free, Official Red Ryder Shooting Manual, "Shooting Straight," and 16-page, pocket-size Catalog picturing all Daisys from \$1 to \$4.50. Write today!

**MY BRAND ON STOCK!**  
Looks just like a real Cowboy Carbine. That's why I'm proud to have my name—an' picture of me with my horse "Thunder"—branded on th' stock!

Follow RED RYDER—NEA sensational comic strip feature—in YOUR daily, Sunday newspaper.

**-OR ANYONE OF THESE GENUINE DAISYS**

**PUMP GUN**—50-shot force-fed repeater. Take-down model. **\$4.50**

**BUCK JONES SPECIAL**—50-shot Outdoor model. Compass. Sundial. **\$3.50**

**500-Shot CARBINE**—with Lightning-Loader invention. Adjustable Double Notch. Rear Sight. **\$2.50**

**USE DAISY BULL'S EYE SHOT—BIG JUMBO TUBE** for accurate shooting in Daisy, King Air Rifles. At dealers. **5¢**

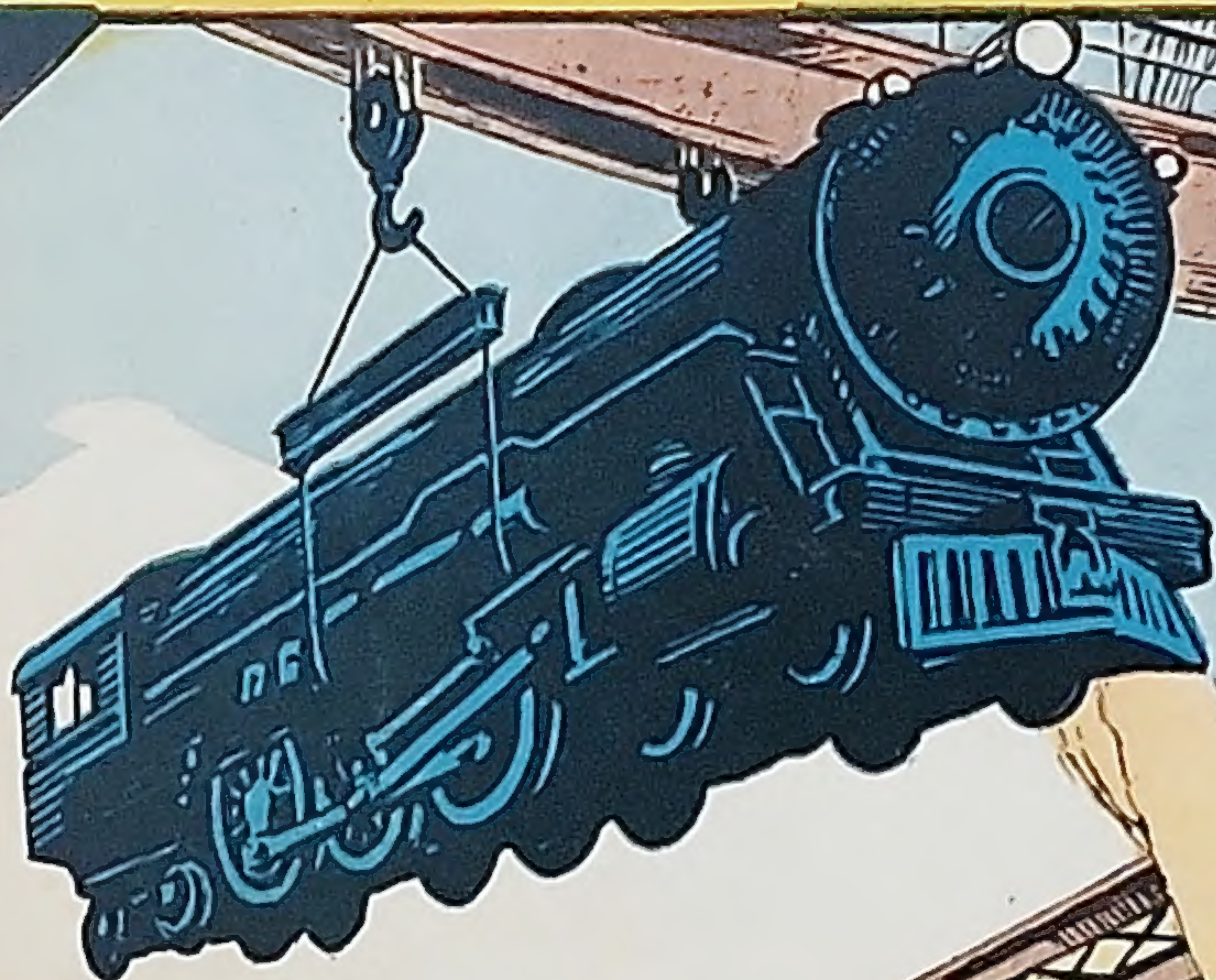
## DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 5311 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH,

MICHIGAN, U.S.A.



# PLENTY *of* ENERGY



## *Delicious Food-Energy*

**T**HIS great electrical crane hoists the giant locomotive as if it were a toy. ENERGY, developed from the fuel utilized, makes this tremendous feat easily possible.

Day after day your body is also called upon to perform physical feats. In everything you do, the food you eat provides the energy you require.

Rich in DEXTROSE, the sugar your body uses directly for energy, BABY RUTH is not only a luscious, thrilling taste-treat, but it helps your body replace used-up food-energy. You'll love its fresh, appealing taste . . . you'll appreciate its food-energy!

Once you've enjoyed this fine, big candy bar you'll know why it's a NICKEL FAVORITE everywhere. Try one today.

CURTISS CANDY CO., CHICAGO, ILL.



*THE FIRST  
AND ONLY CANDY  
SERVED DIONNE "QUINTS"*

*Rich in*  
**DEXTROSE**

THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES  
DIRECTLY FOR  
**ENERGY**

